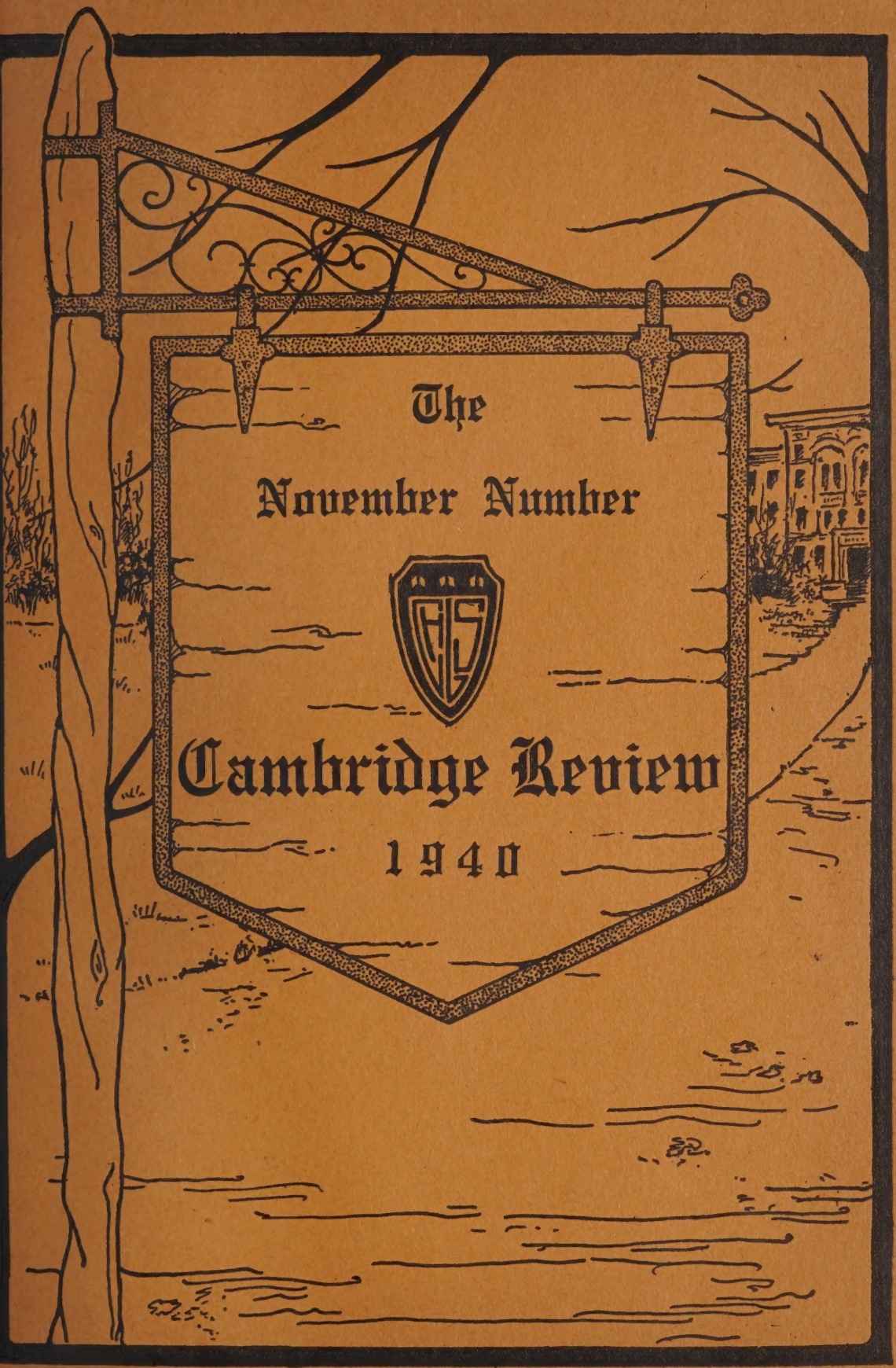
The
November Number
Cambridge Review
1940

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Cambridge High and Latin School, Class of 1941

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The Cambridge Review

Member NATIONAL SCHOLASTIC PRESS ASSOCIATION EST 1921 1939-40

CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL

NOVEMBER 1940

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

VOLUME 54 NUMBER 5

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Published five times a year: November, December, February, April, and June.

Terms: 75 cents per year; 20 cents a single copy.

Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice at Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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Editorials

* * *

SCHOOL SPIRIT

* * *

AT last we are all in the same building again! This year there will be no Annex, no two sessions to split us up into two or three different sections in the same school. Now, as a unit, we must co-operate with one another to improve our school. There are many ways in which we can do this. We don't believe it necessary to say anything about studies or behavior in school, for we understand and do what is expected of us as well as we can; it is of our school spirit that we mean to speak.

All of you know that school spirit in Cambridge is the laughing stock of this section of the state, despite the fact that we are one of its largest schools. There is no reason for this lack of school spirit in a high school with 3600 students. Some say that we never have any good teams. How can we find out if we never go out to see them play? Granting that Cambridge Latin teams are not the best in the State, we still maintain that they are not the worst; and they could be much better with the right support behind them. In football, Latin usually has its weakest teams. Yet, if you will look elsewhere in this issue for the results and accounts of the games to date, you will see the truth of our statement that we have a good football team if we will only support it. We do not feel that we are exaggerating the slightest bit in stating that Latin would have won at least half its games this year if they knew that the rest of us were behind them. The little extra bit of fight this assurance would have given them would easily have been enough to enable them to win many of those close contests. We did not do our part!

Now it is rather late to get behind our football team, but let's put our full support behind our basketball and hockey teams in the months to come. In order to get a good start, we are going to have dancing after some of the basketball games this season. These dances are being staged in order to arouse interest in our teams and, indirectly, to help them by getting out there and cheering for them. The continuance of these dances will depend in great measure upon the response accorded them. We want them to succeed. Are you with us? Will you try to make them a success? We'll have more details for you in the next issue.

Another way of showing our school spirit is in your support of the Review. As in all preceding years, we are emphatically stressing the fact that the Review is your paper! We want your approval, your support, and we want you to submit material for your paper! Every last one of us can do his bit by at least subscribing to the REVIEW. The REVIEW depends upon your support, and if you fail to support it, it must cease to exist. So let's show our school spirit by giving the REVIEW our full support and subscribing to it for the coming year, and by going out to the games and cheering our teams on to victory for the rest of the season!

THE CLEVELAND AUDITORIUM

THE School Committee is to be commended for its very appropriate naming of the new auditorium; henceforth, it will be known as the Leslie L. Cleveland auditorium. Such an honor is rarely bestowed upon a man still living, but if any man deserves this honor, Mr. Cleveland is certainly that man. This makes the thirtieth year that Mr. Cleveland has been headmaster of Cambridge High and Latin; unfortunately, it is also his last year in such a capacity, for at the end of this school year, Mr. Cleveland will retire as headmaster of this school. We all know that a headmaster's task is an arduous one at best, but Mr. Cleveland has served under the added handicaps of a split school and, for the last two years, of a double session. Therefore, it is only just that Mr. Cleveland have the privilege of serving as headmaster of this new school for at least one year, and be given the high honor of having the school auditorium named for him. We now take this opportunity to congratulate Mr. Cleveland on this well-deserved honor.

TO AN ENCHANTRESS

The deepest of the deepest raven pools—
You call them eyes;
With these, your lures, you strive me to entrance.
You cannot charm me with your wily tools;
I am too wise.
Yet, fearing you, I must avoid your glance.

JUNE JACKSON, '41

MUSIC THROUGH MODERN MEDIA

THE musical education of the American people has been greatly helped by the radio and the movies, although a great many of these people are unaware of the fact.

Heretofore, the musical knowledge of those unable to attend the opera and concerts consisted mainly of such hackneyed pieces as Mendelssohn's "Spring Song," "The Meditation" from "Thais" and "The Lohengrin Wedding March." Today, through the Metropolitan Opera broadcasts and the Philharmonic program, the average American's familiarity with good music embraces works by all the great classicists, from the three B's down to the modern Russians.

Incidental music in the films is another step toward appreciation of music. Many a storm scene has been invigorated by Wagner's "Ride of the Valkyries," and although it reminds many of the Lone Ranger rather than Rossini, "The William Tell Overture" has attained popularity through the same medium.

The influence of good music on America is shown in the number of young American singers engaged by the Metropolitan and by the multiplying group of American composers. Opera is playing an ever-increasing role in the films, and more motion pictures are offering classical and semi-classical melodies to the public.

If you were to invite a young swing fan to attend a concert featuring the music of Tschaikowsky or Debussy, he would more than likely refuse, and stay home to hear Glenn Miller or Larry Clinton play "Our Love," "Moon Love," or "My Reverie." In spite of the fact that "Moon Love" has undoubtedly caused Tschaikowsky to spin in his grave countless times, it has raised his popularity to such a height that a recent survey placed him, with Wagner and Beethoven, in the top ranks of favorite composers. Although many of us prefer his music the way he wrote it, he has become the number-one composer on the Hit Parade, with "Moon Love," "Our Love," and "The Isle of May" to his credit!

In these and many other ways, operas, symphonies, concerts have been brought to the attention of the public. Now that America has become music-conscious, it can truly be said that music is cosmopolitan.

MARGARET MILLER '41

Mr. William Toomey, a member of the faculty very much interested in the Freshman class, is largely responsible for our new section. We offer him our sincere thanks for his hearty cooperation.

MAGIC WORDS

"WAKE Up, America!" At this command, the housewife leaves the evening dishes; her husband drops his paper; the children huddle nearer the radio; the little dog pricks up his ears. If words are really empty, as the poet says, why does the very mention of this phrase over the air waves change the nation from millions of laughing, noisy families into as many mummies, ready to commit homicide should someone ring their doorbell or telephone them within the next half hour? Can the experts answer this?

Having an effect, equal but less pleasant, are the words, "Seventh Period, Today," decisively uttered by the teacher, unwillingly heeded by her pupils, who had harbored hopes of attending the movies directly after school. Instead, dragging their weary bodies to what they consider a fate worse than death, an extra session, they console themselves with the half hearted thought that the picture was undoubtedly a paramount of boredom, anyway. What disappointment three little words can create!

The words, "You're Out!" shouted by the umpire have a magic effect indeed upon the galleries. Without hesitation, the fans barrage the diamond with a shower ranging from shoes to box lunches. But the umpire, accustomed to such displays of admiration, maintains his air of self-righteousness, for he is impervious, not only to the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, but to the soda bottles and jeers of the spectators as well.

"Dinner's Ready" fills everyone with expectation but pleases especially the ever ravenous younger generation, which receives just as much happiness from the seldom heard "No School Today." For the fabulous, hen-pecked husband, there is but one sentence that brings any degree of satisfaction to his poor, pliant mind; it is his wife's rare "You're right; I was wrong." To say what words have the most magical effect on all of us would be extremely difficult; but I am sure that, today more than ever, we of America, despite our knowledge of its covert acts of discrimination or unfairness, thrill when we hear "God Bless America," to which, with full hearts, we respond "Land That We Love!"

JUNE JACKSON '41

THE PERSON IN FRONT OF ME

THE person in front of me is an outstanding exponent of the art of making a nuisance of himself. He is never at a loss for an idea to cause me no end of annoyance, and his timing for putting into execution these ideas is, indeed, remarkable. My neighbor in the seat before me is endowed with an uncanny knowledge of what to do at any time. Before proceeding any further, I must have you understand that when I say the person in front of me, I am referring to every person, either boy or girl, who may sit in front of me in any of my classes.

For instance, when I am listening to and watching a very important demonstration, what does my friend do but take just such a position than I can in no way obtain a clear view of the illustration. If I look around the left side of his unusually large head, I see nothing but the person in front of him; if I wish to see around the right side, that true friend lets me catch a glimpse and then slowly blocks my vision; and if I rise just a little from my seat, he picks just that moment to straighten up in his chair and makes me run the risk of a gentle jab in the ribs from the rear if I want to get up higher. However, when I wish to do some homework which I hope to hide behind his ample frame, besides doing the exact opposite of what he does when I wish to watch the teacher, he seems to have suddenly grown much smaller. Thus, I end up by losing all that's done in class and failing to do that homework, because I have spent all my time trying to stay behind his constantly shifting back.

Besides being unrivalled in his shifting and blocking, he is certainly adept in conversing with me without any risk of his being discovered. By nature, I am courteous and like to be friendly in class; therefore, when he speaks to me, I always answer, or if I don't hear his speech, I lean forward to listen better. As he usually speaks very low, and lowers his voice as I come closer, I invariably end up with my head close behind his; it is in this position that the teacher discovers me, but not him. Then I get all sorts of indignities and abuses heaped upon me, but my co-partner in crime always escapes the results of his own actions. Only at one time am I able to converse with this dangerous friend in perfect safety; that is when we are in the middle of a test and he wants an answer to a question, for then I make him take all the risks in our forbidden conversation.

You ask me how I treat the person behind me! Why, I never thought of him, but I am sure he has no cause to complain of *my* behavior.

PHILIP JONES, '41.

THE MIDNIGHT OIL

I HAVE no hopes of impressing any of my teachers by an uplifting essay on this lofty theme. I merely wish to express my opinions and to give a description of studying late at night. Please, don't think that I study late every night; unfortunately, I don't. Although I stay up late, I do not always study. What student, besides that very rare person who is a studious student, does?

Let us consider the benefits of studying until the wee hours of the morning. First of all, there are physical matters to consider. For example, after eleven o'clock, the house becomes quiet. Concentration to a degree hitherto believed impossible becomes comparatively simple. Also, the funny pages become boring when I have spent a half hour reading them. Last, but not least, all the ranting politicians have signed off for the night, leaving me no excuse for listening to the radio. Next, there are the chemical — oh, pardon me! —I mean mental benefits to be gained. After hours of concentration one can think much more clearly. There is nothing more inspiring to a theme than the eeriness of midnight. Finally, having pondered over the Louisiana Purchase for two hours, I at last grow so interested in that territory that I am reluctant to lay it on the shelf till morning.

The chief drawback of studying for a long stretch of time is that comfort is practically unattainable. After dinner I settle myself at my desk. By nine o'clock, the unrelenting hardness of my chair has driven me in search of a more comfortable spot. That usually turns out to be the davenport or, occasionally, the floor. There I concentrate my books and my thoughts for the rest of the evening.

Sometime after twelve o'clock, I unscrew the light bulb (pulling the chain would arouse the whole family), stumble over several misplaced pieces of furniture, and finally bounce on my Beauty-Rest. The thought that my alarm is set for six o'clock in the morning does not disturb me; I know that I can shut the noisy thing off and sleep in peace till seven.

MARGARET LARSON, '41

AMERICA'S ADDITION TO ARCHITECTURE

AMERICAN ingenuity is famous from one end of the earth to the other. For example, in the First World War, German dyes were entirely cut off from the States. Immediately American chemists set to work; in a brief time, they came out with dyes far superior to the German. So, when Old World architecture was found inadequate for the construction of tall buildings, our architects simply invented a style of their own.

This necessity for taller buildings arose in the second half of the nineteenth century. At that time, due to a rise in taxes and the lack of space in the larger cities, business men began to demand loftier office buildings. At once, architects undertook the task of designing skyscrapers. The first one, the Home Insurance Building, was completed in Chicago during 1885. However, the Gothic, Classic, and Romanesque styles then employed in its contemporaries were soon deemed impractical. So expensive were the massive foundations that they helped but little in the struggle for economy. Broadened ideas and various important discoveries have aided the architects of later years in improving their designs. Our present day skyscraper, a skeleton of steel, is characterized by the abolition of cornice columns and the appearance of new materials and new ornaments.

A treatise on the skyscraper could not be complete without a word or two about the elevator. This age of skyscrapers would not, of course, be possible except for that marvel of transportation. The tops of such heaven touching structures as the Empire State and R.C.A. buildings are reached in a matter of minutes by the relays of swift elevators whose safety records are almost perfect. Fittingly enough, one humorist has labeled the skyscraper, "an elevator shaft flanked by offices."

Since the time of the thirteen original states, young America has contributed nobly to the arts; perhaps the advent of the skyscraper, as American as the Red Indian, will mark its first valuable contribution to architecture.

CHARLES ARONSON '41

ON MODERN MUSIC

MUSIC, supposedly, has "charms to sooth the savage breast."

The above statement, in my opinion, certainly is not true of modern music, which does everything but sooth. Whether it is in popular music, colloquially known as "swing," or the more ambitious works of such composers as Stravinsky, the purpose seems to be to arouse the hearers' interest by novel effects created by dissonances and discords. In fact, truly euphonious passages are rare, indeed.

I have often wondered why the composers of today write works so different from those of the old masters. Perhaps, in answer, you may say that modern music is a reflection of the time we live in, and that the chaos and confusion of our lives must produce music which is discordant. Yet, in spite of the fact that there was a great deal of the sordid in Mozart's life and that he was often cold and hungry, his music shows infinite grace and charm. One of the greatest works of all time, Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, was written when the composer was stone deaf. Nevertheless, his work shows his faith in God by glorious, magnificent music, in the face of the worst misfortune possible to a musician.

Then is it true that modern composers haven't the courage of their predecessors? I don't think lack of courage accounts for their failure to produce really worth while music. Rather it is lack of the spark of genius which, according to Paderewski, is one-tenth inspiration and nine-tenths perspiration. Therefore, it is apparent that modern composers lack not only the inspiration to conceive a masterpiece but also the painstaking care and never-ending attempts for perfection absolutely essential to achieve it.

All we can do is look to the future, hoping that other geniuses like Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Schubert, Tschaikowsky, and Brahms will arise and emulate them. In the meantime, we must listen to the mostly mediocre modern music and agree with O. O. McIntyre who said, "The man who invented 'swing' ought to."

HARRY OSTER '41

THE REAL STUDENT

(with apologies to FPA)

I always shun the earnest stude,
The genius, the master mind,
Who is not recognized unless
He drags a load of books behind,
And wears thick spectacles, and with
A lofty glance, looks down on us,
His head enveloped in a mist
Of Algebra and Calculus.
He'd probably be out of place
If on the ball field; even more,
When at a party or a dance,
He'd surely be an awful bore.
Would I be in his learned place
For all of this world's gold and myrrh?
Would I be he, the student true?
You bet your life! I wish I were! !

JUNE JACKSON, '41

ALUMNI NOTES

CONGRATULATIONS to the following students who made the Dean's List at Tech: Richard Barry and Gilbert Lewis, both C. H. L. S., '39; Eloise Humez, Thomas Crowley, and Edward Kaubach, all '38, and John Lyons, Harry Wasserman, and Eliot Shaw, of the class of '37. Likewise, Boston University reports that an alumna of this school, Eleanor Pearlson, '38, is on the Dean's List. As for scholarships, many of our alumni have earned them: John Cotman, John Reynolds, and John Driscoll, all '39, at Harvard; Eva Hegemann, '40, to Bennington; and Paul Slepian, Craig Williams, and John White, C. H. L. S. '40, to Technology. In the literary contest recently sponsored by *Youth Today*, Priscilla Davis, '40, won third prize, five dollars. Ray Guild, '38, still remains the only C. H. L. S. representative on the Harvard Varsity Football team, while John Randall and George "Moose" Makris, who graduated from C. H. L. S. in 1939 and '40, respectively, have made the Northeastern Freshman football team. Everett Scott, '40, is taking up mechanics; Nelson Waldman, '40, optometry; and Robert Gabineau, '38, is studying television at night school and running a printing press for a living.

Judging from reports, we would say that the majority of last year's girl graduates are planning to be either teachers or nurses, whereas the boys haven't quite made up their minds as to their future careers. Ned O'Rourke of the class of '40, has gone out for the track team at Harvard; meanwhile, he's going about orating in behalf of one of the Presidential Candidates! Tom O'Hara, class of '38, is now an art student, and the illustrator of his mother's book, "The Adventures of Bob Lampoon." Philip Baird, '40, is taking an EIGHT YEAR course at Harvard! When he finishes, he'll be a full fledged psychologist. Or is it psychiatrist? Arline Goyette, '40, is at the New England Conservatory of Music; Bertha Humez, '40, is one of the four C. H. L. S.'ians who are freshmen at Radcliffe. John Brennan, '38, is a junior at Boston College.

1941 HONOR ROLL

Agababian, Armane
Barbuto, Angelina
Cardullo, Thomas
Ciccolo, Concetta
Feld, Anna
Fitch, Marjorie
Fogg, Marjorie
Goulis, Josephine
Jackson, June
Jones, Philip
Marderosian, Anna
Murphy, Irene
Pitingolo, Antoinette
Reuter, Virginia
Voles, Joseph

THE FAMILY

Little, Brown and Company Nina Fedorova

"The Family," a story whose setting is China during the Japanese invasion in 1937, is the Atlantic $10,000 Prize Novel. Thus it is at once qualified as one of the better books of the year.

The Family, White Russian Aristocrats, once wealthy, now almost without funds, consists of five — seventy-year-old Granny, Mother, Lida, Peter and eight-year-old Dima — Granny of the first generation, Mother of the second, Lida, her daughter, and Peter and Dima, two parent-less nephews, of the third.

In order to make a living in Tientsin, the Family runs a boarding-house in the cheapest corner of the British Concession. Theirs is the strangest group of boarders ever collected. There are Mme. Militza, a Bessarabian fortune-teller; Mrs. Parrish, an English-woman rather the worse for drink; Professor Chernov, idealist bent on saving the world, and his wife, Anna Petrovna; Lady Dorothea, whose love affair had English-speaking China talking; Harry, an American soldier, and his wife, Irina; Countess Maria Diaz da Cordova and young Count Leon; Mme. Klimova, a social climber; Mr. Sung, a Chinese spy; three Russian nuns, and an assortment of bowing and scraping Japanese, not to mention Khan, the houseboy, and Dog, the English bull. Lida's American sweetheart, Jimmy Bennett, must not be forgotten, although he is not a boarder.

Religious and philosophical Granny is the most vital character of the story, and when she died, the Family could not have got along if it had not been for the sustaining faith she had taught, the faith that is the story's theme.

The book is happy, funny, tragic, and above all colorful. The gay carefreeness of youth is contrasted vividly with the toilsome weariness of age. "The Family" is a beautiful story, simply told, one that lingers long in the memory. It has but one "message"— that we are all basically one family of human beings.

MARGARET MILLER, '41.

1942 HONOR ROLL

Bartley, Hugh
Brown, Mary
Cahill, Anne
Cotter, Mary
Denaro, Manetta
Fillios, Constance
Gaulin, Alcide
Heller, Gloria
Jenkins, Donald
Krute, Aaron
Markante, Thalia
Menezes, Lucy
Mylonopoulos, Charles
Pynn, Evelyn
Rodrigues, Anthony
Schiffer, Eva
Schmiz, Margaret
Sullivan, Francis
Sullivan, Mary E.
Zariski, Raphael
Zukos, Martha

THIS THING CALLED SWING!

BOB CROSBY believes that the biggest selling records aren't the biggest selling records. This paradoxical statement is not an example of Jive talk or Dixieland double talk but a very sensible statement of a sound business man. A couple of the biggest selling records Crosby and his boys ever made were "Two Sleepy People" and "Over the Rainbow" which sold about 130,000 apiece. But Bob thinks two bigger sellers are "Boogie Woogie Maxixe" and "Big Noise from Winnetka" which have hit only 73,000 apiece. The reason is that the two first mentioned are "pops" which sell heavily while the tunes are on top but then fade. The other pair, originated within the Crosby band, have been going a long time and will eventually sell well enough to beat that 130,000 mark . . . Clyde Hurley has found a trumpet seat for himself with that "sentimental gent," Tommy Dorsey . . . replacing Leon Dumbrow in the Dorsey contingent . . . Johnny Watson, who used to do shuffle arrangements for Jan Savitt, now is working in the same capacity for Vaughn Monroe, thus dispelling the lingering rumors that this sax-arranger was starting a band of his own . . . Monroe's band is an up and coming one, whose arrangements are good, but Maestro Monroe ought to do less singing and give the fellows in the band a chance to have some of the spotlight . . . It was Artie Shaw's recording of Cole Porter's "Begin the Beguine," as most swing addicts know, which got Artie his first recognition as a comer . . . but Maestro Shaw attributes his startling success — an overnight rush to popularity — to a formula . . . says Artie, "We chose a number of quality ballads, such as 'Vilia,' 'Begin the Beguine,' 'Yesterdays,' 'Copenhagen,' and many more, which the public had enjoyed in the past and gave them a 'lift' — I don't like to call it swing because the word is used so loosely— . . . It wasn't any particular song that was responsible. We had struck the right formula . . . I had been concentrating on old ditties which make up American folk music, but it was the wrong stunt . . . We certainly arrived in a hurry when the miracle happened. In two weeks at a New York hotel I jumped from a $500.00 net loss to a $5,000.00 net profit the following week" . . . And now, here's some information on the new Shaw set-up . . . it's a 22-piece band, within which is a group which Artie oddly enough calls the "Vanderbilt Six" consisting of clarinet, bass, traps, guitar, trumpet, and harpsichord . . . The greatest selling number of the past three years, according to the latest results of a well-known musical survey, is Frankie Carle's "Sunrise Serenade." His latest composition "Falling Leaves" also looks like a tremendous hit in the making . . . Of the new waxings either out or soon to be put into circulation, we especially recommend — Glen Miller's "Anvil Chorus," Artie Shaw's "Concerto for Clarinet," Gene Krupa's "Perfidia (Tonight)," Will Bradley's "Scrub Me Mamma with a Boogie Beat," Charlie Barnet's "Night and Day" and Larry Clinton's "Bolero in Blue" . . . In an article written last April in the REVIEW, we sang the praises of a swing killer called "Pennsylvania 6-5000" and two sentimental ballads which we felt had the stuff to hit the top. The two ballads were "Sierra Sue" and Ruth Lowe's sensational "I'll Never Smile Again." That they proved highly successful is but a matter of musical history. And so again we should like to make a few predictions about songs which look like sure-fire hits. Remember these names because we're sure you'll be hearing a great deal about them — "Yesterthoughts," "Shadows on the Sand," "A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square" and "Sante Fe Trail" — well, that's all, and until we get together again to discuss "This Thing Called Swing," so long, and have fun.

SID GROSS, '40.

WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW???

1. There in an original statue by Cyrus Dallin in this school. It shows:

a. a discuss thrower; b. a runner carrying a shield; c. two soldiers fighting while a woman stands by; d. a soldier, hands clasped, astride a horse.

2. There are how many classrooms in the new building?

a. 75; b. 83; c. 56; d. 200; e. 98.

3. What words are inscribed on the outside wall of the Latin building?

a. Virgil, Euclid, Homer; b. Caesar, Pompey, Sulla; c. Work, Work, Work; d. Liberty, Equality, Fraternity.

4. The new auditorium is named after:

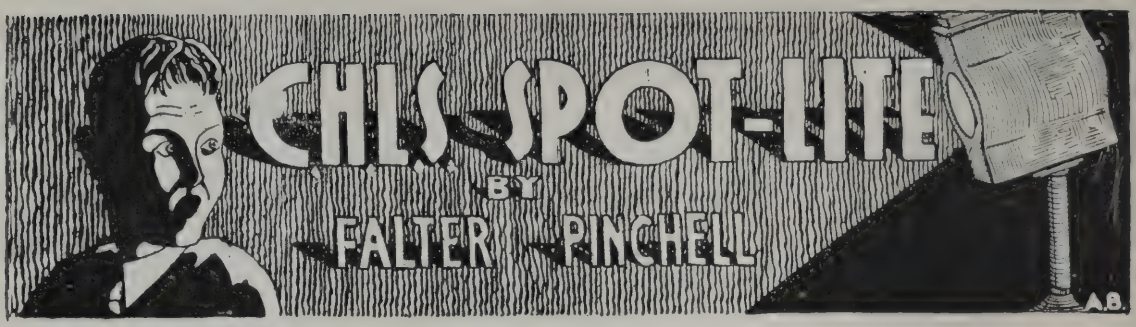
a. Mayor Lyons; b. Mr. Bliss; c. Caroline Close; d. Leslie L. Cleveland.

5. The Senior Vice-President is

a. George Garoian; b. "Deacon" Doyle; c. Maxwell Sparks; d. Jean Carrier.

6. The REVIEW is how old?

a. 26 years; b. 80 years; c. 59 years; d. 54 years?



GREETINGS and felicitations, Latinites, here's a new year starting and you are back under the searching beam of the "Spotlite" again...only this time you have a new audience watching you while you cavort on the stage . . . yes, sir, the five — count 'em — five snooper sleuths, Uncle Falter and his two girls, Friday and Saturday, and his two men, Wednesday and Thursday, have got the eagle eye on you . . . Yep, we've got more eyes than the Octopus . . . Incidentally, Peggy Miller, a rival scribe from the "Cambridge Su —" ahem! The competition is supplied with much of her information by an anonymous letter-writer, (with two assistants) who signs himself "The Octopus" . . . Occy, old boy, if you're reading this, Peggy is behind the eight ball as to who you are . . . Betty Ambler still thinks you have eight faces . . . I'll bet Trotsky is one of your assistants . . . Yep, he's still around as is Tom Finigan, "Red" Gross and many others who received their discharge — pardon me — diploma last year . . . This column may be a little (two and one-half months) late, but still we'd like to welcome the Freshmen, who at this stage probably know their way around a lot better than do the Seniors, and also, congratulations go to the new Senior officers . . . Deacon Doyle, the pitcher (and I don't mean baseball in this case) should make a swell prexy . . . Corinne Bingham answers to the name of "Babe" now, believe it or not . . . Holy Smoke! Before the first Spotlite even came out, Uncle Spotty-no-Falty has had a threat on his life, and it wasn't by a big, strong, masculine man either, but by a girl!!! O.K. Ellen Gorman, I won't put your name in the column . . . likewise "Chauncy" Garland . . . If someone yells "Hey, Digby" at you, you can be sure it's either "Chaunse" Herlihy or "Has-Been" Garoin . . . The aforementioned competitive paper knows what it is doing when it sends Joe Voles to cover our football games, says "Rocks" Leary. "Rocks" thinks he is capable of "covering" any game . . . I hope those two Janes, Jane Hays and Jane Ericson, enjoyed the Harvard-Army game. Seen around: Arsiny Karpovitch taking enough time off from foreign affairs to worry about why Thomas and Kreugar didn't get elected . . . Paul Hanlon, still looking for ways to improve his broad education. Don't look too hard, Paul . . . Ann Conway darting in and out during lunch periods . . . Paul O'Connell and Stanley Hollis saying naughty things to their lockers . . . John McLeod and Frank Donovan giving study hall teachers plenty of added troubles . . . Alice Joyce coming to school every day at 8:10 to do Alice Joyce's homework. . . .

Rosemary O'Connor still talking about her swell vacation — woo! woo! . . . In the study hall: Ruth Wegler and Mary Shea chatting gaily . . . The cheer leaders are complaining about lack of co-operation . . . Well, girls you can always count on "Lennie" Bulger, Jack Sheehan, Bob Borzakian, Lucille Freniere, "Bucky" Hooker, and Peggy Lowe . . . How about the rest of youze guys? . . . Pat Dias whiles away her time in study periods designing clothes . . . Have you seen Helen Mirra's and Marjorie O'Connor's "bangs"? . . . Jean McConnell informs our girl Saturday that she attained much physical culture bicycling through Canada this summer . . . From all indications Nancy Cass is going to be Peg, Jr. . . . Where did Ray Patton get that flashy tie? I can still see spots before my eyes . . . Our whistling troubador is none other than Bruce Cameron . . . Eleanor and Shirley Meehan, Rosamond and Jacqueline Kirk find Betty Herrick's car a great convenience for getting places. . . . Have You Ever Seen Department: Have you ever seen Bob Leary with a book? (He's the mad artist y'know) . . . Gertie Crowley without Betty Fawcett? Harry Oster without George Sokol? . . . "Uncle Al" Lynch without a crowd of freshmen and sophomores? . . . "Maurie" Martel going to his locker and not finding a welcoming committee there to greet him? Judging from rumors, Barbara Stone is quite a party-giver!...Jean Bilodeau's big brother thinks so much of her that he gave her a watch for her birthday. Some brother! . . . Have you heard Henry Jezerski's new orchestra? . . . "Swing and rehearski with 'Hank' Jezerksi" . . . Joe Linehan has a bigger grin than his brother in '38 had, says our girl Friday . . . Bob Small and Nick Manning find the atmosphere at C. H. L. S. quite agreeable

. . . Have you read "Joey" White's famous poems? He's quite a literary figure now. He's even writing two plays, so goes the rumor . . . Kay Malloy and Mary Cockery are two of our best gossipers . . . By the way, have you noticed M. C.'s new hair-do? (Boy! Have we got the woman's point of view this year!) . . . Here I am, bending every effort over my noiseless portable when who should disturb me but my two good men Thursday and Wednesday, who say: Flash! In the Freshmen class: Paul Murphy, the bluest eyes . . . Myra Ayre, the blondest hair . . . Barbara Cook, the cute little freshman with the prettiest smile . . . The Seely twins always together . . . Charles Barry being the room janitor of room 03 . . . Frances Foster trying to be another Jack Benny, or should we say another Fred Allen . . . Charles Hodian trying to outshine his older brother, John . . . Jim Sullivan never failing to wear a bow tie . . . Ross Harris being the football star in the gym, every weekly session . . . Joseph Fougere always coming into English class late. . . .

In the corridors: Thomas August walking slowly and getting no place . . . Richard Anechiarico running through the corridors getting no place . . . Manuel Agritha walking through two lunchrooms to get to his locker . . . Virginia Ackerley walking five steps to get to her locker . . . Eva Bannier and Mary Barrett took quite a ribbing about those G. A. A. bibs . . . As usual, you can see John Shahan arguing with Virginia McCauly in Ancient History class . . . Alice Armstrong is anxiously awaiting the first issue of the "Review" . . . Well, here it is, Alice . . . Someone told us that Genie Gilmore could play the piano by ear. Well, your Uncle Falter may not be able to do that, but he sure can fiddle with his necktie . . . Vivien Marcotte and Madeline Cajolet are the able pair who won the G. A. A. tennis tournament. The only trouble with a thing like that is that in order for them to win, somebody has to lose. Those two unlucky but good tennis players were Frances Green and Grace Graham . . . Larry Chvany and his partner, Roy Dart, challenge those two winners to a fight to the finish, any time and anywhere . . . Vic Smith is Latin's star football guard on Fridays and Saturdays and Latin's star bottle guard weekdays in the lunch room . . . Peggy Reynolds, (sister of the "Review's" editor of two years back) besides being a dramatist and singer of some renown, is also one of the most honest and truthful girls in the city. She's really a peach of a kid, and a swell example of the typical Latin girl. (*You* can give *me* an orchid sometime, Peggy) . . . "Ronnie" Sacco and Florence Chipman are two of those pretty cheer leaders at the game . . . Concerning the Sophomores: John Delaney of 215 is now sporting a bow on his sleeve due to the fact that he has joined the Dramatic Club . . . I must compliment the Home Room Committees on their fine work on Hall Assembly . . . I am sorry to hear of Jimmy Cazaro's football injury . . . Speaking of football, I have seen our football team in action and I think we have a team worth rooting for . . . Bill Conneley's famous short story is the one in the History book . . . Saul Klashman is chairman of the pre-school huddle of 215 . . . Marjorie Andrew is still waiting to hear Eugene Callendar play "Tuxedo Junction" . . . Jimmy Boyce's ambition is now fulfilled . . . it previously was to have his name in the Spotlite . . . Grace D'Agostino will have the honor of being Latin's most bashful girl . . . Diana Kelty is one of those who compose the new set of hall dwellers. Others are Dotty Arthur, Margaret Bane and Ann Farr . . . A. Corey says his mind is haunted by half marked exams in school . . . Betty Weber is receiving compliments on her new styled belt . . . Rose Postell is the one you see opening her locker every morning at 8:28 . . . She has nothing on Lovett Wright . . . Betty Donnelly enjoys symphonies . . . Catherine Bolger popular songs whilst Deborah Edwards likes the modern, sophisticated manner called swing . . . Donald St. John answering to the sobriquet "Speed" . . . Sobriquet, Lawrence Bolduc, means nickname. . . .

Barbara Johnson is in my opinion the ideal English student . . . Just as Ruth Cunningham is in Geography . . . If Joseph Perry can run as fast as he can walk, Latin has a fine trackster in the making . . . Joe Mulcahy is the flash you see walking up and down the Sophomore Corridors after the first recess . . . If a swift breeze passes by you, turn around and see Eddy Bellis . . . I just know that there must be some talented writing sopho-

{coutinued on page 12}

ANSWERS

1. d; 2. c; 3. a; 4. d; 5. c; 6. d.

Here's how you rate:

6 right: you ought to be on Quiz Kids!

4-5 " : not so bad!

2-3 " : you're slipping!

0-1 " : you've slipped!

Freshman Notes

To the Class of 1944:

Elsewhere in the columns of the Review you will find information concerning the various prizes and scholarships which come to those who have excelled in the work of the different courses. It is obvious that only a comparatively few pupils can ever share in these awards. The opportunity is open to all, however, to make the most of the preparation which the school affords for later life. The grades which you now receive become a part of a permanent record which will remain in the school files as long as the school itself will last. Four years hence you will attain your goal but bear in mind that if you fail in a subject this year, the failure counts just as heavily against your chances for graduation as it would in any later year. Your teachers will be glad to help you in every way, before and after school, to make your work the success you would have it. There are problems, however, which for lack of time and necessary information cannot be solved by the subject or home room teacher. An understanding of many other phases of your school and home life is necessary before a final decision in any problem can be made. Your Master and Dean have been appointed to give you this assistance. Whatever the nature of your problem may be, we trust that you or your parents will not hesitate to seek our help.

Timothy F. Downey,
Assistant Headmaster,

Hilda F. Russell,
Dean of Freshman Girls.

Freshmen: As you know, we are instituting a new policy of having a section of the Review exclusively for news and notes of the activities of the freshmen. In order to make this worthwhile and interesting, we must have the co-operation of every one. This is *your* section of the school paper and *you* must contribute the items of interest if we are to continue this feature.

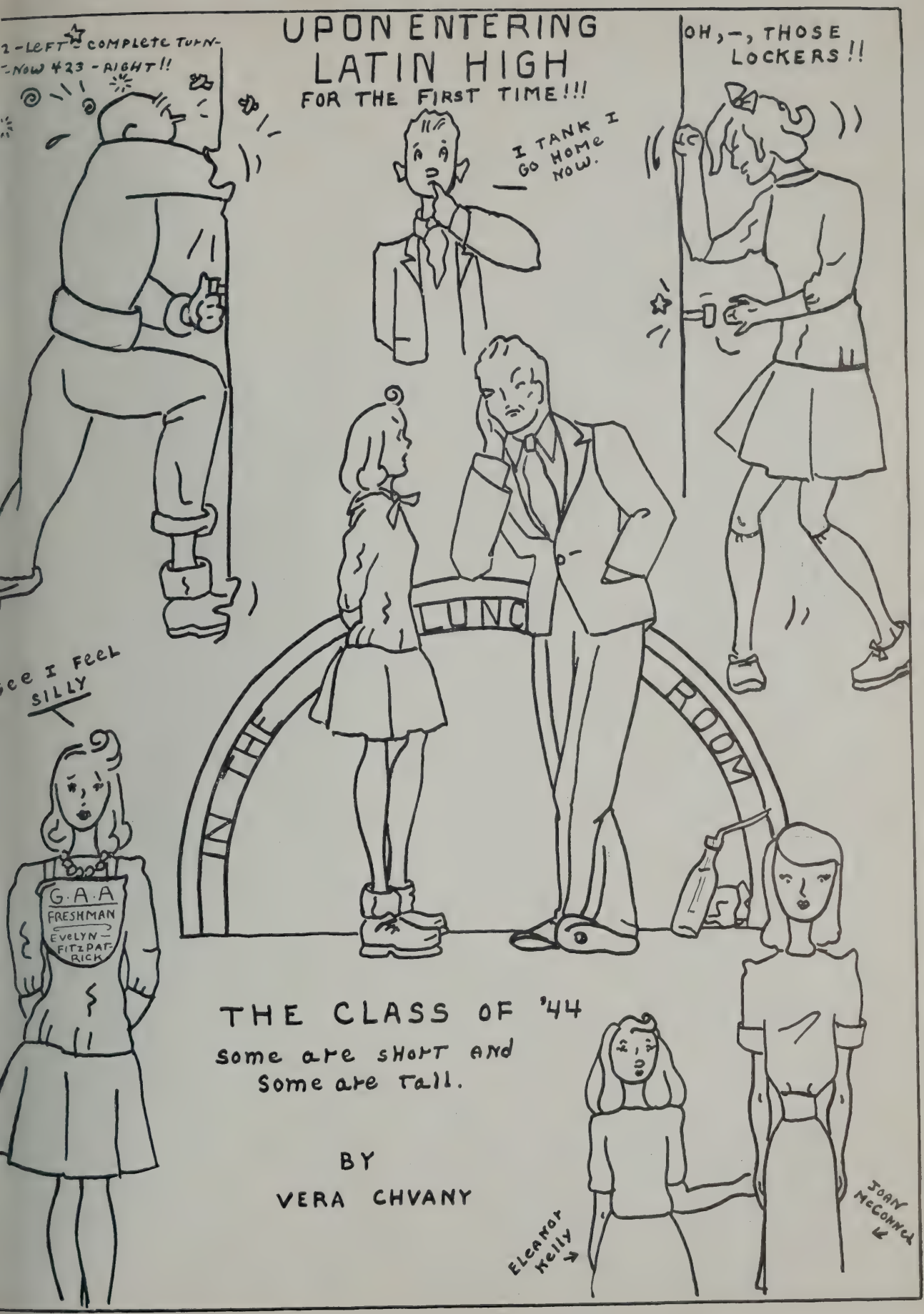
FRESHMEN STATISTICS

No. of Freshmen	836
No. of Grammar Schools	26
No. of Cities represented	14
No. of Freshman home-rooms	21

Assemblies: Mondays, first recess period, on call.

WE appear to have one of the outstanding younger pianists in New England in Madeline Beckles. . . . Congratulations to Arthur Travers who was the winner of the first prize silver trophy at the X-class races of the Boston Model Yacht Club recently . . . by the way, Arthur and his father built the boat together . . . there seems to be a great deal of musical talent in the Freshman class; some of those already noted are Marion Bianco, Pauline Bibeau, and Marjorie Bonvie, who have very good voices . . . we will probably have many more as soon as all get acquainted . . . Madeline Beckles also plays the saxophone . . . the pupils in Room 04 are able to set their watches by Phyllis Beckford. Why? . . . Eleanor Powell of the movies has a keen rival in Dolores Belanger, a fine tap dancer (and good student, too) . . . One easy way to get your name on this page is to be on the Honor Roll . . . Mary and Cecelia Bennett cause their teachers a great deal of trouble (oh, no, not discipline) . . . trying to tell them apart . . . twins . . . the same applies to Marion and Mildred Graham . . . Doris Fitzgerald is an accomplished violinist . . . Lunch period concerts are given each week in some rooms . . . John Benosis seems to know all the answers in Latin.

Shirley Thurratt has a distinctive way of presenting class notes . . . The debates in the Ancient History class between the boys and the girls have been very instructive and entertaining . . . Georgette Boscher and Marie Beaudry hope to have poems published in the Review . . . Mary Mullally knows all the news of Room 118 . . . Evelyn Bohtel and Priscilla Coleman are busy finding notes for this page . . . Claire Moran, Mary Murphy, and Kenneth Conant of Room 118 have already paid their class dues for the year . . . this same Kenneth and David Monroe are said to be very clever artists . . . Edward Rezendo was awarded a prize for having one of the best vegetable gardens in the city during the last summer . . . Salvatore Bonsignore is impatiently waiting to see if his name is used in this column . . . Vera Chvany has drawn some excellent cartoons for this page . . . We wish to thank all those who contributed to this section. Keep the work coming and we will use all the suitable material at some time during the year.


UPON ENTERING LATIN HIGH FOR THE FIRST TIME!!!
2 - LEFT - COMPLETE TURN - NOW 4 2 3 - RIGHT!!
I TANK I GO HOME NOW.
OH, -, THOSE LOCKERS!!
See I FEEL SILLY
G.A.A
FRESHMAN
EVELYN FITZPATRICK
THE CLASS OF '44
some are short and
Some are tall.
BY
VERA CHVANY
ELEANOR KELLY
JOAN McCONNELL

HONOR ROLL

First Marking Period

Benusis, John
Bigler, Mary
Bowen, Dorothy
Brezinsky, Dorothy
Carceo, Leonard
Carlson, Barbara
Carter, Mabel
Caulfield, John
Cameron, Everett
Coleman, Ruth
Conway, Alice
Cook, Barbara M.
Chvany, Vera
Cooper, Violet
Donahue, William
Eisner, Mary
Faulkner, Jean
Ghilardi, Gloria
Gomatos, Poppy
Harris, Ross
Havley, Irene
Hill, Raymond
Hiscock, John
Hoban, Martha
Haskell, Paul
Jensen, Ethel
Jurmain, Israel
Kagan, Mildred
Kanovos, Madeline
Kennedy, Patricia
Kenney, William
Kitfield, Robert
Kramer, Sherman
Kretkas, Bertha
Lafferty, Edmund
Larson, Jean
Lewis, Mark
Liakos, Mary
Lombardi, Helen
MacNeill, Heather
Maytum, William
McCawley, Virginia
McCree, Paul
McNeill, Marilyn
McSorley, Barbara
Mero, Dorothy
Miranian, Arthur
Montana, Marie
Moran, Claire
Moynihan, George
Mullaly, Mary
Murphy, Margaret
Nemet, Margaret
Nolan, Geraldine
O'Han, Bergi
Pepe, Anita
Reynolds, Peggy
Rose, Mary D.
Rundlet, Barbara
Salvato, Nancy
Saunders, Charles
Shea, Marie
Sheenhan, James
Silva, Lydia
Spence, Dorothy
Sullivan, Barbara
Taylor, Beverly
Waters, Catherine

———————

(continued from page 8)

mores in this year's class, so how about contributing your bit to make the "Review" the best school paper around . . . Paul Ericson is trying to form a band. All interested, try to see Paul in room 215 in the first or second recess . . . Glad to see Bill Anastos and Dick McCabe keeping up their good work in Latin . . . As a compliment to the new school, in my opinion, it is one of the best schools in Massachusetts, if not the best . . . Well, Fiends (proofreader's note: Drat that Falter Pinchell!) — friends, it looks like this is the parting of the ways until the next issue, so until that time, we'll be seeing you, and take it easy, will ya'?

Falter Pinchell.

SCHOOL ORGANIZATIONS OPEN TO FRESHMEN

DUE to lack of space, we will be unable to give full particulars concerning these organizations. We do give the names of the leaders of these organizations, who will be very happy to explain all conditions of the clubs to any interested freshman.

Girls' Athletic Association . . . Miss Brown
Dramatic Club . . . . . Miss Hartigan
Debating Club . . . . . Miss Breau
Chess Club . . . . . Mr. Sullivan
Sports (football, baseball, basketball and hockey) . . . . . Mr. Foley
Music (glee club, chorus, orchestra and banjo club) . . . . . Miss Wait

Prizes for Freshmen

English — The Caroline Close Prize for excellence in English composition. Pupils obtaining a scholarship grade in English during the year are allowed to enter the competition.

Latin (The Hopkins' Prizes) — A first and second prize for excellent scholarship in Latin.

Algebra (The Class of 1926 Prizes) — Pupils of excellence in class work are allowed to compete in a written examination.

Prize Speaking (The Liberty Prize Speaking Medals) — There are two medals, one for a boy, and one for a girl. The winners are selected in a contest held for pupils each year. This contest is open to all pupils in the school.

A full list of prizes offered during the different years and at graduation will be printed in a later edition.

———————

The bus slid to a stop, and the conductor opened the door, looking back to see if anyone was getting off. It seemed that no one was. Finally the conductor called out, "Anyone going to Harvard Square?"

"Yes," came a voice from the rear.

"Well, then, get off. I can't bring it up on the bus for you."

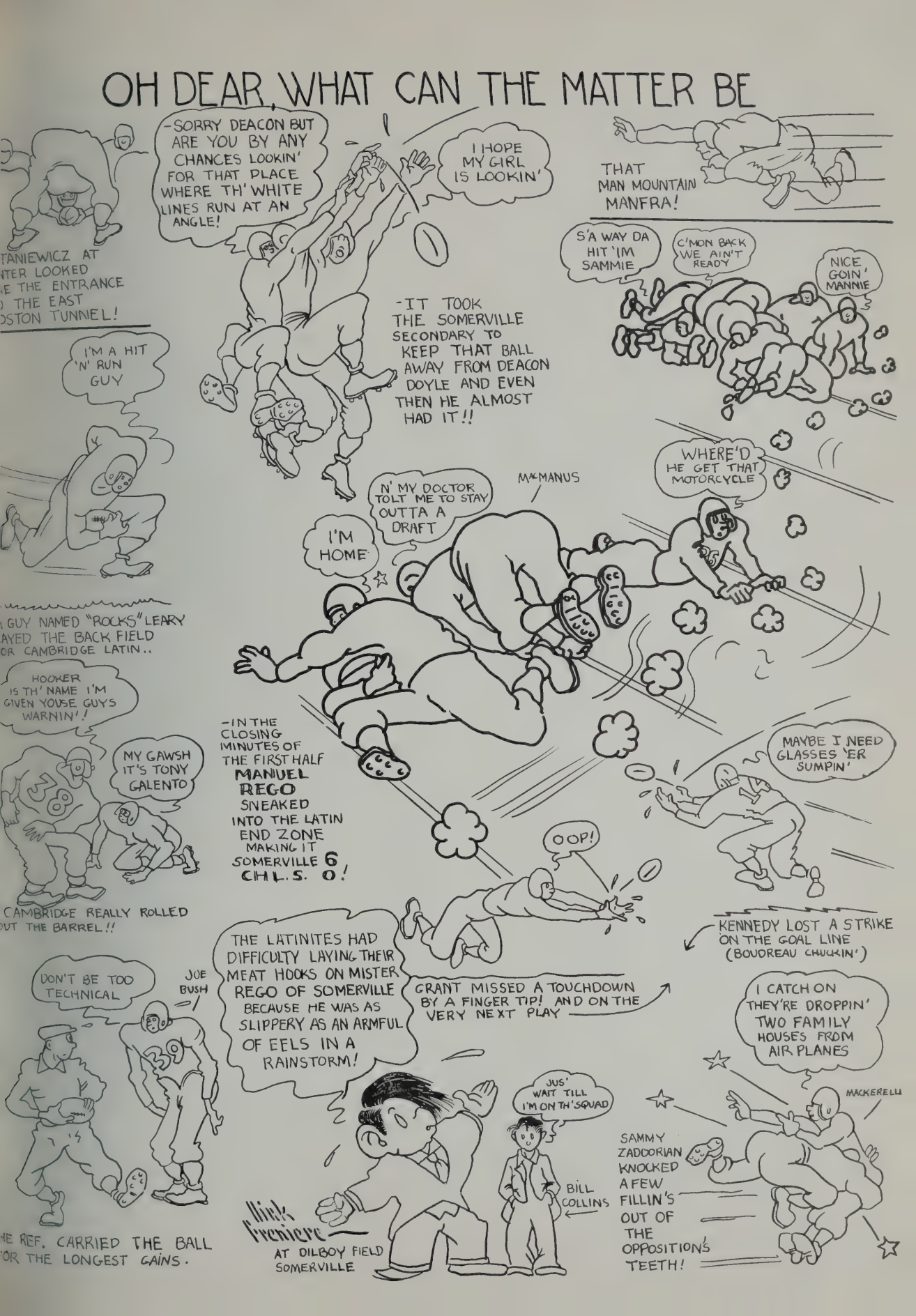
"Don't be downhearted," said the steward to the suffering passenger. "Nobody's ever died of seasickness."

"Don't say that," moaned the stricken one. "It's only the thought of dying that's kept me alive so far."

"My worst sin," she sighed, "is vanity. I spend hours every day admiring my beauty."

"That's not vanity," her friend replied. "That's imagination."

OH DEAR, WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE


TANIEWICZ AT
NTER LOOKED
E THE ENTRANCE
THE EAST
OSTON TUNNEL!
I'M A HIT 'N' RUN GUY
A GUY NAMED "ROCKS" LEARY
AYED THE BACK FIELD
OR CAMBRIDGE LATIN..
HOOKER IS TH' NAME I'M GIVEN YOUSE GUYS WARNIN'!
MY GAWSH IT'S TONY GALENTO
38
CAMBRIDGE REALLY ROLLED
UT THE BARREL!!
DON'T BE TOO TECHNICAL
JOE BUSH
39
HE REF. CARRIED THE BALL
OR THE LONGEST GAINS.
-SORRY DEACON BUT ARE YOU BY ANY CHANCES LOOKIN' FOR THAT PLACE WHERE TH' WHITE LINES RUN AT AN ANGLE!
I HOPE MY GIRL IS LOOKIN'
-IT TOOK THE SOMERVILLE SECONDARY TO KEEP THAT BALL AWAY FROM DEACON DOYLE AND EVEN THEN HE ALMOST HAD IT!!
THAT MAN MOUNTAIN MANFRA!
S'A WAY DA HIT 'IM SAMMIE
C'MON BACK WE AIN'T READY
NICE GOIN' MANNIE
WHERE'D HE GET THAT MOTORCYCLE
MACMANUS
N' MY DOCTOR TOLT ME TO STAY OUTTA A DRAFT
I'M HOME
-IN THE CLOSING MINUTES OF THE FIRST HALF MANUEL REGO SNEAKED INTO THE LATIN END ZONE MAKING IT SOMERVILLE 6 CHL.S. 0!
MAYBE I NEED GLASSES 'ER SUMPIN'
OOP!
KENNEDY LOST A STRIKE ON THE GOAL LINE (BOUDREAU CHUCKIN')
THE LATINITES HAD DIFFICULTY LAYING THEIR MEAT HOOKS ON MISTER REGO OF SOMERVILLE BECAUSE HE WAS AS SLIPPERY AS AN ARMFUL OF EELS IN A RAINSTORM!
GRANT MISSED A TOUCHDOWN BY A FINGER TIP! AND ON THE VERY NEXT PLAY
I CATCH ON THEY'RE DROPPIN' TWO FAMILY HOUSES FROM AIR PLANES
MACKERELLI
JUS' WAIT TILL I'M ON TH' SQUAD
BILL COLLINS
SAMMY ZADOORIAN KNOCKED A FEW FILLIN'S OUT OF THE OPPOSITION'S TEETH!
Dick Fremiere
AT DILBOY FIELD SOMERVILLE

Football

PEABODY 6 – LATIN 0

Our boys opened the 1940 football schedule with a night game against Peabody High. Close to 7000 people turned out to see the game. Latin was able twice to reach the Peabody 5-yard line, but they were unable to put across a score. Peabody High never penetrated below the Latin 25-yard line until late in the fourth period, when with a little more than a minute to go Krawchuck of Peabody, faded back and threw a touchdown pass from Latin's 45-yard line to Pietrazek on the 20, who then ran the remaining distance unmolested. The try for the extra point failed.

Co-Captains Mitchell Babajtis, and Leonard (Deacon) Doyle played the ends brilliantly; also in the line Bonsignore and Roffi excelled. Russell Boudreau brought the fans to their feet with his accurate passing many times. Chickie McManus and Pat Macaro played heads-up ball in the backfield. Stanley Staniewicz and Larry Latanowicz had to leave the game early because of injuries.

* * *

LaSALLE ACADEMY 20 – LATIN 0

Before an estimated crowd of 10,000 fans, Cambridge Latin bowed to a powerful LaSalle eleven in their second night game to the tune of 20-0. In the first half Latin was able to hold their own while deep in their own territory with LaSalle trying again and again to cross the Latin goal. In the second half, LaSalle scored three times. Latin lacked the breaks to put across a score as they drove deep into the enemy's territory several times.

Pat Macaro and Louis Roffi were injured, and were missed from the team for two weeks.

* * *

SOMERVILLE 6 – LATIN 0

In its first daylight game of the year, Latin lost to Somerville by the score of 6-0. The first half passed with a thrilling kicking duel between Russ Boudreau and Chickie McManus of Latin and Phil Manfra of Somerville, as neither team was able to penetrate well into the enemy's territory. Shortly after the third period began, Somerville High climaxed a sustained drive from their own 35-yard line to the Latin 30-yard line, with Manny Rego, smashing off-tackle, sidestepping through the Latin secondary and crossing the goal standing up. The try for the extra point failed.

Our boys failed to dent the Somerville goal line, as they drove within 20 yards of a score when a series of passes fell short of their marks.

Bob Hooker, Victor Smith, and Sammy Zadoorian played well in the line.

* * *

LATIN 13 – LAWRENCE 12

Latin gained its first victory of the year at the expense of a strong Lawrence High eleven. The game was played at Lawrence before a moderate crowd.

In the first quarter Lawrence's first score resulted from a recovery of a Cambridge fumble on Latin's 30-yard line from where Kaupinos ran to the 8-yard line on the first play and then Sanborn crossed the Latin goal on an end-run. The try for the point after failed. In the same period, Chickie McManus intercepted a forward pass on his own 25-yard line and ran a distance of 75 yards along the sidelines to score. Russ Boudreau's initial try for the extra point via a placement failed.

Each team scored another touchdown in the last quarter, LaSaffre crossing Latin's goal, and Cleary crossed the Lawrence goal line on a pass thrown by Rocks Leary. Rocks rushed the extra point, which won the game.

Smith, Doolin, and co-Captain Mitch Babajtis stood out in the line. Captain Al Kuchar and Paul Killeen of Lawrence deserve credit for their fine playing in the line.

* * *

WORCESTER COMMERCE 6 – LATIN 0

Cambridge Latin was overpowered by a much heavier Worcester Commerce eleven, losing 6 to 0, in a night game at Worcester before a crowd of 2000. Worcester Commerce's score resulted from a sustained drive from the midfield stripe to Latin's 5-yard line, from which point LaBossiere carried the ball over for a touchdown. The try for the point after on an end-run by LaBossiere failed. In the third quarter, Latin reached the Commerce 8-yard line through a series of passes from Russ Boudreau to co-Captain Deacon Doyle, but they were stopped a few yards from the goal on four ground plays.

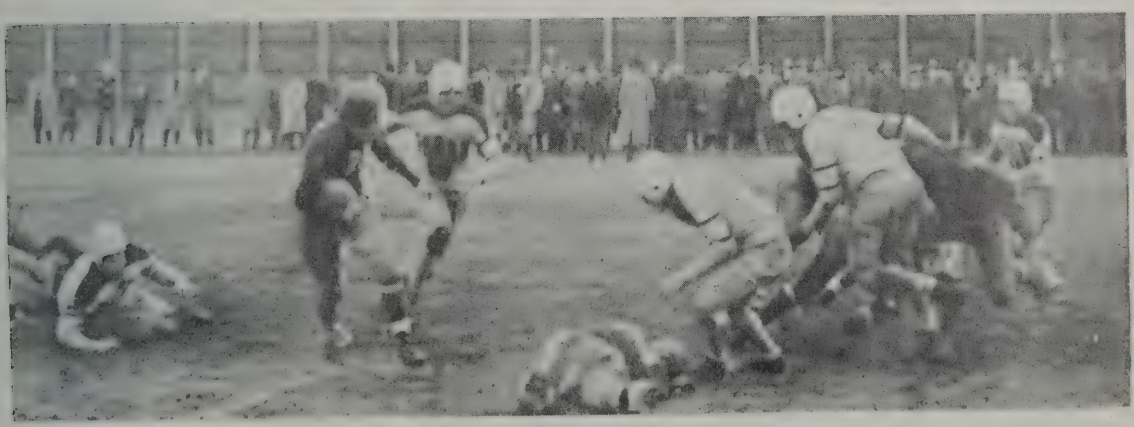
Russ Boudreau and Pat Macaro played brilliantly in the Latin backfield while in the line Sammy Zadoorian, Dan Moriarty and Deacon Doyle were outstanding.

(continued on page 20)

Poirier gains for Rindge

Rindge gains through our line

Boudreau gets off a kick of 50 yards



Boudreau picks up 7 yards for Latin

Music Teacher — "You were singing in E flat instead of E natural."

Harry Oster — "Gosh, I didn't think I was as close to it as that!"

* * *

And here's an old proverb: If something smells bad, why stick your nose into it?

* * *

I was standing in the telephone booth the other day, talking to my girl friend, when someone came along who wanted to make a call; so we had to get out.

* * *

A man was found dead, and the coroner's jury was puzzled as to what had caused his death. Finally they stated, "It was an act of God under very suspicious circumstances."

* * *

Larry Chvany sat up all night trying to figure out where the sun went to when it set. Finally it dawned on him.

* * *

Police Officer — Anyone who drives as badly as you do shouldn't have a license.

A. Knute — Well, that makes it all right, then, because I haven't got one.

* * *

Too many girls think they are literary just because they use a pencil to darken their eyebrows.

* * *

Eugene Gilmore (plunking away at the piano) — I hear you appreciate good music?

Geraldine Nikas — That doesn't matter. Keep right on playing.

PAGE YAHOUDI FOR THIS ONE

Teacher (After fire drill) — Now, suppose an imaginary boiler blew up and started an imaginary fire. What would you do?

G. Peck — I'd throw a bucketful of nothing on it.

* * *

Junior — Boy, am I getting hot!

Soph — Well, I don't think your marks are improving.

Junior — Who said anything about marks? There's a fire in my locker.

* * *

First Student — I hear they aren't going to make school-books any longer.

Second Student — Really? Why?

First Student —They're long enough already.

* * *

Stude who just got a 100 *in a test* — Boy! I'm walking on air.

Practical Pete — Why walk? Buy a plane, brother, and ride.

* * *

Chem. Teacher — I don't like the way you pour that acid.

Mark Aronson — Well, then, why don't you close your eyes like I do.

* * *

Teacher (to sleepy student) — Why don't you keep your mind on your work? What are you doing?

Student — I'm visualizing the automobile of fifty years from now.

Teacher (sarcastically — how else?) — How does it look to you?

Student — It's going so darn fast that I can't see it.

G. A. A.

GREETINGS, fellow members!! Once again the G. A. A. is off to a successful start. Applications have been pouring in steadily until we are far exceeding our last year's record.

For the benefit of those who do not know the outcome of the election of officers for 1940-41, here is the list as you voted for them:

President – Barbara Emmons.
Vice-President, Treasurer – Evelyn Hoyt.
Secretary – Mary Louise Sullivan.
Executive Committee – Patricia Dias, Ann Farr, Peggy O'Brien, Sylvia Piltch.

May I say here and now that these girls are striving to the utmost to make this year a huge success in every line of sport and entertainment.

What fun we all had the day of the Freshman initiation and formal meeting! Midst squeals of uncertainty, the freshmen, decked in huge green bows and labeled bibs, earnestly endeavored to carry peanuts on the back of their hands from one end of the gym to the other with as few disasters ensuing as possible. After the repeating of the promise, the lighting of the candle, and a few words from our capable president, the G. A. A. Hymn was sung and the initiation came to a close. The freshmen saw the last of their conspicuous adornments and then bowed to the officers. Full pledged members at last!

Tennis started with a bang this year. There were a great number of contenders for the championship. After many strenuous matches, the final game of doubles was played Oct. 20. The close match resulted in Vivien Marcotte and Madeline Cajolet as Medal Winners. Well they deserve the title, too, for they're clever players. The runners up were Frances Green and Grace Graham. The medals were given out at the Freshman Party.

I sincerely hope that no one missed the Freshman Party, Oct. 25. This fun-fest went under the name of "The Mother Goose Parade" as each one attending represented some character in the nursery rhymes or fairly tales, thus reviving our somewhat forgotten childhood memories. Prizes were awarded for the most original costumes. It was hard to choose from so many, as nearly everyone was worthy of mention. However, after much deliberation, the judges, who were our charming hostesses, Miss George, Miss McLaughlin, and Miss Russell, decided that the smart compact should go to Prince Charming, and the original charm bracelets to Mother Hubbard and Jack Be Nimble, Jack Be Quick. What a variety of characters there were! From Little Bo Peep to Cinderella's wicked step-mother. Mother Goose scurried around continually, trying to see that all her children were having the best time possible, while Miss Brown, giving life to Higgledy-Piggledy, My Black Hen, had all she could do to keep track of her eggs. Clever talent was displayed during the portrayal of "Little Red Riding Hood" and "Cinderella". Thanks go to the Dramatic Club for the loan of some of their members under Ann Cahill's direction. We also discovered a great deal of other valuable talent in the contribution to the evening's entertainment which consisted of the following:

Mary Broussard ..... Reading
Julie Malanson ..... Tap
Vivien Marcotte, Jane O'Hara ..... Tumbling
Catherine Harrison ..... Song
Jean Patterson ..... Reading
Peggy Ford ..... Trumpet
Muriel Lawrence, Madeline Cajolet ..... Comedy Dance
Marjorie Kelley ..... Accordian
Jean Patterson ..... Song

The unique decorations were due to the efforts of Pat Dias and her able committee. Brightly colored cut-out silhouettes of the different nursery rhymes adorned the wall, and gay balloons hung in clusters at various points of the gym. Cut out of cambric, a huge shoe, representing The Old Lady in the Shoe covered one entrance, through which the entertainers emerged. The refreshments, sold during intermission, were in charge of Evelyn

Hoyt, Catherine Harrison, and committee. Dancing followed and an enjoyable time was had by all.

Now to leave entertainment and go back to sports: Basketball is well under way with our Faculty Adviser, Miss Brown, in command as always. We hear that the teams look promising, too.

For the many of you who are anxiously awaiting the Swimming announcement, you won't be waiting long, as we'll be beginning pretty soon. Watch for the starting date! We want a good-sized team this year so we'll have a chance of winning the meet.

The big event of the year, the G. A. A. Formal, takes place November 22. Hope you've all got your escorts lassoed as it promises to be the best one ever.

Guess that's all the news for now, girls. Watch for the next issue, and meanwhile, I'll see you all at the formal.

EVELYN HOYT.

Honor Roll 1943

Anastos, William
Benker, Dorothy
Benson, Ida
Campbell, Pearl
Christo, Helen
Chin, Annie
Churchill, Patricia
Collins, Eleanor
Corey, Joseph
Cuff, Grace
Days, Mildred
Deresky, Julia
Driscoll, Irene
Downward, Carol
Fournier, Jeanne
Holmes, Marie
Jankowski, Sophie
Kane, Terry
Keane, Rita
Luti, Eleanor
Lozensky, Gertrude
Lydotes, Delphina
Lyons, Mary
Margetson, Edith
McCabe, Richard
Messina, Mary
Mooney, Mary
Morazzi, Olga
Palmacci, Ilia
Quint, Frances
Raymond, Marian
Roach, Mary
Rodrigue, Dorothy
Roope, Juanita
Ryce, Arthur
Romard, Evelyn
Servello, Florence
Souza, Louise
Spinoza, Mary
Sutherland, Dorothea
Weinberg, Charlotte
Whitehouse, Norma

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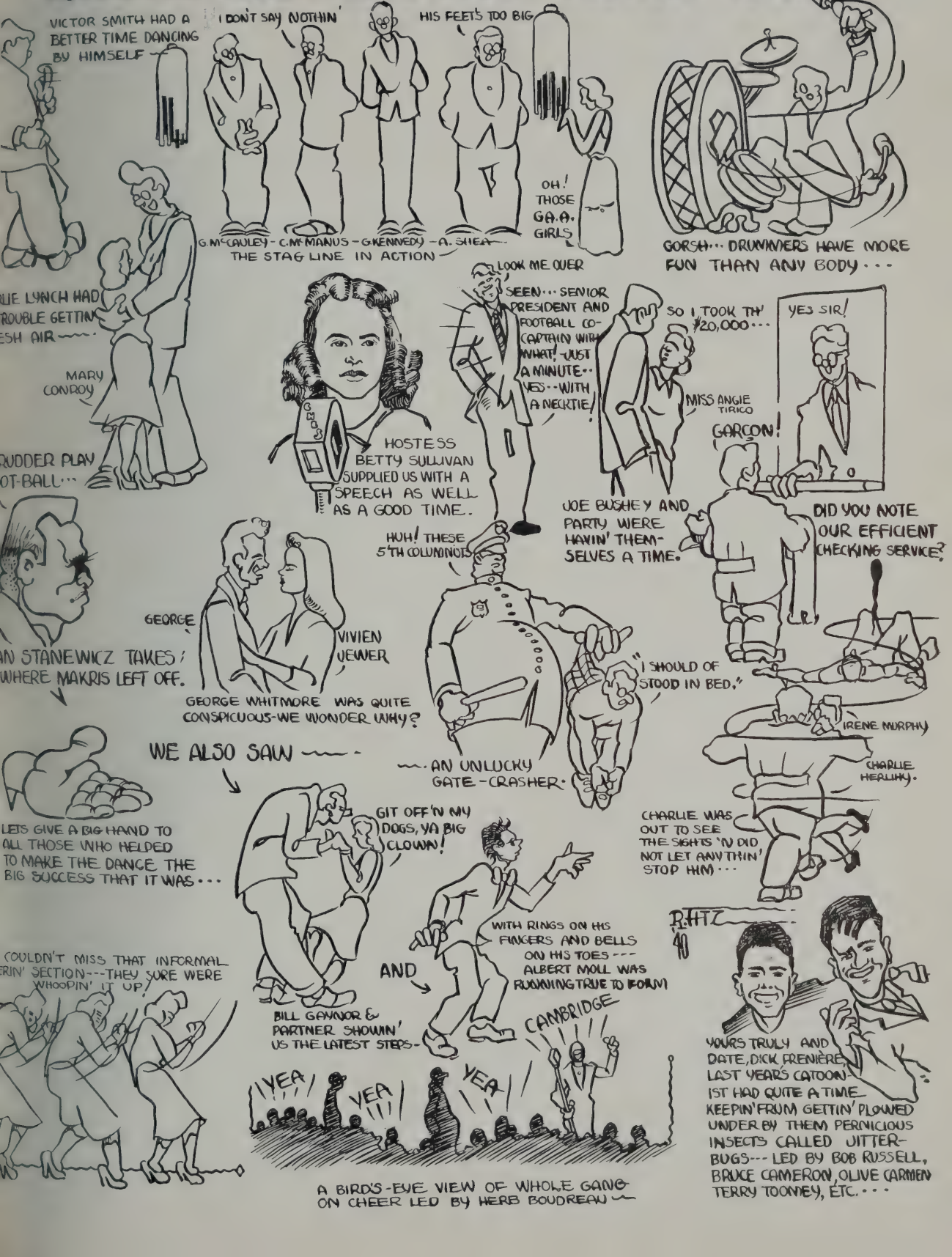

A LITTLE HARMONIZING

Theme: An Interview with Tom Harmon

Dedicated to: The C.H.L.S. Football Team

EVER since Tom Harmon was in the sixth grade, football has been his interest, first and foremost. In fact, along with his collection of swing records, he has quite a fine set of action photos of games. For a while, though, he liked track, baseball, and basketball, and managed to win just about fourteen letters in these sports and in football while he was at high school. He was even elected to the mythical High School All American team, which gets its talent from the thousands of high schools all over the country. Nevertheless, it was not till he entered the University of Michigan that national fame was his. Now as a senior, he gives hopes of continuing to make the All American and All Conference Elevens.

Writers have compared him to the immortals, to the never-to-be-forgotten backs of gridiron history; they have adorned him with a list of adjectives more complimentary than any we'd heard for many a day. But Tom himself still insists that any success he's attained has been through his teammates, especially Capt. Forest Evashevski, Al Wistert, and Bob Ingalls. Whoever may be the gleaming pilot of the team, we won't argue; but we must admit the Michigan squad has certainly done a thorough job of handling their opponents this year. As for excitement, Tom considers the Ohio State game, the season past, his most thrilling. Up until the last minute, the score was deadlocked at 14-14; with about 50 seconds left to play, Michigan made a touchdown and converted, to win 21-14!

If he has his way, after graduation, there'll be no pro-football for Tom. Instead, he is now majoring in speech and English in order to prepare himself for the job he hopes to get as a radio sportscaster. In the meantime, he grabs a mike and practices whenever he gets the chance; just before the Pennsylvania game, he had quite a time conducting a program on the "sports-man on the sidewalk" type. He wants everyone to know that he's shooting at no one's record, has no hopes of facing on the gridiron any special player, but does idolize Jay Berwangor of Chicago.

In case you like statistics, here are a few, mingled with some odds and ends we learned from him: He once ran the 100 yard dash in 9.9 flat but gave up track last year . . . 98, his number, is the only thing about which he is superstitious (Note: He's not the only one) . . . . scored about a dozen or so touchdowns in his first four games this year, to lead the country . . . . Is twenty, weighs 195 lbs., and is 6 feet tall . . . . loves fried chicken, and plenty of it! . . . . spends his spare time dancing, especially to the music of his favorite, Tommy Dorsey, or playing cards . . . and, at this writing, was leading in football writers' polls for outstanding players of weeks gone by . . . is crazy about swing!

In fact, Tom Harmon, All American, seems to be the kind of player any coach would desire, popular, consistent, efficient, and *mirabile dictu*, studious as well! He is, indeed, one out of many. Here's wishing him the best of luck!

JUNE JACKSON, '41.

{continued from page 14}

LATIN 7 – MALDEN CATHOLIC 7

Neither team showed exceptional advantage in the offense, throughout the first half, as the Latin machine was slow in gathering momentum. Malden Catholic on a peculiar pass play gained yardage, reaching the Latin 25-yard line and 20-yard line, in the first half. In the second half, Latin seemed to break open all at once, and shortly after the period had begun, put across a score on a pass from Leary on the Malden Catholic 25-yard line to Macaro in the end zone. Rocks Leary faded back and threw a spiral to Chickie MacManus in the end zone for the extra point. Within the closing minutes of the game, Malden Catholic again unleashed its passing attack and three passes from Barry to Dolan registered a score. This same Barry faded back and threw a short pass in the end zone to Donahue for the point after.

Co-Captain Mitchell Babajtis was all over the field, opening holes in the Catholic line, making shoe-string tackles, and also recovering two enemy fumbles. Paul Doolin, Leo Zwiboski, Larry Latanowich, Tom Leary, and Chickie MacManus, in addition, turned in good performances.

REVERE 6 – LATIN 0

The 6 to 0 jinx once again fell upon Latin, this being the fourth, and last time (I hope), this season. No sooner had the game begun than Sammy Zadoorian of Latin deflected a Revere kick, and it wobbled to Leary, the safety man, who returned it to the Revere 38-yard line. MacManus on two line plunges brought the ball to the 27-yard line. Then, when two passes failed to produce another first down, Revere took possession of the ball on the 23-yard line. Revere opened the second

period with an aerial attack, Sarno to Dawson, and picked up 30 yards putting the ball on Latin's 47-yard line. Here, Latin bore down and took the ball on downs.

Half way past the third quarter, Leary faded back and threw a pass intended for Macaro, but Morrelli, of Revere, snatched the ball in his own secondary and ran it back to the Latin 10-yard line. On the third play, Morrelli carried the pigskin over the Latin goal. The try for the point after failed.

Vic Smith, regular guard for Latin, received a head injury in the third period and had to be removed to the hospital. Co-Captain Doyle also was shaken up when he attempted to complete a pass thrown by Boudreau and had the wind knocked out of him. Angelo Bonsignore played brilliantly at center and at backing up the line.

K. B. NOTES

THIS year the K. B. started off with a bang! On October 5th we held our first social meeting at Peggy Taft's home. Following the business meeting the girls all cooked their own weenies and hamburgs, and toasted marshmallows in an open fireplace. The fun and hilarity of this occasion certainly started us off on an intimate footing.

On November 1, we initiated twenty-one new members. The ceremony was conducted in a dignified manner which was most impressive. Plans for the formal were discussed. This event will take place around the third week in January; the actual date will be set in advance and published in the next edition.

The officers this year, President Peggy Taft and Secretary-Treasurer Janet Brown are planning to make this year a grand success with the aid of Miss McElroy and Miss Buckley, our advisers who are always an encouragement to all.

JANET M. BROWN.

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CHESS CLUB

Although the first meeting of the Chess Club was scheduled somewhat later than in previous years, the eagerness with which prospective members responded and their earnest desire to learn more about this fascinating game assures us of a successful team.

We have been challenged by several schools as to our competitive date, which will necessitate our drawing a temporary team composed mainly of last year's members and winners of the tournament, now in progress.

The official Chess Team will be selected at a later date. All members will have a fair chance to compete; the selections will be based on each individual's knowledge of the game, his ability to grasp its technicalities, as well as his alertness of mind in analyzing perplexing positions. We may mention, at this time, that several of our older members have volunteered to devote their time to teach beginners the rudiments of Chess.

Those interested in the game, who have not previously reported, may do so at our next meeting. We have great hopes for this year's Chess Club, which can materialize only through your willingness to co-operate.

HENRY JEZIERSKI '41

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The Cambridge Review

Cambridge High and Latin School
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CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

VOLUME 54 NUMBER 5

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Published five times a year: November, December, February, April, and June.

Terms: 75 cents per year; 20 cents a single copy.

Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice at Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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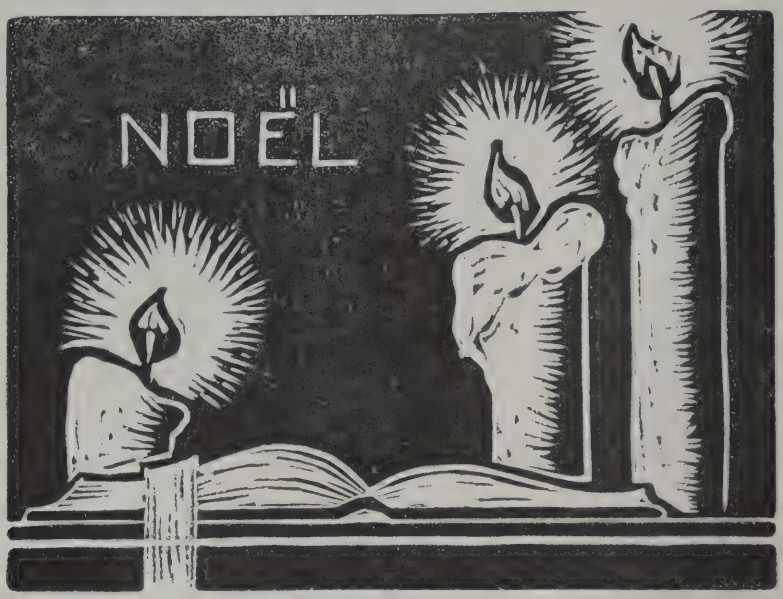


Editorial

CHRISTMAS Day, the day to which we look forward all year with such eager anticipation, is now less than a week away. For this one day of the year we can forget the horribly grim realities of the war world and revel in the general feeling of good will that seems to affect people in all walks of life during this season. There is a magic spell cast over everything and every one during this period leading up to Christmas and including that short week after it to New Year's Day, a spell which instills in every person a boundless joy that nothing can dispel. We have a kindlier feeling towards others than we have at any other time of the year. Old friendships are renewed through the many Christmas cards sent and received during this time. This general feeling of good will is even extended to strangers, so great is the influence of this Christmas spirit.

When we think of Christmas, many visions come to our minds. Some remember the Child in the Manger in Bethlehem; some picture the gifts they hope to receive all wrapped up in gaily-colored paper; some immediately see a beautiful Christmas tree completely loaded with glittering ornaments; others think of the multitudes of Christmas cards that hurry to and fro carrying messages of good cheer to loved ones far away; still others conjure up a vision of a peaceful snowcovered landscape as representing the true spirit of this holiday; and there are even some, notably the older folks, who look upon the Christmas holiday as the one time of the year that all the absent members of the family can come home to enjoy one more quiet evening together. All these examples illustrate one point, however, and that is that Christmas differs from other holidays in that it has many trade marks that are essentially its own. Surrounded by these and other such scenes, who can help but be happy and merry during this season? And now as we leave you until next issue, we want to wish you all a very Merry Christmas!

Sports

HERE we are back again with another reminder urging you to get out for the fun and enjoyment of seeing the games and cheering your school teams on to victory this year. The basketball season is just about ready to get under way, while the hockey season is already a week old. We students can do much to help make this a successful year, both from the athletic and from the financial point of view — that is, in games won and lost, and in the amount of money taken in. However, what is more important to the players is the number of rooters they have at the games. A good crowd may sometimes mean the difference between victory and defeat for the players themselves.

As we told you in the last issue, there are to be some dances staged after a few of the basketball games this year. As yet, no definite news is to be had concerning these dances, but tentative plans place the first one immediately after the Rindge game on Tuesday night, January 20; however, this date has not been definitely decided upon and is still subject to change. But those of you who are really interested in supporting the basketball team need not wait until this time to see it in action, for there are at least three games to be played at home before this date. These home games are played in the Rindge gymnasium, so the rest is up to you if you want to see any of these games.

Of course there are some among you who are not the least bit interested in basketball but are greatly so in hockey. We would suggest to this group that they see Latin's hockey team play on any Saturday. Latin plays a hockey game every Saturday, sometimes at the Arena and sometimes at the Garden, and theirs is one on a program usually consisting of four games. All information on both hockey and basketball games is contained on the schedules posted in every home room. Tickets for all these games may be obtained either from Mr. Toomey in Room 201 or from Mr. Hockman in Room 120.

THE BELLS OF CHRISTMAS

The bells that ring on Christmas Day
  Proclaim the birth of Christ
And their tone is rich and warming
  In spite of snow and ice.
For the golden notes that soar
  To His Majesty above
Are sending up to Him alone
  Our gifts of prayer and love.

LORRAINE NOLAN, '43.

Editor, Philip Jones
Assistant Editor, George Sokol

DESCRIPTIVE PARAGRAPH

THE howling, growling of the wind and the ticking of the old mantel clock were so far the only sounds heard, in the great colonial mansion this dark and dreay night. Shadows lurked about the sides of the walls, making ghostly pictures of inhuman people, with great horns sticking out from their heads and shaking daggers in their hands. As the rain beat against the windows tapping them violently, these figures seemed to sway to and fro, to the rhythm of the strange harmony it made. The chimes of the clock began striking as the sudden breaking of a window disturbed the quietness of the house! Then all was silence again! The cry of a dog's mournful howl somewhere outside echoed through the building, stopping abruptly at the far end. The movements of the mother cat and her kittens made ghastly shadows like that of werewolves on the walls of the room. Their scratching as they clawed at a door and the squeaking of the bare floor sounded uncanny. A great light filled the house for one revealing moment and crashing after it came the thunder. The falling leaves from the almost bare trees stuck to the window panes. They shut off what little light there had been coming in before, and, in between the momentary flashes, swelled the gloomy shadows already there. The great clock then struck but one note. Slowly its echo died away in the hustle and bustle of the whistling wind outside.

VICTORIA DERVISHIAN, '43.

CHRISTMAS SEALS

Help to Protect Your Home from Tuberculosis

Once again, as December rolls around, the annual Christmas Seal Sale begins. For thirty-four years the Cambridge Tuberculosis and Health Association has held this sale. Begun in 1903, the Association has reduced deaths from tuberculosis and phthisis from one hundred and sixty-six in that year to fifty-seven in 1939.

The program of the Cambridge Tuberculosis and Health Association includes education, such as programs, talks, sound films, and pamphlets dealing with tuberculosis, cancer, social hygiene, and rheumatic fever, as well as tuberculosis case finding, the Sunshine Health Camp during the summer months, and rehabilitation, that is, keeping a worker at the sanatorium.

The 1940 Christmas Seal shows a picture of three happy children singing. It was drawn by Felix Lewis Martin of Los Angeles.

Last year, almost nine thousand dollars was gained through the sale of Christmas Seals to the people of Cambridge. This year, the total is expected to be much larger, as people realize more and more the extent and the usefulness of the work which is being done by the Association. In order to continue in this service, the Association needs the co-operation of every person in this city. Any contribution, whether large or small, is welcome. We give the Christmas Seal Sale our best wishes for success.

AMERICA

America, my homeland!
  America, shrine of the free!
America, land democratic,
  You're the greatest of all to me!
You're the song that I sing in my heart
  When I look at your flag unfurled,
And I'm glad I can be a part
  Of the greatest land in the world.

LORRAINE NOLAN, '43.

THE ART OF DOING WITHOUT

MANY people today think that the art of "doing without" has become lost. They bewail "the good old days when folks couldn't have everything they wanted", without realizing that in one way, at least, their bemoaned art is stronger today than ever before.

People everywhere are steadily becoming more and more conscious of this art, namely, dieting. Perhaps you would not classify it as an art. However, does it not demand great training in self-control and will-power? Compare someone who has for a long time been regulating his appetite with the novice who is just setting out on the long and stony road to health, fewer pounds, or whatever his aim may be. Is there not as much difference between them as there is between Paderewski and the six-year-old who is just learning to play the C scale? To get back to the subject, scientists are constantly finding new uses for diet. Physicians are daily recommending new foods. Last of all, we, the object of all this concern, are continually seeking new ways to ignore our diets.

I am no exception to this last group of people. Each morning I frown at the inevitable egg each afternoon, I groan at the thought of drinking milk, for which I don't particularly care. Furthermore, every night I sigh and inwardly shed several crocodile tears when I must refuse a second helping. In spite of all my attempts to curb my appetite, the scales have told me exactly the same story for three months. I ask myself, "Is the result worth the effort?"

I cannot understand how, in view of all this self-sacrifice on my part, as well as on the part of countless other well-meaning but unsuccessful individuals, people can say that the art of doing without has been lost. I wish that these critics would for a week adopt a very restricting diet. They would soon discover that the art of doing without is not lost altogether.

MARGARET LARSON, '41.

THE MAN IN THE DARK GLASSES

(*A Short Story*)

IT was raining as he took his place in the subway entrance, and the city streets, which were darkened, even on the sunniest of days, by the shadows of the towering office buildings, were so gloomy today that the street lamps still flickered long after the sun should have risen. Above him hung a wide electric sign, "Subway Connections For All Points," from the corner of which trickled a steady stream of rain water. He stood in the shelter of the sign and waited patiently, his hat drooping soddenly about his head like a wet rag. A wrinkled placard, lettered "Blind", hung away on the chest of his frayed overcoat, and on his thin nose there sat a pair of dark glasses, flecked with spots of moisture.

And then the first of the morning commuters began to pour out of the depths of the earth, rushing up the stairs in a flurry of movement. Immediately, he started to cry out, not in a high shriek, but in a low mourning, like the cooing of pigeons, "Please help the blind. Please help . . . Oh, thank you, sir . . . Please help the . . ."

Coins rattled hollowly into his tin cup as countless footsteps clicked up the cement steps. There was the quick tapping of young secretaries' high heels, the slower, heavier tread of sturdy business men, and the puffing stomp of shopping matrons. And then the morning rush was over, and the entrance was emptied except for him and the trickling stream of water that spattered to the pavement at his feet and a few stragglers hurrying to start their day's work.

Patiently he stood there, his battered tin cup in his hand, as the morning dripped slowly by. At about ten o'clock, he heard the rustling of a voluminous raincoat, as a robust, red-faced patrolman came up to him.

"Sa-ay, what d'ye think ye're doin' here?"

"Why, I-I'm blind. I was just t-tryin'—"

"Have ye a license? Where is it?" the policeman interrupted.

"I — er — I have it here somewhere." The man in the dark glasses fumbled through his pockets, and then lifted his head to the policeman. "I'm sorry, but I seem to have left it in my other coat."

"Well, git along, then, or I'll be pulling ye in fer vagrancy. Move!"

"But, officer, I — It's raining, and I thought I might stay — Really, I have got a license."

The policeman glanced out at the incessant rain that fell in a thick film to cover the streets with puddles, and then turned back to the shivering form that stood bent before him.

"Oh, all right," he said, reaching deep into the folds of his raincoat. "Ye can stay here fer th' rest of th' day." He pulled out a large silver coin and dropped it into the tin cup. Then, hunching his shoulders, he strode briskly away.

Noon came. The streets filled suddenly with people hurrying to their restaurants and then, half an hour later, emptied just as suddenly. The afternoon wore changelessly on with the same dripping taxicabs grinding by on the wet streets and the same wavering umbrellas on the wet sidewalks. But at last the working day drew to a close. Crowds rushed out of the office buildings down into the subway tunnel. The street lamps flickered with new prominence as the sky darkened. Neon electric signs came on and reddened the mist. And still he stood there in the shelter of the subway entrance.

Finally the evening crowds thinned out. Gradually the streets emptied completely. The man in the dark glasses put his cup into his pocket and slipped off the placard that hung on his chest. Then, shuffling down the street, he moved away from the entrance, his body nodding in cadence with his steps.

But suddenly, as he turned a corner, his bent body straightened up; his short shuffling steps became long shuffling strides. Reaching up, he removed the glasses from his nose, muttering, "Darn things . . . can't see a thing through them." Then, as a newsboy passed, he called out, "Boy, give me the latest *Journal!*"

And he strode down the street and out of sight, reading the latest headlines.

GEORGE SOKOL, '41.

CHRISTMAS—THEN AND NOW

That Christmas saw the countryside
  White with fallen snow;
And Bethl'em's Star made all the earth
  Brilliant, and aglow.
The shepherds and the lowly beasts,
  Donkey, lamb, and hen,
All saw their Lord that Christmas Day —
  The world was different then.
This Christmas will behold the snow
  Blushing, deep with red.
There will not gleam that first bright Star —
  Deathly fires instead,
Great flares across the winter hills,
  Leave behind their crest.
Now, when we need the Christ Child most,
  Do we love Him best?

JUNE JACKSON, '41.

Literary Staff

Back Row - June Jackson - Percival Wadman
Front Row - Phyllis Gilman - Philip Jones - Margaret Larson - George Sokol

A PICTURE

THE river was a picture of perfect beauty. In the fading sunlight it shone like a polished mirror. The slanting rays of the golden sun were reflected in the shimmering stream. Flocks of hungry birds flew in narrowing circles, their beady eyes bright with anticipation as they sighted food beneath the surface of the water. All along the edges of the curving shore blue waves rose and fell softly on silver sand. Somber pines stood as sentinels along the narrow strip of beach. Beyond the pines a dark forest stretched to the sky. It was a scene such as an artist or nature-lover might appreciate. Retreating sails disappeared in the distance, leaving the river to the beauty of a rainbow-hued sunset. A straggling duck and her fleet hurrying home created tiny rivulets on the placid waters. The sun sank in the west as twilight sent dark shadows across the stream. Spread out in all its glory was the river-clear, calm, and mysterious, a picture so lovely that no one could hope to capture its magic on canvas.

IRENE DRISCOLL, '43.

YULTIDE

The little cottage beamed with Christmas spirit inside and out. This happy home perched high on a hilltop was a beautiful sight to see with its cozy fireplace, visible from the window, throwing off welcome heat. Not a breeze stirred the ruffled pin dot curtains garbing the quaint little window. All was motionless. Outside snowflakes were falling fast and furiously, giving a white coat to the objects on which they landed. The welcoming light above the door had a soft glow as if it were human and sharing in the Yuletide spirit. The neighboring baby pine trees were skillfully decorated with colorful lights and ornaments of all kinds, shapes, and descriptions. Artificial icicles were hung all over the trees, sparkling when the glow of the lights hit them. The falling snow landing on the limbs held the light, thus composing a colorful surface similar to that of a rainbow. Everything was still as if it were waiting for old St. Nick himself to appear and complete the scene.

FRANCIS HILL, '43.

SENIOR

(A Short Story)

I GUESS I'm like most girls, crazy about Spencer Tracy and pineapple salad with whipped cream and down on wedges and algebra, but in — well, affairs of the heart, I'm different. Honestly, I could never go heart and soul for some boy just because he happens to be a fullback on the jayvees or the president of the Varsity Club. But some girls fall absolutely head over heels over the football player they met when he tripped over their duffle bag or asked them what last night's home work was. If I were going to get a "grande passion," I'd never pick anyone who wanders around the corridors wearing a woolen sweater inside out and carrying his pants under his arms! Certainly not; at least, not now!

Once, though, things were different. I never really noticed Jim until, one day in the study hall, he asked me, whether *terra, terrae* was masculine or feminine. After that, we became good friends, going to all the victory dances, the Thanksgiving formal, and even the football reception. We had so much fun that I never minded when the boys began talking to him about safeties and downs, when I didn't even know a touchdown from a forward pass. Now Jim wasn't like most football players, who go around as though they were always on the line of scrimmage; that is, he wasn't until the Christmas dance, the night before the last game of the season. At the last moment, the coach called a rally and had Jim speak that evening. There I was, new fur cape and strapless gown, with the president of the Chess Club as the only escort I could dig up!

I see Jim every day now, and he always says hello. But I shall never forgive him for throwing me over for a rally, so I just walk along as though I'm in a great hurry to get somewhere. But I'm not; I'm just trying to forget cleats and fifty yard lines and touchbacks and everything that reminds me of football — and him. The next dance is the Spring Formal; everybody will be there; I just can't miss it — but to go with Jim, I can't — I won't I've changed . . . I know I have! Why, if he should call me now, at this very moment, I'd lift up the phone, I'd press it to my ear and say, "No, Jim, I'm awfully sorry but I can't possibly go, not really, Jim, — before eight!"

JUNE JACKSON, '41.

PEOPLE WHO RILE ME

THERE are, though it is difficult to be realized, in the world of today, some people who are kind and considerate in their feelings and actions toward others. For the most part, however, these are woefully in the minority; they are greatly outnumbered by those thoughtless and thoroughly detestable persons whose sole delight seems to be in riling one almost to an uncontrollable degree.

For example, what is more provoking and irritating than to go to the movies to see a thrilling romance dealing with the eternal triangle, to be kept in suspense until halfway through the picture, only to have some lovable and obliging chap behind one whisper loudly to his companion that in the end the hero or heroine commits suicide?

Then, of course, we are blessed with the fellow at the important football game who makes it a point to stand in front of one, searching his pockets for a cigarette, or on some other pretense, just as the old alma mater reels off some sensational play to change the entire complexion of the contest. Or would you prefer that nervy, annoying leech, the super economist who persists in reading over your shoulder in the street car?

Naturally, any list of pests would not be complete without passing comment on the well known egotist who capitalizes upon any and all opportunities to seize and hold the conversation and who usually veers its course to some dry topic of no interest to any of his listeners, who are most insulting, in his estimation, if they appear to become bored. Surely he must be regarded as prime among the people who aggravate one.

There are numbers of these unwelcome souls, among whom must be included the person who honks his horn while one is held by a stop sign; the morons who ignorantly crack their chewing gum madly in the theatre; the ones who stupidly twist and fumble, trying to remove cellophane from said gum; and lastly, he who almost deliberately exudes clouds of cigar smoke directly into one's face.

Since I am of an extremely nervous nature, I greatly fear that some day one of these characters will ignite the wick of my smouldering fury; but whatever may become of me, I shall have satisfaction in realizing that I have rid the world of at least one person who would probably have gone on to rile someone else.

ALBERT LYNCH, '41.

STREET SCENE 1939

THE rain danced among the bright lights of Broadway, and with a sound like running feet, skipped up the dark alleys of New York and across the East River.

In Times Square, a tense, restless crowd moved to and fro before the bulletin board of the Times Building, its shiny umbrellas reflecting the multi-colored lights of the signs overhead. The great city was strangely still that night, except for the ceaseless drumming of the rain's countless fingers; the din and laughter of the Great White Way seemed far away. In the throng eager, uplifted faces appeared from beneath the rims of umbrellas as through the shifting veil of rain, the streaming lights of the Times Building shone forth another bulletin – "The cabinet again met tonight at No. 10 Downing Street. The situation is very grave –"

Fog muffled London completely, the already darkened city being made even blacker by the thick, moist, descending blanket. Wisps of mist floated through a deserted Piccadilly, across the Thames, to wander in the courts of the Parliament building like dismembered spirits.

Before a small, brick house on Downing Street stood a still, quiet crowd, enveloped in a strained, waiting hush. From above, the dulled tones of Big Ben solemnly tolled the morning hour as down the street a truck, laden with soldiers, made its way toward Victoria Station. The eyes of the crowd followed silently; Victoria Station meant France. As it rattled away into the fog, the clipped, expressionless speech of a man within the house, suddenly penetrated the hush, "His majesty's government has ordered that Ambassador Neville Henderson make one last representation to the German government –."

The moon was big, and hot, and red; it threw an eery glow down upon the Under den Linden. In its light, the Reichstag took on a shadowy, wavery, unreal appearance.

In front of the Chancellory was gathered a motionless group of men and women, among them a few men in uniform. Their eyes, their faces, their attitudes held no expression. Before them, lights from between the shades of the Chancellory pencilled white lines in the red haze of the moon. A soft rustling, like a great sigh, stirred the crowd as a man came from within and posted on the wall, a notice, "Der Fuehrer's army won smashing victories tonight in Poland –."

The dawn flickered, pale and weary, over a darkened Europe. Across the waking fields of Germany, in a closed car, sped the English ambassador. The lights of No. 10 Downing Street disappeared, as the new day arrived, and from behind the seemingly lifeless facade came a man's tired voice, "His majesty's government announces that England is now at war with Germany –."

PHYLLIS GILMAN, '41.

GYPSY MUSIC

THE most romantic figure of a foreign nation, the one that stands out at the mention of Russia, or Roumania, or Hungary is the gypsy. What pictures of romance and adventure are conjured up at the sound of that word!

However, it is not merely the name that brings such thoughts to mind. This afternoon John Barbirolli played the most beautiful music I have ever heard, Tschaikowsky's *Fifth Symphony*. The lovely waltz movement reminds us of the gypsies of Russia in a happy-go-lucky mood, the wandering peasants without a care in the world. Then, the tragic, sombre strains of the last movement represent them as an oppressed people, driven hither and yon by fate, their hope crushed. There is a change, and the symphony ends in a crashing crescendo of hope; one can almost see the upturned faces of the nomads, new thoughts and plans for living written on them.

Johannes Brahms' *Hungarian Dances* etch in bright colors a picture of a troupe of gypsies around a campfire, a young dark man making his violin sob and laugh as if in the same breath, a girl dancing, bright skirts awhirl, slender feet tapping out a joyous rhythm. The flowers climb higher, the dance grows faster, the music becomes wilder and then it stops, suddenly, and the listener is breathless from the beauty of it.

Although it is a dance of slaves, *The Polovetski Dances* from Borodin's *Prince Igor,* at first slow and languorous, reach a turbulent, savage climax as abandoned as a gypsy's dance. Perhaps they are enslaved gypsies, bringing their peoples' dances into the prison camp.

The picture of a gypsy is always a romantic one. Brown-velvety eyes, flying black curls, olive skin, red lips are all the branding marks of a gypsy. The sordid side of their life is almost never thought of, for who wants to be technical and discuss the state of the gypsies' camps, and whether or not they have morals when one can listen to their music and see them dance?

MARGARET MILLER, '41.

BOOK REVIEW ON "OLIVER WISWELL"

Published by Doubleday Doran
by Kenneth Roberts

"OLIVER Wiswell" is indeed Kenneth Roberts' greatest novel. It is the story of a Tory's view of the American Revolution, a side seldom heard. But the book does not ridicule the Colonists and praise the English, nor does it ridicule the English and praise the Colonists. It shows both sides fairly.

Oliver Wiswell is the son of Seaton Wiswell, a famous lawyer. He and his friend, Tom Buell (whom Oliver saved from a mob which had tarred and feathered him) have many adventures. They join General Howe's Army, then go to London and Paris, and finally return to America to follow Daniel Boone's Wilderness Trail and fight at Old Ninety-Six.

You may be sure of correct historical facts and dates throughout the story, for the author has spent three years preparing the book and has information about the Loyalists from libraries throughout the country. In his home there are rare Loyalist books and papers worth more than $3500.

Major Robert Rogers of "Northwest Passage" appears in the book and Benedict Arnold of "Arundel" and "Rabble in Arms", as well as many new characters, one of whom is Mrs. Belcher Byles. She is always quoting her dead husband. Before her marriage she was one of *the* Barrels of Salem. When she she thinks the English have come to carry off her belongings, she tells them this in no uncertain terms, emphasizing her words with a rap of her cane on the helmet of the foremost man.

Further humor is provided on board ship by a Mrs. Dixon and her little boy, who calmly amuses himself by such doings as dropping the mate's watch overboard and then hiding behind his mother, who thinks he is just *too* cute! But in spite of all this, things turn out well for everyone.

All in all, "Oliver Wiswell" is a good, interesting book, well worth anyone's reading time.

DOROTHY HOLMES, '43.

This theatrical review, which appeared in a New York paper, seems to us, the height of dramatic criticism:

The actors did a fairly good job, considering the fact that they were working under a severe handicap. The curtain was up.

If all the boarding house boarders in the world were laid end to end, they would still reach.

ON YOU vs. ME

AS usual, I shall have to give in to you. I know you are looking at me, because the room says so, my book says so. You make me satisfy your smallest wish and obey every command.

For no apparent reason, I suddenly look up from my book. I was lost in the story when I felt myself becoming conscious of the present world, of the room, and of something else. I look up. I might have known; it's you again. Every bit of your attention is centered on me and on what you want. How I wish I had your powers of concentration! I can almost see the dotted lines between your eyes and mine. Well, what do you want? I suppose it's a walk this time. I should not have looked at you. Once I do, all is lost and you know that, too. I wish you would not laugh at me. I know I am weak willed, but you do not have to gloat over it. Ye-es, I'm coming!

Is there no end of you? Do I have to give way to you at night, too? Don't be so grumpy! After all, whose bed is this? Move over and keep quiet. I might as well attempt to move the Rock of Gibraltar as to push you around. You think the world is made for you. Sometimes I think it is. This household revolves around you, and you alone. For some strange reason every comfortable chair is yours, every pillow is yours and both beds are.

Why do I put up with you? I do not have to. Although I am subjected to your will, I could end your little life in two seconds. You know I would not; you know I could not. I do not understand how a little four legged animal like you can so hold my affections. You make me raving mad sometimes, but life without you would be unthinkable.

MARY JANE BENTON, '41.

THE CHRISTMAS STORY

The town of Bethlehem is asleep,
"Oh Little town of Bethlehem"
The shepherds see the star overhead,
"While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night"
The King arrives!
"Joy to the World!"
The angels sing of the birth of the King,
"Angels from Their Realms of Glory"
The Wise men bring gifts to the King;
"We Three Kings from Orient Are"
The Savior sleeps.
"Away in the Manger"

GRACE JOHNSON, '43.

ON SURREALISM

SURREALISM, many people agree, is crazy and senseless; yet, strangely enough, surrealist painters like Salvador Dali have no trouble in selling their paintings. There are two possible explanations for this paradox: either surrealism is really a crackbrained school of painting, or else it really deserves praise.

The praisers of surrealism, its ardent supporters, have explained the so-called "art" in a logical manner. "A surrealist," they say, "is governed by the Freudian principle of licking the tar out of his subconscious terrors by writing about them, talking about them, painting them, until he can kick them around and make them say 'uncle'." This definition sounds very reasonable; perhaps customers of such paintings buy them so avidly because they see their own subconscious fears knocked around. There can be no other explanation, for certainly beauty, the usual criterion of true art, can very rarely be found in surrealism.

Now let us look at the other side of the question, that this school is worthless and crackbrained. The foremost exponent of the "art," Salvador Dali, who may be considered representative of his fellow artists, certainly has said much to make me question the sanity of his work. For example, at his show in the Julien Levy Gallery, an elderly lady was astounded by his canvas named, *Debris of an Automobile Giving Birth to a Blind Horse Biting a Telephone*. Summoning her courage she stammered finally, "Mr. Dali, what is meant by the telephone?"

"Madame," explained Dali, in all seriousness, "the telephone represents the blackened bones of my father passing between the male and female figures in Millet's *Angelus*."

What could possibly be crazier?

Not so long ago, Mr. Dali came rushing excitedly into Julien Levy's art gallery and throttling Levy, he shouted, "I have it! Instead of a man and woman in evening clothes sitting under a shower in the taxi at the bottom of the sea, we will have Christopher Columbus in the taxi, with snails crawling over him, and a big sign that says, 'I return'."

Perhaps I am old fashioned, but I cannot see how such utter nonsense can have any real value as art when compared with the awe-inspiring works of Raphael, da Vinci, Rubens, Rembrandt, and Whistler.

HARRY OSTER, '41.

Knit — What are you doing standing in front of the mirror with your eyes closed?

Whit — I want to see how I look in the dark.

CHRISTMAS EVE

THE soft, sweet notes of "Silent Night" float out over the crisp, wintry evening, from the white, candlelit church which nestles among the friendly hills. A group of children are caroling in front of a home where two happy elderly people are listening at the window. The gentle, delicate flurries of pure white snow are falling on the joyous hamlet. Through the windows of the little houses may be seen the tall, stately evergreen trees, dressed in tinsel and bright lights. Upstairs the tiny heads of sleeping children are dreaming of Saint Nicholas and their anticipated gifts. On the church lawn a Christmas tree is reflecting soft red, blue, and green on the white snow. A few fathers are hurrying home from work, their arms laden with brightly wrapped gifts for loved ones.

Hark! The choir, clad in red capes and carrying lighted candles, are gathering around the Christmas tree singing the beloved old carol "I Hear The Bells On Christmas Day." We pause and the words float out over the village.

"And in despair I bow'd my head.
'There is no peace on earth,' I said,
'For hate is strong and mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good will to men.'
"Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:
God is not dead, nor doth He sleep;
The wrong shall fail, the right prevail
With peace on earth, good will to men."

After the choir finishes, we remain silent for a moment for surely with everything so peaceful here, God will make this Christmas Day a peaceful one throughout the entire world.

JERRY KING

C. H. L. S. SONG HITS

Dancing on a Dime.....Lunch Time
Dream Valley .....Study Period
If I Had My Way .....Skip Seventh
I Give You My Word.....Watch Mid Years
I'll Never Smile Again..Till Reports Come Out
I Wish I Were You and You Me
When Exams Come Along
My Greatest Mistake.....Taking Gym
Maybe .....I'll Study
Oh What a Lovely Dream.....No School
Running Through My Mind.....Lunch Time
There I Go.....Dreaming Again
The Same Old Story.....Study
This Is No Dream .....Examinations

SOUNDS IN THE CITY

THERE is one great difference between men and ants; ants are silent. Were it not for this dissimilarity, an analogy might well be drawn between great cities and tiny ant hills, for both teem with the endless motion of life. But it is only in man's metropolis that sound keeps tune with movement.

As man walks, his feet beat out the ceaseless rhythm of countless drumsticks against the eternal drumhead of cement pavement. This tuneless pounding is the theme of one of the greatest symphonies the world has ever known, a symphony being played as it is written, the musicians of which have yet to see their Conductor. Call it what you will, this is the "symphony of the city," a rhapsody in life.

The strains are magnificent in their scope and inspiring in their depth. Yet there are no curtain calls, because the selection is never finished. There must be time, time to express all the sounds of the city, to translate these sounds into musical notes, and to let the notes vibrate through the crowded streets. The selection would not be complete without the deep bass of the "El" rumbling by overhead, or the clear, light, flute-like tones of the wind striking against the skyscrapers, without the sluggish cello of the dust clouds driving against the swaying clotheslines of the slum sections, or the trumpeting horns of the city's automobiles. And there must be time to insert the most beautiful music of all, the rippling laughter of young people as they swing along the wide sidewalks, their faces shining in the reflected light of store windows and neon signs.

And the music goes on, with a theme as old as time itself, and individual notes still shining in their newness. Players may tire and their music may cease, but others come to take their places, and the rhythm beats on, like blood pounding in the veins of the metropolis. The composition is so great that few have heard more than a small part of it, but, once having heard, they will never forget, for it is more than just a song. It is a way of life.

GEORGE SOKOL, '41.

ON MY LIFE

God gives to each man these great gifts:
His being, and his skill,
And time to make of each of them
Whate'er he can or will.
The worker, at his toiling's end,
Must tell of efforts bent;
Grant, God, that on my life's account
I may write "Time, well spent".

JUNE JACKSON, '41

AT THE WHARF

LOOKING at the old wharf, deserted by everyone save a few sea-gulls circling above, I was struck by the utter desolation of the place. The wharf was only a dirty, rotting pile of timber, supported by wooden pillars, so ancient they were covered by barnacles. The surging sea, polluted by refuse with a horrible stench, broke against the decaying wharf as if intending to bury this eye-sore within its depths. Although fish were no longer kept on the wharf, the smell lingered, tainting the air.

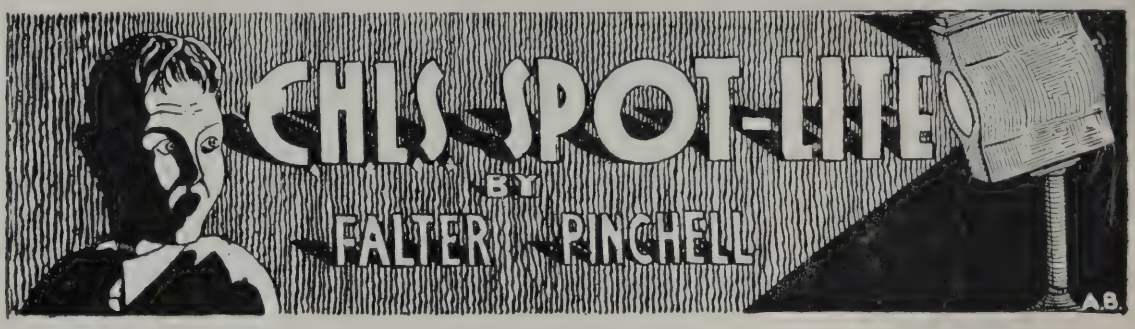
Yet, somehow, even in this man-forsaken spot, I felt the romance of the sea; perhaps I have been reading too many sea stories. In my mind's eye, I saw the wharf as it must have been years ago when it was teeming with life and activity. There were the ships, with their white sails unfurled, floating in the harbor before the quay, straining at their anchors. I mention sails because to me there is nothing exciting about steamboats with their infernal mechanical roar and clatter, actually true symbols of a machine age. Sails, besides being a beautiful sight when caught in a strong wind, symbolize the struggles of men, puny when compared with the mighty sea, against the elements. How can a modern, monstrous, super-colossal liner, with every convenience, possibly appeal to the imagination as much as a wind-driven craft, which can be driven about on the stormy main like a cockleshell?

To me, Columbus would not have been nearly so great a man if he had not had to contend with the appalling task of sailing an unchartered sea with boats no larger than ninety feet, at the mercy of every puff of the wind. Think of the great courage and faith in God which he had to possess to attempt a voyage so arduous and dangerous!

Compared with mariners like Columbus, Vasco da Gama, and Cabot, modern seamen seem to me almost what children call "sissies." It is true that the sailors of today suffer from the storms, gales, and "northeasters" as their predecessors did, but with the modern nautical instruments, wireless, telegraphy, and iron-clad ships, the dangers of the sea, compared with what they once were, are negligible.

Because of thoughts such as these, in spite of the squalor, dirtiness, and stench of the old, broken-down wharf, the romance of the sea invests it with a majesty certainly at odds with its condition.

HARRY OSTER, '41.



THE SPOTLITE

HI YA! for the second time good friends . . . Uncle Falter and all his various agents are in again, so don't go 'way for a while, will ya? . . . Well, here we go into the meat of the column. Why should I puzzle my brain over a snappy introduction? Nobody cares about that anyway. All anybody wants to see is names, and by the way, if you would like to see your name in print, either write us a nice letter and drop it at the REVIEW office, or do something spectacular when we're around . . . like Corrine Bingham did. She almost scalped me for calling her a name in the last issue . . . gosh! I'm sorry, Babe . . . likewise Chauncy Garland . . . Betty Regan is really an excellent history student, and that's no joke . . . so is Mae Campbell . . . Speaking of Campbells, George C. really got quite a kick out of the invention he and I concocted in Chem. the other day . . . (he's the golfer *par excellence* you know) . . . Has any one seen Charlotte Lennox around lately? We haven't seen her in a dog's age! . . . The orchid this issue goes to "Dutchie" Gaynor. Bill is one of the friendliest fellows in Latin. He is always happy and never "stuck up" or moody. I doubt if you could borrow a nickle from him, but any time you want a smile, he's the man to see. Here's to the guy without an enemy in the world! (*you* can give *me* an orchid sometime "Dutchie") . . . Man oh man! Have you seen those jackets on the Jrs. with "Smitty" and "Scuffy" and all the nick-names on the back? . . . G-g-g-gorsh, t-t-there goes Vivien Marcotte who is kinda b-b-bashful . . . Seen around: Francis Curran driving to school with — a card table . . . Ann Whitten keeping watch . . . Esther McLoin borrowing . . . Bob Perry "bumming" . . . (there's no difference except I thought I'd be kind to Esther) . . . George Garioin still growing fast . . . Buck O'Connor worrying around . . . "Greg" Fitzgerald running out of gas and leaving Russ Brown stranded . . . Jerry King jumping from town to town visiting friends made during the summer . . . Phyllis Gillman giving yours trooley a very, very dirty look . . . Terry Twoomey getting real mad in Oral English class . . . Olive and Lorraine Carman wearing each other's clothes . . . Melda Conway worrying about Chemistry . . . Pat Conway with her arm in a sling . . . Peggy Miller with her nose in a sling . . . She's always sticking it where it isn't wanted . . . Incidentally, good friends, don't believe all you read in her column . . . if you read it . . . *You* can give *me* a brickbat sometime Peggy (and you can be sure that she will, and has) . . . Doesn't Red Gross' column make swell reading? . . . Don "Linseed" Muir had a job in (of all places) a putty factory . . . Etta Goldman has designs on becoming a columnist . . . If you want to contribute to this column, Etta, give your material to Doris Coughlin . . . I told you I could do it if I wanted to, Doris Coughlin . . . A very good friend of mine named Sheehan would like to have his name used here . . . sorry, Joe, we haven't got room . . . Ray Fitzgerald rates a round of applause for his swell cartoons in this and the last issue, I think. Don't you agree with me? . . . Vic Smith is still pushing the bottles around in the lunchroom . . . Joe Voles enjoyed the concert we had a while ago . . . Mary Shea had a good deal of trouble afterwards trying to pronounce Saint-Saëns . . . Anybody can do that Mary, it's just S-S-S-, well — anybody can do it . . . Even this far along in the year, Ivy Gaynor can laugh and mean it . . . Jim Pappas is feeling very happy over the shellacking the Greeks handed Mussolini . . . I never got my beating from Ellen Gorman after all, but I sure was worried . . . It seems that I never see Helen Roche without Millie Johnson . . . "Stach" Stanewicz is pretty happy about taking "Moose" Makris' place in the cartoons . . . Barbara Russell may not go to this school but she subscribed to the REVIEW so here's a salute . . . Marylyn McNiel is the lucky kid whose picture graced the front page of the Rotogravure section of the *Boston Herald* a while back. . . .

Lorraine Keefe is still looking for the gum

I owe her from last year . . . Jimmie Yates was kinda worried the other day. He had to escort a real, bony SKELETON down the corridor . . . I don't see why he was worrying. Your nose boy was carrying the skull . . . Ye Olde Grad "Bill the Stenz" was around the other day with a choice item for this column, and here it is: —er-ah (Ed. note: Dear Bill, to save further embarrassment — Falter lost it) . . . Thanks Ed . . . say, who is this guy Ed, anyway? Larry Chvany might know. He knows who Yehudi is, and he's got a picture to prove it . . . Henry Jazersky has a new band since the last last writing. This one is good. If you're throwing a dance and want Hank's music, see Sid Gross . . . Alice Donovan is so mechanically inclined that she wants to go to Rindge. What's the matter with the mechanics at Latin? . . . Ann Harney is the girl who is forever using her tortoise shell "specs" to look for her name in this column . . . Eleanor Quinn supplies Room 303 with cleansing materials for reasons not given . . . Maxie Sparks, "Okie" Carson, Betty Foster, Marge Nauffts, and George Guild are a few of the "hep cats" who invade a local dance every week . . . It's too bad that Dan Steinkrauss can't play the piano to enjoy the products of his own labor . . . Eddie Culhane is the efficient check boy of the above-mentioned dance . . . Has Frank Donovan ever told you the story of his father's interesting work? Yep, it certainly is interesting . . . I mean the story, of course . . . Mary Sullivan (middle name Ellen) took a *New York* boy to the G. A. A. Formal . . . Pat Dias was also there, as were Louise Patten and Charlie Herlihy . . . "Here a slap, there a slap" is Diane Yankos' motto as she greets everyone good morning . . . Speaking of slaps, Edna Hitron certainly is one. Joke. Ha! Ha! . . . Dorothea Doyle and Mildred Cusick are co-partners in crime . . . Marjorie Brewer now sits in another home room . . . Charlie Lynch and Bill Collins are the long and short of art . . . That pin Katherine Schneider wears was won at a piano recital . . . Katherine is quite a pianist . . . We see that Frank Mallahan and Jimmie Fitzgerald are still hangin' around . . . Bob Shaine is back in our midst . . . "The Three Musketeers": Janet Brown, Barbara Blevins, Lucille Freniere . . . Phyllis Goss prefers to be called "Phil" . . . Friday snoops at G. A. A. Formal: We forgot to mention that Charlie Herlihy was voted the beau of the ball and was presented with a statuette . . . Irene Murphy won the waltz contest with a Rindge graduate as her partner . . . Donald Cleary had a little trouble in starting the electric fan . . . The formal was a great place for meeting old acquaintances . . . Alumni Chick Meehan, Frank Curran and John Sheehan were just a few of those "killerdillers" who "had themselves a time" . . . Dot Noydan claims she got home the latest of all. How about that? The rousing reception that Joe Linehan and his partner got when they entered was heard for blocks away . . . This "Beau Brummel" and Bill Reardon had quite a shaking up in an auto accident recently, but both are with us again . . . Ann Farr and Betty Doyle kept looking for the little man who wasn't there . . . Who were the cute couple monopolizing the southwest corner of the ballroom? Jack Curtin is the most bashful boy! . . . Attention!!! All jitterbugs (alias "rug cutters") who haunt the local dances better ask dear old Santa for new shoes . . . A well known group that gathers in the lunchroom consists of Deacon Doyle, Arthur Shea, Russ Boudreau, and Mitch Babajtis . . . Concerning the sophomores: I'll leave it to you to picture Marjorie Andrews reading Shakespeare, I can't . . . Eileen Prebensen simply couldn't exist without her pals Frances Davies, and Dorothy Arthur . . . Arthur Corey and Ralph Davian have something in common with Popeye, they all eat spinach . . . Spanish is just one of those things to Frank Hayes . . . Richard Higgins' secret ambition is to became a P.G. . . . Warning! Stay your distance from Charlie Hooker or else learn some new defensive tricks in wrestling . . . Yes, my friends it's true, Paul Desmond drinks all those bottles of milk himself . . . Eugene Flynn is an excellent dancer . . . How do I know? Why he told me so . . . Frances Green has an adorable smile . . . Hubert Raymond gives an exhibition of his crooning ability before classes . . . Barbara Superinard's theme song is now "Maybe", referring to her next report card . . . This recent coldness has done wonders for some of the sophomore girls . . . Have you noticed the rosy cheeks? You should see the Xmas lists of some of the sophomores . . . Speaking of Xmas lists, boys and gals, don't forget dear old Uncle Falter . . . Flash! In the Freshman class: Poppy Gamatos seems to be the most talkative girl. . . .

I would like to know why . . . John Gerghosian seems to be interested in radios, and he is trying to build them . . . (well, he tries anyway) . . . Tom Murphy likes to spend his seventh period in history class . . . Phyllis Gallegher likes to play the role of Garbo ("I want to be alone") . . . Israel Jurmain seems to like running around a certain pond at 6:00 A.M. . . . I wonder why the Gyney brothers are being separated from their seats in one of

the rooms . . . By the way, how did you enjoy the Harvard-Yale football game Bob? Room 113 seems to be having quite a session during period 5 . . . Edmond Laffety likes talking to his friends but if they disappear, he still continues . . . Barbara Rundlet, in my opinion, seems to be the ideal Algebra student . . . Marie Bandouveres seems to be slipping . . . I wonder why? In the corridors: Edward Mello sure takes "baby steps" walking through . . . Heather MacNeil seems to be rushing up to the REVIEW office every day . . . By the way, if a breeze passes you do not bother turning around. It's only Bill Fox . . . Paul Murphy, Glenn Peck and Haskell Pasco may be seen slowing up the Freshmen . . . Some of the Freshmen boys are trying to bribe me to put their names in this column . . . During second recess, Mike Najarian may be seen cleaning the lunchroom tables . . . Stuart Shaine's (our Freshman French horn player) one ambition is to play in the Boston Symphony orchestra . . . I wish June Becker would stop peeking at my notes . . . Arthur Travis is the freshman who does such a good job building model boats . . . Jean Faulkner sure seems surprised when the teacher hands her papers back! and I mean marked!!! . . . Red Jones, besides helping last year's editor Paul Richards write his two weekly encyclopaedias and play janitor to the building, will also stick around to supervise the writing of the *Spotlite* . . . Walter Clark plays trumpet in all sorts of aggregations . . . Hmmm — an opportunist . . . Billy Larson and Stan Davin are a great help to your old Uncle Falter in making up those limerics (?) which detracted so much from the REVIEW last year . . . Threats to "ruin my reputation" now arise . . . Nick Manning got so mad at his locker the othe day that he looked for all the world like those pictures by Vera Chvany in the last issue . . . Bill McCool: "Shux, we never got a page in the REVIEW for ourselves when we were Freshmen, did we Tom?" . . Tom Finnegan: "Gorsh, no. Not during the whole three years." . . . Come down to the lunchroom some third period, girls, and sit in on the combination sewing-circle and clam-bake which meets just behind yer Honcil . . . Betty Ambler is the sweet reticent type that goes for soft music like "Beat Me Daddy, Eight to the Bar" . . . Well! I guess this is all ! So until next time, remember: The *Spotlite* is on you . . . So long for now, good friends, and take it easy, will ya?

Win Holland, '41

Barbara Nauffts, '42

DRAMATIC CLUB NOTES

ON Sunday, November 17, twenty members of the Dramatic Club, with Miss O'Keefe were present at the Tufts College presentation of "Margin for Error", a satire written by Claire Booth. After the performance the group visited backstage and was surprised to see how small the stage was and how effective was the scenery used. The play was excellently produced and the group enjoyed it immensely.

The second presentation visited by the Dramatic Club was "Hamlet" produced by the Senior Class of Emerson College on Saturday, November 23. The soliloquizing scenes and the "Grave digging" scene were expertly done.

The group also visited backstage after this performance at the request of "Chris" Burke, a member of the cast and a former pupil of this high school. It was very interesting to see the mechanism employed to produce the sound and other effects for the play. Another point of interest was learning about the many tricks employed in the art of make-up, which is so essential to any play.

Marie Buckley was delighted because she received the autograph of "Horatio".

The first Dramatic presentation of the club was given on Friday, December 13, in the Cleveland Auditorium. It was an Afternoon of Comedy consisting of three extremely funny plays. They were: first, "If Men Played Cards As Women Do" (a comedy in name alone); second, "The Bathroom Door" (a perplexing mystery arises in a Boarding house only to be solved with a simple and amusing explanation; third, "His First Dress Suit" (portraying the unforgetable incident so important in any boy's life.) Miss O'Keefe and the members of the Dramatic Club worked tirelessly to make this Comedy Afternoon a success.

On December 9th and 16th, the Dramatic Club attended radio broadcasts at Station WHDH at the Hotel Touraine, in Boston. This was a novel treat for the members and one that will long be remembered.

The Dramatic Club was invited to the New England Conservatory of Music on Friday, December 6 for a Dramatic Program in three parts. The first was, "One Sunday Afternoon" a Comedy in three acts. Second was a farce entitled "Gammer Gurton's Needle" and the third was an original pantomime entitled "Tulips." The group enjoyed the performance very much.

JOSEPH VOLES, '41.

SHY AND RETIRING CHARLIE HERLIHY OUTSHINES GABLE WHEN IT COMES TO THE BEAU OF THE BALL
ANGIE BONSIGNIORE HAD A RESERVATION FOR THAT BACK CORNER, AND NO ONE DARED COMPLAIN.
MESSIEURS DON LINDAHL AND DON CLEARY FILLED IN AT INTERMISSION ON THE PIANO AND DRUMS
HAT VERSATILE SAX PLAYER SLEPT ND PLAYED AT THE SAME TIME IT'S WONDERFUL WHAT SCIENCE AN DO THESE DAYS —
MISS BARBARA EMMONS - PRESIDENT OF THE GAA, AND LARGELY RESPONSIBLE FOR THE SUCCESS OF ITS ANNUAL FORMAL
1ST PRIZE IN THE WALTZ WENT TO MISS IRENE MURPHY AND MR. DANIEL MEENAN - FOR A SPLENDID JOB OF FOOT LIFTING.
OMETHING NEW IN THE LINE OF ORMALS --- TO KEEP TH' BOYS N' GIRLS ROM GETTIN' LOST - BRANDING IRONS ERE USED - OR SOMETHING TO THAT FFECT.
NIETHER IRENE & VERNON CASTLE NOR FRED ASTAIRE & GINGER ROGERS CAN COMPARE WITH ROBERT GUEST & PARTNER!
THERE HAVE BEEN MANY CRITICISMS ON OUR LAGGING SCHOOL SPIRIT, BUT JUDGING BY THAT CHORAL LED BY THE PATRONS, WE'RE THERE — 100% — !
GOD BLESS AMERICA

Freshman Notes

THE worried look of the Freshmen, though it's just before Christmas, must be caused by the report cards recently taken home—maybe a little extra (some could omit the word *extra*) studying would remedy that . . . Gertrude Cremens's brother was an outstanding member of the Boston University football team. Gertrude was an enthusiastic rooter at all the games. Those two girls M. C. and D. H. no longer dress like twins. Why? . . . Maudeline Beckles has added recitations and singing to her *repertoire* (Better look it up and make sure) . . . There is a girl in a street floor room who is forever talking of Gene Autry . . . Carty Lynch, popular chairman of Room 114 studies piano at the New England Conservatory of Music . . . Smiling Virginia Ackerly is an expert typist . . . Many of the rooms will have excellent Christmas plays, judging from peeks at their rehearsals . . . James Russell writes his name in the middle of the Latin papers. We suppose he eats his sandwiches with the filling on the outside, too . . . Rose DeRenzo is jolly throughout the day. Barbara Murphy and Joseph Shean are very convincing debaters in Ancient History . . . Samuel De Feo, Chairman of Room 107 is a talented violinist . . . Elsie Lyons gets great pleasure in learning new Spanish dances . . . Marshall Lynch seems to know all the answers, no matter what the subject may be . . . Catherine Dignan dresses with great taste . . . That pretty red sweater worn by Mercine Agretelis was knitted by herself . . . Helen Creamer also does fine knitting . . . Leo Malloy's interesting hobby is Indian bead work, and we hear that he done some grand pieces of work . . . Charlie Sullivan looks just like Napoleon with his new hair cut (it must be the Dramatic Club) . . . It's nice to have Barbara Doyle to do the answering in Latin . . . Terese Downey, Barbara Sullivan, Barbara Sheehan, and Ruth Powers are four inseparable friends . . . Not only does Mercedes Malone do excellent art work, but she is also an accomplished singer . . . the pupils in one home room should be well-mannered ladies and gentlemen. The teacher has been giving lessons in etiquette every Friday, 3rd recess periods . . . William McNeice helps to entertain with his piano accordion . . . May McDonald likes to learn foreign accents . . . If you ever borrow a pencil from Christine Clements, you won't be able to forget it. She has her name printed on each one. Smart girl . . . William Donahue is doing well in his studies . . . Ruth Coleman has very fine posture . . . Lorraine Cohen got the periods mixed one day. Remember? . . . Nothing to worry about now but Mid-Year Examinations . . .

Thelma Goodman wonders why there aren't more notes from *every* room, . . . So do we . . . Be sure the notes from *your* room are submitted . . . Many thanks to the Freshman Home Room teachers for their efforts in behalf of this section . . . Lorraine Cohen, Frances Bolger, and Dolores Belanger attended the dress rehearsal of the Tufts College Dramatic Club . . . Ross Harris was reported wearing his first tie of the year . . . Raymond Hill appears to be an archaeologist in disguise, judging from his work in Ancient History . . . Arthur Foster plays the drum in the Orchestra . . . Artist Walt Disney will soon have competition from Stephen Harrington and Charles Kelley . . . The Hiscock brothers, John and George, are known as the talkative one and the quiet one — You guess which . . . Paul Haskell no longer likes to draw maps . . . James Hurley is still wondering about all his duties as room treasurer . . . Patricia Kennedy's brother may be the track star, but she shows plenty of speed in the corridors . . . Eleanor Lally is generally with her . . . Mary Mullaly has turned in some fine notes for this section, as has Faith Webster . . . Joseph L. Sheehan and Joseph L. Sheehan, no relation, are both in Room 122 . . . Cecelia Bennett says that if she should fail this term, it's because the marks close on Friday, the 13th. Superstitious? . . . Eleanor Brennick wants her notes used or returned to her . . . Angelina DeCenzo is anxious to have her notes published . . . Rose Mardekian's hobby is collecting pictures and small paintings. She has numerous scrapbooks full of them . . . Virginia Lyons likes to collect patterns of clothes and make small reproductions of them, we may have a future dress designer here . . .

Don't forget to turn in notes for this section *next year.*

We wish everyone a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

EXTRA-CURRICULAR ACTIVITIES

OUR Freshmen have shown fine school spirit and have taken a prominent part in all the extra-curricular activities of the school. Below is a partial list of their doings:

CHESS: Mr. Sullivan was agreeably surprised at the large number which turned out for the Chess Team. James Atkins has been especially prominent among the Freshmen for his excellent play, but many more are expected to become capable players and represent the school in its various meets.

Debating: About fifty-five (55) Freshmen have enrolled in the Debating Club. Patrick Elliot, Paul Haskell, Don Kurth, Edmund Lafferty, James Nixon, and John O'Neil were picked for the Freshman Debating Team after competition with all the other Freshman members. They are now preparing for a debate with the Sophomore team, the debate to be held at one of the assemblies. We are hoping for a freshman victory.

Dramatics: About twenty-two (22) Freshmen are working for parts in the dramatic offerings of the club. Virginia Lyons and Joseph Sheehan were selected to take part in the Afternoon Comedy presentation on December 13. Many others will take part in the different plays soon to be produced.

Sports: Many ambitious and industrious Freshmen reported to Coach Elcewicz for the football team. None were able to make the first team but the coach expects great things from them in the next few years. It is too early to know about the other sports, but we expect some of the Freshmen to make the first teams.

Music: We have a large number of Freshmen in the different musical organizations. There are about fifteen in the Glee Club and twelve in the Orchestra and a great many who take Chorus. Miss Wait has found many excellent voices, including those of Jean Cochrane, Eva Baumier, and Vera Chvany.

G. A. A.: More than five hundred girls have joined the G. A. A. but there is room for many more. The Freshmen and upper classmen enjoyed the initiation activities and the fun that is always prevalent in this organization. Vera Chvany and Frances Bolger have stood out with their poise and posture. At one meeting, Barbara Sullivan and Barbara Sheehan surprised all by their mastery of the Russian Ballet. The Metropolitan Opera will welcome Doris Pawlick and Josephine Leonardo according to those who have heard their singing.

Teacher — Now, we all know that heat expands an object whereas cold contracts. Who can give me an example to prove this statement?

Mary Sullivan — In the summer the days are long and in the winter they're short.

EXCHANGES

Academic Observer
Utica Free Academy
Utica, New York

What we liked best about the *Observer* were its cover and its pictures, all photographs of familiar scenes at the school. But what we liked least was the magazine's waxing political at the turn of a page. Why not, Observerites, keep up the level of your excellent story, "There's Many a Slip", by omitting politics and substituting literary material?

Good News
Northeast Catholic High School
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

This magazine, with its abundance of good poetry, is well above the ordinary run of school papers. The exciting "Bird of Destiny" and the informative article about Philadelphia are to be especially praised. The boys of N.C.H.S. are really doing well with their publication. Their cartoons and photography are quite attractive.

The Clipper
Barnstable High School
Hyannis, Massachusetts

We like the idea of having your paper resemble a ship's log. The editorials were very good; on the other hand, we think that there might be more contributions from the older students of the school. The write-ups of school activities were especially interesting.

Ship Ahoy
Wildwood High School
Wildwood, New Jersey

We think that it is a grand idea to have every class represented on the Ship Ahoy staff; the results of their co-operation are really enjoyable. The story, "The Wax Apple", was quite different; we just couldn't get out of "She Changed Her Mind" after we began it. The prints were all attractive; here is an example of its humor:

"I met a girl named Passion, I took her out
to dinner,
"I asked her for a date; and my, how
passionate!"

Maroon and White
Bay Ridge High School
Brooklyn, New York

Lots of bouquets for your fine illustrations and those striking photographs! However, we wish there were a little more class spirit exhibited in your magazine, such as class notes and editorials might show. Your format is well constructed; your cover was one of the most attractive we have seen in a long time.

THIS THING CALLED SWING

HELLO there, swing fans! May we come in, and discuss what's new in the swing world with you? Swell, let's relax, and talk about disc-a-and-dat-a . . . Three years ago Vaughn Monroe landed a job as trumpeter and vocalist with Jack Marshard's orchestra. Last April Marshard retired as a leader and entered the band-managing business. Monroe formed his own outfit and today is back with his old boss, for Marshard is now personal manager of several bands including the rapidly rising Vaughn Monroe crew . . . Keep an eye on the Eddie Howard group recording for Columbia as a band of the future . . . Bud Freeman, Teddy Wilson, Yank Porter, and Benny Morton aid in making this group a standout . . . Charlie Barnet has just augmented his band — four trumpets, four trombones now . . . Zeke Zarchy has parted ways with the Glenn Miller brass section . . . and bye the bye, that feud between Glenn and Bob Chester is sizzling . . . Rex Stewart of the Duke Ellington band has signed with Columbia for several waxings . . . with quintet of other Ellington swingsters . . . Ford Leary who jilted the trombone for the vocal spot with Larry Clinton, then quit the "Dipsy Doodler" to sing for George Hall, now is vocalist with the newly crowned "King of the Saxophone," Charlie Barnet . . . that great colored trumpeter, Cootie Williams, has left the Duke after horn-blowing with him for eleven years, to play in the new B. G. band; and tromboning Al Jordan has kissed the boys good-bye in the Gene Krupa choir . . . Although he's never let down the slightest in his amazing production of records, Glenn Miller has taken a new lease on life in two new arrangements, to be released by Christmas, and which promise to vie for honors with his past top waxings of "Moonlight Serenade," "In the Mood," "Tuxedo Junction," and "Bugle Call Rag." One is a two-sided, six-minute jazz orchestration of that famous operatic aria "The Anvil Chorus" (which we incidentally recommended in a previous edition); the other, "Make Believe Ballroom Time," in which Glenn for the first time features a quartet, the Four Modernaires, lately with Paul Whiteman . . . To the two Dorsey brothers, Jimmy and Tommy, go the awards of the year for having put out the three best selling discs of 1940; Jimmy, "Six Lessons from Madame La Zonga" and "The Breeze and I"; Tommy, "I'll Never Smile Again" . . . Georgie Auld, one of America's greatest white tenor sax-players, who took over the old Art Shaw band when the piping woodwinder left, is playing tenor in the new B. G. band . . . the most unusual piece of psuedo swing since Miller's "Tuxedo Juction," in our opinion, is Artie Shaw's original, "Doctor Livingstone, I Presume" which features some great clarinet playing by the maestro . . . Bobby Byrne's first engagement at the Meadowbrook, cut to two weeks by his operation for appendicitis, has been so successful that he has been booked to return to the popular Jersey spot for four more weeks beginning Christmas day. With a cigarette commercial pending for the sponsor who had trombone-playing Tommy Dorsey on for so long and his recordings of the tunes high on the Hit Parade, Bobby's future looks bright. . . . of the new discs, we recommend—Glenn Miller's "I Dreamt I Dwelt in Harlem," Harry James' "Back Beat Boogie," Bob Chester's "Off the Record," Will Hudson's "Who Stole That Beat," Count Basie's "Doggin' Around," Jimmy Dorsey's "Bad Humor Man," Charlie Barnet's "Whatcha Know, Joe," Will Bradley's "Dearest, Darest I," and Dinah Shore's "Yes, My Darling Daughter." Benny Goodman and the man who "made" him, William Alexander, are responsible for the discovery of Count Basie. Goodman and Alexander stumbled upon the Basie band in action three years ago in a Kansas City ballroom, and under their management, the nimble-fingered Count has risen to his present position well on top of the musical world . . . The most promising new band of the year, in our opinion, is under the leadership of Claude Thornhill, Maxine Sullivan's former arranger. Thornhill blends four saxes with two clarinets for beautiful tones and utilizes five brass with telling effect . . . of the new tunes out these look like hits in the making . . . "Fresh As A Daisy," "Moonlight and Tears," "Dream Valley," "The Last Time I Saw Paris," and "I'd Know You Anywhere" . . . well, that's all, thanks for inviting us in, and until we get together again to discuss "This Thing Called Swing," so long, and keep-a-swingin'.

SIDNEY GROSS, '40.

Epidemic is a disease which is attacked by many people at the same time.

Epidemic is that which is given in order to prevent spreading of diseases.

Water flows to our homes by means of *gravel.*

Board of Health protects us by having the place where they keep their epidemics clean.

Rabies is the disease a dog gets when he bites a person.

Teacher — What is the meaning of insanitary?

Pupil (knowingly) — A crazy person.

IT CAN HAPPEN HERE

WARREN JOHNSON, THAT SWING NUT, HAS HIS RECORD PLAYER DOWN IN THE LUNCH ROOM!

IN UNION THERE IS STRENGTH

MIKE SICO and DAPPER DAN TROTTO

HAPPY ROLAND LAINE THINKS "LA PÈRE" IS A FEMININE FRUIT!

BELIEVE-IT-OR-DON'T

SOPHMORE BOB BROWN

ASK JOE LINEHAN, MURRY LOFTUS AND GANG WHAT HAPPENED A WEEK OR THREE AGO ON THE WAY TO THE B.C. PARTY

LEAMON

OH-OH! THOSE FUNNY BOOKS!

G. A. A. REPORT

GREETINGS and salutations once again! Here we are bubbling over with enthusiasm, ready to give you the latest data on our interesting doings.

What a gala success the annual formal proved to be, with the high-spirited couples gaily tripping to the melodic tunes of Johnny Stone's orchestra. While still in a sort of blissful reverie of that happy evening, we can't help noting the original ideas set forth by the G. A. A. officers in making this evening an outstanding one. The change from the customary choosing of "belle of the ball" to "beau of the ball" was different and much appreciated. Our gracious patrons and patronesses, Mr. and Mrs. Olsen, Mr. and Mrs. Santoro, Miss Hegarty, Miss McLaughlin, and Miss Brown bestowed this honor upon none other than the well-deserving Charlie Herlihy. Displaying his "personality plus" Charlie accepted the unique victory trophy from the hands of our president, and midst the cries of "Speech! Speech!" modestly uttered a few words of thanks. Nice going, Charlie! His lucky partner, Louise Patten, was presented with a lovely American Beauty Rose. An added highlight of the evening was the waltz contest. After much deliberation and careful scrutiny, the patronesses declared Irene Murphy and Danny Meehan the winners, according to the correctness of their steps. With the compliments of the G. A. A., they each received a box of Fannie Farmer's chocolates from our invaluable officer, Pat Dias, who, by the way, was escorted by the notable man-about-the-drawing-board, Ray Fitzgerald. This well known individual was seen continually scurrying about the dance floor hunting up cartoon material. Much appreciation is due Mr. Olsen and Mr. Santoro for making the grand march such a great success. Everyone participated wholeheartedly in constructing the various formations and let their enthusiasm burst forth by joining spiritedly in singing old college hymns. I must not let pass the opportunity of mentioning Jean Patterson's charm. Although she came stag to aid in ushering, she spent most of the time dancing with first one and then another. The officers are seriously contemplating asking her for $1.50 ticket money. What say, Jean? Two considerate youths furnished the patrons and patronesses with music during intermission. While Donnie Lindahl played Beethoven on the piano, Don Cleary beat-it-out to "Rhumba Jumps". The resulting rhythm was duly appreciated by everyone. Tokens of thanks were presented to the patrons and patronesses for their unlimited services in making the dance one which was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

Now for a word about sports. What a successful basket-ball season we see progressing! Each of the four classes is well represented by a good team. Soon, now, the inter-class games are going to start, and already Somerville has asked for a date to be set in the near future for a contest.

At last the swimming date has been declared. We start displaying our aquatic powers on January 9 between six and seven o'clock at the Y. M. C. A. Better begin practicing in the bath tub, girls. All are invited to come, and those Juniors and Seniors who were admitted to the G. A. A. by choosing swimming as their sport are especially urged to be present.

On October 30th a group of approximately twenty-four girls braved the blustering breezes to take the first hike. After much trudging, we landed up on the hill overlooking Fresh Pond. The walk having sharpened our appetites, we appreciated much the bottles of tonic donated to the G. A. A. by a thoughtful member. This drink and a few cookies helped stay our hunger for a while. We all returned home in a happy mood, if a little foot-weary. The date for the next hike has not been set, but it will be very soon.

It took more than the sudden arrival of Old Man Snow and the no-school signal to down the tradition of the G. A. A. at Thanksgiving. Baskets were given to the needy and appreciation is due to all who contributed, including Home Room 313.

In peeking in at some of the gym periods, we find that the girls are enjoying lessons in square dances and the polka, as well as the habitual calisthenics. 'Tis said that there's going to be an exhibition again this year, and that it will be the best one ever. If this is true, we're in for a treat, as the one given three years ago was a great success.

The annual Christmas Meeting falls on December 19th, down in the gym, at the close of school. If we're all good and do our home work, Santa Claus will visit us as usual and give presents to those deserving. We realize that we need not urge the presence of those of you who have attended before; but to those of you, who, for some reason have been unable to come, let me suggest you make a special effort as you'll be glad you did.

Hold on now! Be sure you keep January 10th open in your DATE book. The yearly Girl-Boy Dance which comes then is one you'd hate to miss. Girls pair off in couples and they

decide which is to be the gentleman and which the lady for the evening. The decision having been made, the gentleman starts planning his male attire. This dance is conducted along most formal lines with dance orders, a good orchestra, and all. While the gentleman need not send his lady-fair flowers, he must tend her most diligently throughout the evening. This dance certainly promises fun for all.

I guess it's about time I signed off this report. Remember, if there's any information wanted about forthcoming entertainment or sports events, you need only consult an officer or Miss Brown and you will be promptly set straight. So long for now, and a Merry Christmas!

EVELYN HOYT, '41.

MONKEY BUSINESS

Last year the REVIEW printed a story that ran, if my memory serves me aright, something like this:

"A monkey is placed in a box two feet wide, each end of which has a hole in it, and one person stands on either side of the box. One man taps his side and the monkey sticks his head out of the hole at that side. Half a second later the other man taps his side and the monkey rushes to stick his head out that side. This tapping goes on, getting faster and faster, and the monkey runs from side to side. How long will it take for the monkey to have his head sticking out of both sides at once?"

But recently we came across a bit of monkey business that seems to have even the above one licked. At any rate, it's more complicated.

"Over a pulley hangs a rope, each foot of which weighs four ounces. At one end of the rope hangs a weight. At the other end hangs a monkey equal in weight to the weight. The weight of the monkey in pounds equals the age of monkey's mother in years.

"The monkey and the monkey's mother, together, are four years old. The monkey's mother is now twice as old as the monkey was when the mother was half as old as the monkey will be when he is three times as old as the mother was when she was three times as old as the monkey was.

"The weight of the rope and the weight of the weight is half again as much as the difference between the weight of the weight and the weight of the weight plus the weight of the monkey. How long is the rope?"

All we can say is, "Don't monkey around with this one too much."

ALUMNI

MARIE Dong, '40, has moved to California where she is pursuing her art career, and coupling ranching with drawing. Salvatore Mongana, '40, has decided in favor of the stethoscopes and sutures; he wants to be a doctor. Thomas Watkins, '37, plans to enter Harvard Dental School when he leaves Harvard next June. Jessye Cuffee, who was a ping-pong champion while at C.H.L.S., is still rated high among the "table tennisers". As you might have heard, plans are under way for an Alumni Association dance; Jacqueline Lane, '40, and Eddie O'Rourke, '40, can be credited with forming this association. Herbert Neal, '40, and Arthur Sculley, '38, are both going out for basketball at Harvard, where the former majors in Romance Languages and the latter in engineering. Bradford Washburn, who is a C.H.L.S. alumnus, (or didn't you know we have some famous grads?) has just returned from his latest mountain climbing expedition to Alaska. Edwin Gras, '35, is president of the Mathematics Club at Harvard. About those graduates who are at different colleges: Gilbert Risen, '39, at Tufts . . . Jean Shumway, '40, at Smith . . . Marie McCabe, '39, Emmanuel . . . Barbara Regan, '39, Lowell Teachers' College . . . Mary Quinn, '39, and Lillian Blakeney, '40, at Framingham Normal . . . Doris Babson, '39, Mt. Ida . . . Saul Goldstein, '40, Boston University . . . Abraham Tekuzener, '40, Boston University School of Education . . . Harvard claims Don Davis, '39, who is interested in Math but not in French, and Ted Adelson, '40, who wants to be a lawyer. Marion Adelson, '40, is enrolled at Wilfred, Judy Weinstein goes to Banford Academy. Frances Talalusky, '40, is attending Burroughs, where she hopes to learn to be someone's stenographer. Rumor hath it that Evelyn Humney, '34, is a model, working in New York City. Cupid Department: Helen Roffer, '40, is engaged. Eleanor Carter, '40, now attends the Cambridge Academy. More news about our alumni next issue!

* * *

Eva Schiffer — I hear that Willie was expelled from school for cheating.

Anne Cahill — Yes, he was caught wearing a flower in his button-hole during a test in botany.

* * *

Teacher — Give me an example of something that will not freeze.

Joe Fougere — Hot water.

Sports

WELL, the 1940 football season has ended and in looking over the results we cannot boast much about the record; still, we can be proud of the showings the boys made against schools which were highly favored to win. Our boys in most of the games they lost looked better in defeat than in victory. Coach Adam Elciewicz and his assistant, Frank Frisoli, deserved more breaks from Lady Luck to reward their laborious work. Coach Elciewicz will have good material in the line with four regulars as the nucleus, and veteran Tom Leary together with good second stringers to mold out a fair backfield next year. Here's wishing Latin has a successful football season next year. Doc D. O'Brien sure can mend up the boys and see to it that they are in good physical condition. Thanks to Mr. Leander McDonald for a good schedule, Mr. Foley for keeping the boys well equipped, and last, but not least, head cheerleaders, Betty Doyle, Lorena Duquette and the rest for rooting so heartily for the team.

The first hockey game was played on Saturday, December 14, at the Boston Garden with Stoneham. Coach John Culhane has a very promising squad and is confident of Captain Russ Boudreau and of the rest of the squad. The boys have been practicing hard every afternoon and deserve our support.

Coach Joseph Kozlowsky has been drilling the basketball candidates on the fundamentals of the game so far, and by the opening game against the Alumni at the Lassman gym on December 30th, promises to have a good club on the floor. Capt. Deacon Doyle, George Guild, Oakie Carson, Red Jones, George Whetmore, and Eddie Bulger are enough to spell trouble to any opposing quintet. Arrangements for dancing after each night game are well under way, so what say, students, let's all turn out to cheer the boys on to victory.

Latin 0 — Punchard 0

Latin took on a light but fighting Punchard eleven at the latter's field. These Latin regulars, Chick MacManus, Paul Doolin, Vic Smith, and sub quarterback Cleary were lost for this and the remaining games due to ineligibility. Throughout the game Latin was deep in Punchard's teritory but was stopped again and again. Co-Capt. Leonard (Deacon) Doyle played an outstanding game, intercepting an enemy pass on Latin's 15-yd. line and racing 50 yds. before being brought down from behind. He also caught passes for long gains putting Latin within scoring range.

Co-Capt. Mitch Babatjis, sidelined with a knee injury, looked on from the bench, this being the first game he has not started for two seasons. Zadoorian, Bonsignore and S. Staniewicz spelled power in the line.

Rindge 13 — Latin 0

Latin closed its 1940 football schedule with its city rival Rindge Tech on Armistice Day before a strong student-body gathering as the Thanksgiving Day game with Wakefield High was cancelled due to unfavorable playing conditions.

From the time of the kickoff until the final whistle had been blown, the boys fought hard with all they had to score. In the second period after each team had threatened to register a goal, Capt. Bob Poirier caught a Boudreau kick on his 35-yd. line and ran through the entire Latin team to score the first touchdown. The try for the point after failed. Again in the fourth period, Rindge tallied on a sustained drive from Latin's 45-yd. line with Paul Dottin going over. Rindge put over the extra point on a pass play.

Co-Capts. Mitchell Babajtis and Leonard Doyle played brilliantly as they did throughout the season along with Dan Moriarty in the line. Russ Boudreau and Pat Macaro excelled in the backfield.

K. B. NOTES

ON November 14th, at the home of Pauline Downey was held the first regular meeting of the K. B. which the new members attended. Plans for the annual mid-winter formal were discussed, and the date agreed upon is the evening of January 17, 1941 at the Hotel Commander, as usual. Under the baton of Ray Borden, his orchestra, well-known throughout greater Boston will provide the music. Our President, Margaret Taft, has announced the following committee: Pauline Downey, Gertrude Crowley, Jean Carrier, Betty Morris, and Janet Brown and Margaret Taft, ex-officio. Tickets may be procured from this committee or from any member of the club.

The next meeting was scheduled for December 6th, at the home of Gertrude Crowley. At the close of the business meeting delicious refreshments were served and an impromptu entertainment followed, with one of our members at the piano.

Don't forget, girls, to ask Santa Claus for new evening gowns for what promises to be the outstanding event of the season.

Muriel Barrett, '41.

DEBATING

AS acting secretary of the Durrell Debating Society, I wish at this time to extend a cordial welcome to all who have joined and who wish to join the Club. There are some, I know, who feel that it is too late to be admitted, but such is not the case. Everyone is urged to enter *now* and participate in the program of this coming year.

The students are now doing research and making the necessary preparations for strong class teams; from these class teams will be chosen the varsity team. The class teams anticipate debating at an assembly program — while the varsity team is looking forward to the varsity schedule with outside schools.

The teams have been arranged as follows:

Freshman Team — Patrick Elliot, Paul Haskill, Don Kurth, Edmund Lafferty, James Nixon, John O'Neil.

Sophomore Team — Lester Crowley, Patricia Churchill, Eli Kaminsky, Willis Soper, James Sullivan, William Sullivan, Norman Whitehouse.

Junior Team — John Ferdinand, John Fitch.

Senior Team — Annabelle Field, Gertrude Hartford, Winfield Holland, David Hull, Harry Oster, George Sokol, Joseph Voles.

The fundamentals of debating will be taught to you by Miss Breau, who has charge of the Debating Society. Through her tireless efforts the members will face the world better equipped to analyze and solve its perplexing problems.

The America of tomorrow needs men and women able to stand on their feet and THINK!!! Join the Debating Club and learn how to think logically and how to apply your knowledge!

LESTER CROWLEY '40

CHESS CLUB

THE response to our appeal for new members of the Chess Club was gratifying. The unusually large and enthusiastic group to enroll demonstrated the eagerness of each individual to make this the most successful club of the year.

With the cooperation of the entire membership, we shall elect our officers at the next meeting. A proposed list was chosen after considerable reflection was given to their ability as leaders, their knowledge of the game, but primarily, their willingness to instruct novices in the fundamentals of Chess. A day and hour most convenient for the majority of our members will also be designated for all future meetings.

The first Interscholastic Tournament Game was played against Brookline. The decision as to the winner will be left with Mr. Trout, of the Huntington School, as the score was 2½ to 1½, at present in favor of our team . . . one game, as yet, to be determined.

The elimination contest to select our team for the year is scheduled immediately following the next meeting. We trust all will compete in this contest, which will be beneficial and instructive and which will also enable us to classify the players as to the position they are most qualified to contend against.

The Chess Club has had a very successful beginning. It is only through the unfailing cooperation of each member that we may continue so. From all appearances, we know this group will come out on top!

HENRY JEZIERSKI, '41.

* * *

Joe Kelly — What? You flunked the course again?

Sammy Oklis — Could I help it? They gave me the same test again!

* * *

Arthur Voudouris thinks a detailed account is one without a tail.

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The other day a freshman accosted me in the corridor with these words: "Don't feel too badly about your joke column," he said. "Not everyone dislikes your humor."

"Really?" I asked, hoping against hope.

"Yes," he answered, "I threw a page of those jokes into the stove and the fire roared."

George Guild — I was reading in the paper that they operated on a boy's head, to make a better boy of him.

"Mac" MacCloskey — Really? That isn't where my father operates on me.

Ginny: Where there's a will there's a what?

Jerry: A relative.

How many years can a person live without brains?

I don't know — how old are you?

Needless Advice

"Pupils should not deceive their teachers."

"Lord — they don't."

Major: Don't you know how to stand at attention?

Soldier (in oversize uniform): I am standing at attention, sir. It's only my uniform that's at ease.

Teacher: You haven't been doing so well lately, but I'm glad to give you a 60 this term.

Pupil: Well, why don't you give me a 90 and have a swell time?

Never cry over spilt milk, — there's enough water in it already.

Chem. Teacher: Name a poisonous substance.

Peggy Taft: Aviation.

Teacher: What! Why do you call aviation a poisonous substance?

Peggy: One drop will kill you.

Said one experienced traveller to another: "While travelling through East Gahonkas, I saw a single bed that was twenty-seven feet by eighteen feet in size."

Retorted the other: "Oh, that's a lot of bunk."

Two C.H.L.S. students were talking. "She said she'd be faithful to the end," said one.

"Why," the other replied, "that sounds wonderful!"

"Yes, but I'm the quarterback."

HERE IS A REALLY BOMB JOKE!

Mr. A — What song do you think has a chance of being most popular these days?

Mr. B (suffering from a bad cold) — "Luddon od a Raidy Dight."

Smith — Have you ever gone up the Mississippi?

Jones — Oh, yes. I've been all the way to the top. My, what a wonderful view you can get.

Stan Harris — Say, what about that 20 cents I loaned you the other day? You said you only wanted it for a short time.

B. Sanderson — That's right. I didn't keep it for more than ten minutes.

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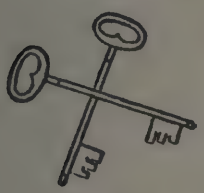

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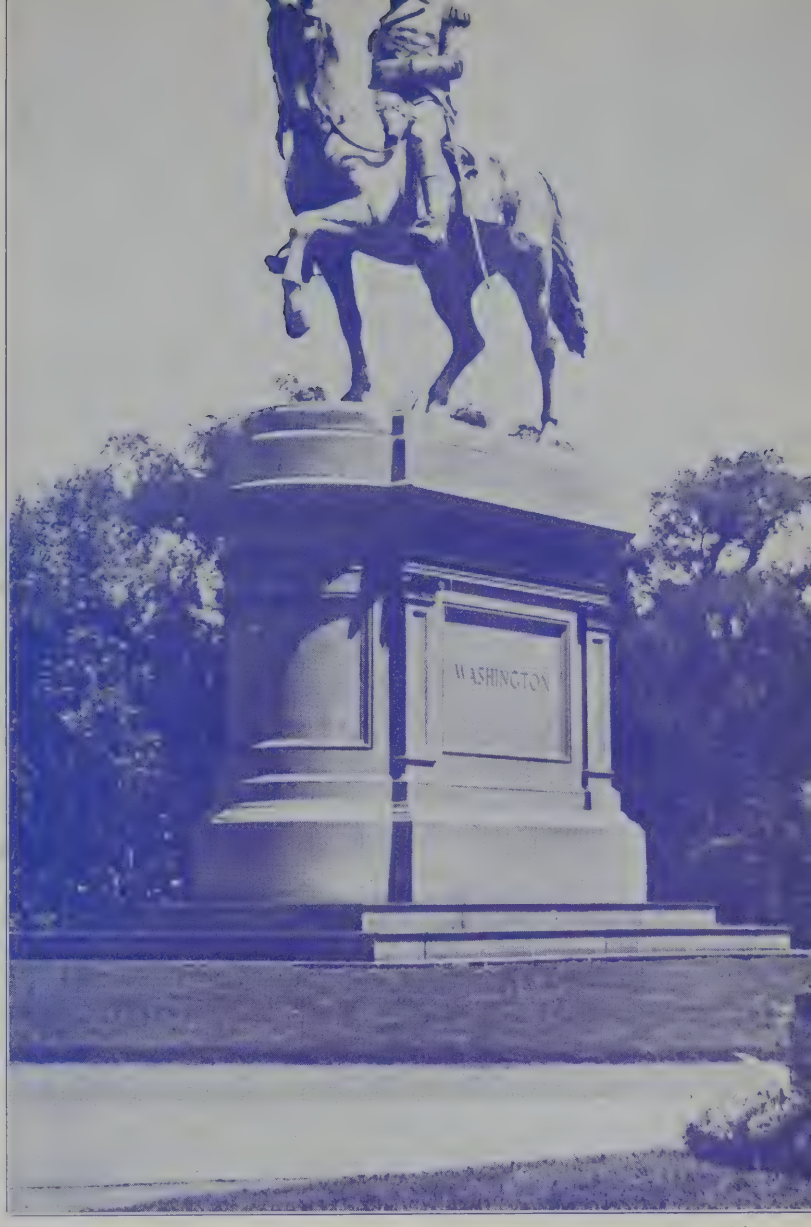

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FEBRUARY 1941

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

VOLUME 54 NUMBER 3

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Published five times a year: November, December, February, April, and June.

Terms: 75 cents per year; 20 cents a single copy.

Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice at Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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Editorial

"WELL, Departmentals are over! Now we can take it easy!" So says practically everyone after he has finally completed all his Mid-year Examinations. Of course, after all this extra study, we feel entitled to a little vacation, and it is only right that we should seize this opportunity to relax. However, we cannot afford to neglect our studies at this time simply because we have passed the half-way mark of the school year, for this next half year promises to be the most difficult time of all. Everyone has his or her goal to be reached before the school year is out. For instance, some are bending all their energies towards taking and passing the College Board examinations in June, while others are striving just as hard to get the necessary credits for graduation; and in the other classes, there are many who are trying to get the credits they need to get into their next year's class. However it be, let those who have any one of these goals in mind take care lest they relax too much and get behind in their studies.

Due to the unusual prevalence of colds and other illnesses this winter, there have been many more interruptions in school work than has been the case in other years. This loss of time has necessarily put a much greater strain on the student and has caused him to have to make good use of his time. When the warm weather comes, it will bring with it a general slackening up of effort, even before it finally arrives itself; the slightest indications of spring will bring out the baseball players in full force, soon to be followed by the tennis players. To offset this letdown in our studies, we should make extra good use of the next month or two which are usually the quietest of the year. This period of calm is due in great measure to the general cessation of all sports; the basketball and hockey seasons are over, indoor track is catching its breath before going outdoors, and the baseball season has to wait about a month for the weather to clear up. It is also due to the fact that many of the clubs have about exhausted their winter activities and are waiting to decide whether spring has arrived or winter is still here. But regardless of the reason, this next month or two furnishes an excellent opportunity to correct our faults as pointed out to us in the Departmentals, and to prepare ourselves thoroughly for the hard months ahead of us. What do you say? Let's do a little extra work now and save ourselves a lot of extra work later on!

"NOR LONG REMEMBER . . ."

Excerpt from Louisville *Courier,* dated early in 1864:

"President Lincoln today designated General Ulysses S. Grant, Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic."

THE air was scented with the fresh breath of spring and the wooded fields about the thriving town of Springfield in Illinois were flushed with the verdancy of the awakening season. About three miles out from Springfield, on a dirt road, rutted by the spring floods, stood a stalwart wooden wagon, laden with household goods and farming implements, its wheel caught in one of the deep indentures of the muddy road. A young man of some twenty-odd years was laboring vainly to get it out, while standing on a nearby bank of earth were two women, evidently his mother and sister.

Finally, the young man straightened up. "Guess maybe I'd better walk along the road a piece and see if I can locate some help. Will you and Nancy be all right waiting for me, mother?"

The older woman smiled indulgently at her son. "Of course, Hiram," she said. "Just you go along and we'll wait here."

The young man nodded, and pulling himself up, started down the muddy track. He had not gone far when, turning a bend, he met a tall, gangling stranger, whom he immediately accosted. "Sorry to stop you, sir," he said, "but our wagon caught in a rut a ways back and I wonder if you'd help me get it out?"

The tall man smiled. "I'd be glad to," he said. "Just show me the wagon."

The young man laughed and caught the stranger's hand. "Thanks," he exclaimed. "We're heading West and we want to make the best time possible. Pa's already out there, staking the farm; otherwise, I would have spent more time in fixing the wheel myself, and not bothered you."

The stranger shook his head and said, "Isn't any trouble for me. In fact, I'd sort of like doing it. It's been a long time since I've worked in the open air with my hands."

They had started back now, and as they swung down the road the young man asked, "Work in town?"

The gaunt man, whose long wrists protruded far beyond the edge of his cuffs and whose clothes fitted him not at all, half smiled. "I don't know about work. I'm a member of the state legislature. But I'm certainly very much in town."

The youth looked interestedly at him. "A politician, huh?" he more stated than asked. "I'm a soldier. Graduated from West Point, though you'd never know it by my duds. I'm taking my mother and sister West; then I'm going back to my post in St. Louis. I sort of envy you. The army's a hard life."

The stranger measured the lengthening shadows with his eyes. "Politics aren't exactly easy, in some senses of the word," he said slowly. "Some decisions are harder to make than those of a soldier."

The young man nodded sympathetically. "I know what you mean," he said. "Like abolition? However," he added, as if it were some small comfort, "even that'll have to be settled some day, somehow."

The stranger sighed somewhat wearily. "That's what worries me, that somehow," he said.

The young man laughed easily. "Well, it won't be your decision, friend," he said, "so why worry?" The stranger shrugged his shoulders. "Reckon you're right," he said. "Is that your wagon up yonder?"

"Yup," said the young man, "and that's my sister and mother beside it. See how the wheel's caught in the rut."

They reached the wagon, setting to work at once, and just as the sun began to set behind the distant foothills of the west, they finished. The two men exchanged good-byes and with a final farewell, the young man and sister and mother started off toward the sunset. They had gone but a little distance when the mother of the young man cried, "Why, Hiram Ulysses Grant, you never thought to ask that nice stranger his name."

Her son snapped the reins on the horses' backs. "What's it matter?" he asked. "I'll never be back here again, so we'll probably never meet again."

Back in Springfield, the tall, gaunt stranger finally reached a doorway and paused there a moment to gaze at the gold-streaked sky. Then, as he turned to enter the building, the sun's dying rays glinted for a moment on the sign above the door, "Calhoun and Lincoln, Counselors-at-Law."

PHYLLIS GILMAN, '41.

Bernard Shaw once said, "My way of joking is telling the truth. That is the funniest joke in the world."

On him it looks good, we suppose.

PUTTING AWAY THE THINGS OF A CHILD

A CHERUBIC doll, a wily-faced teddy bear, Mother Goose rhymes and Grimm's Fairy Tales — all are in the closet's most obscure corner. Like Little Boy Blue, they too will stand "all covered with dust," neglected. These are tangible remnants of childhood days; these are symbols easily laid aside for the date-books, party dresses, and more mature forms of literature which now occupy the space within my room. But to so many of us wading mid-stream between infant shallows and adult "fifty-fathoms," there are childish emotions, fancies, and theories which we wish could be put away so easily, in a corner, never to be heard from again.

The dreams of a bright future undimmed by hard work, thoughts, light, fanciful, not capable of dealing with a serious problem, and oh, those emotions; tears too easily shed; laughter too thoughtlessly raised; insouciance too frequently fallen into—all these adolescent plagues simply refuse to leave the grown-up mind and body free to accept its responsibilities.

Not that I am too eager to shake off my dolls and fairy queens, and tears and smiles so unaccountably interwoven, to place upon my back in their stead the weight of maturity with all its burdens and worries; oh, no, reluctant to admit it, though I be, I would prefer staying in the nursery. But since this is the line of least resistance and one to be looked down upon, I needs must take a deep breath, put down the doll, peruse a Shakespeare rather than a Grimm, lock firmly the door of my childhood thoughts, make the supreme effort and—become a woman!

HELEN BENNETT, — 326.

DESCRIPTIVE PARAGRAPH

I LOOKED down upon the chaotic scene of the fire. Smoke, in acrid, billowing clouds rose and mantled the surrounding area in an ominous shroud. Burly policemen stretched their aching arms to hold back the crowd gaping at the raging inferno; it seemed to have a strange power of fascination over Man, this enormous cataclysm of Nature. On all sides stood the engines, their red sides glowing like rubies in the weird light. Around them many firemen struggled with mountainous masses of python like hose. There a distracted mother wrung her hands. Above the din of rumbling masonry and crashing walls, the roar of the flames, raising their great fiery fingers heavenward, could be plainly heard.

EDWARD OSTER, '43.

EDUCATION IN THIS DAY

SINCE Shakespeare's day, when practically the only subjects taught in schools were Latin and Greek, education has expanded by leaps and bounds until it includes methods and subjects never dreamed of by our ancestors. Today, not only are cultural subjects well represented but there are even all sorts of practical training.

For example, the high schools of Rochester, New York, now give courses for boys in home and family life, on the principle that young males need training to adjust themselves to society. Practical questions are taken up; the behavior of men and women together, the relation of the home to community resources such as the Public Health department, and even the father's responsibility in the home. Also the boys visit day nurseries to see how young children are managed. They are taught how to choose clothes for wearing qualities and suitability, and how to repair and care for them. Students learn, too, the principles of home ownership and renting, how to budget expenses, and the elements of household repair work. Consider all this knowledge, and you will discover that the pupils are given every opportunity to gain knowledge of the most useful nature.

Not only does the ultra-modern school contain subjects of such a practical type, but also it uses, in many cases, methods which are very unusual but effective. Take the case of the Horace Mann School for Girls. Here, instead of taking a final examination in "American Civilization," the students were recently allowed to produce a movie, "Their Adopted Country," showing the Americanization of a family of Italian immigrants. The pupils prepared the script, planned the settings, designed the costumes, carried on the necessary historical research, acted, photographed the action, edited the continuity, prepared accompanying sound effects, and presented the first showing. Operators had to use the school swimming pool to "shoot" a river, and to transform the art room into a speakeasy and a settlement house. Acting in a silent picture, they found, had to be expressive pantomime in order to be effective, and in editing the film the young producers had to exercise creative talent to bring out the subtle relationships which make for movement from scene to scene. In this concrete achievement the participants acquired first hand, with a vividness impossible to capture in a textbook, a realistic sense of the problems and responsibilities of citizenship.

These examples I have listed are only facets of the great gem of education, but they show clearly how the teaching of today can fit us to become wiser and happier men and women.

HARRY OSTER, '41.

THE GREATNESS OF INFINITY

WHEN men forget themselves and turn their genius to destruction in search for that elusive quality, greatness, they should look to the stars. Perhaps a long, thoughtful perusal of the awesomeness of eternal space would show man how incredibly insignificant he is as compared with Him who created all.

For he must remember that what he can see, even with the aid of his most powerful telescope, is but a tiny fraction of all the heavens. Although man's eye has been able to bridge a distance that light, travelling at a rate of eighteen thousand miles per second, takes years to cover, this immeasurable distance is as nothing compared to the full breadth of eternity. And yet even this picture of eternity does not give us a full view of the greatness of creation.

Such a view is presented in a new theory propounded by our contemporary astronomers, the theory of the limited universe. This theory holds that, as the earth revolves about the sun, and as the sun revolves about its galaxy, so do all the galaxies revolve about some remote spot at the center of the universe. Moreover, this universe of ours is not endless as was once supposed, but is instead enclosed by some limiting band. Astronomers believe that if it were possible to fly through space in perfectly straight line, one would finally reach an enclosing wall. What the substance of such a wall is, no one knows, though our scientists feel that such a wall exists.

And now we come to the most breathtaking aspect of this theory. We are now told that all of the universe, all the countless worlds and suns and stars that float in space, in short, all that is enclosed in the above mentioned limiting band, forms nothing more than the nucleus of a single atom in a still greater universe. Moreover, the second, larger universe forms one atom of a third, greater universe. And so it goes on, unto the actual infinity.

Whether or not such a theory is true, I will not venture to say, but it is certainly not very conducive to a feeling of boastfulness or greatness. What a shame, therefore, that the statement of this theory has not been more widely published! We could do well to have a bit of modesty instilled in us upon occasion.

GEORGE SOKOL, '41.

SCHOOLS OF MUSIC

OF all the countless sounds made by man, music is the most wonderful. What would life be without it? Yet most people take it for granted, not realizing that behind its beauty there is a story of hard work, revolution, and gradual development from one type to another.

There are three major schools of music, the Italian, the German, and the Russian. The last two, although there was originality in many of their composers, were originally merely off-shoots of the first. Later, however, the Italian flavor disappeared, and the Russian composers became distinctly Russian in style and the Germans became decidedly German. Each composer learned from his predecessors; in the German school, Mozart learned much from the Italian, as is evident in his "Le Nozze di Figaro" and "Don Giovanni"; Beethoven profited by Mozart; and Wagner in turn had Beethoven as a starting point.

Richard Wagner, one of the greatest musical and dramatic geniuses, brought about a revolution in the world of opera. Originally, operas contained many passages included chiefly for showing of vocal ability, passages overflowing with trills, runs, long-sustained notes, cadenzas. Wagner's music-dramas, as he wished them to be called, had no set arias with pauses for applause, and no such opportunities to display vocal talent. As a result his works are much more natural and dramatically effective, as befits a serious composer.

Wagner had a marvelous ability to paint pictures with his music. Fine examples of this power are found in "Die Walküre," including the thrilling "Ride of the Valkyries" which makes so vivid the reckless abandon of the Valkyries as they gallop over rocky mountain peaks, uttering their barbaric war-cry and their wild laughter, and the beautiful "Fire Music," at the end of the last act, when one can fairly see the fire leaping up and encircling Brunhilde's rock, and feel the poignancy of Wotan's great grief as he bids farewell to his sleeping daughter.

Wagner describes characters as well as scenes with music. Majestic chords herald the approach of Wotan, a gentle melody greets Sieglinde, heroic strains are heard at the entrance of Siegfried.

The leit-motif, a short theme associated with characters or events in the drama, characterizes Wagner's operas. The leit-motif is found throughout every drama, in an aria, in a prelude, not always in the same key, but as a minor chord underlying an action or a major chord eloquently expressing something not directly narrated at the time. The motif of the sword is heard in all four of the operas of which "Der Ring des Nibelungen" consists, as are the motive of the Ring, the Rhine, Valhalla, and Bondage.

Composers of the Italian school, although they began to give the orchestra more and more prominence, used brilliant vocal melody. The most gifted of the earlier composers were Rossini, Donizetti and Bellini. Guiseppe Verdi, a later composer, displayed a more dramatic style, rich in harmony and orchestration. Mascagni and Leoncavallo wrote realistic operas of the "verisius" school. Giamaco Puccini, the greatest Italian genius since Verdi, and a very popular composer, wrote dramatic, melodic and colorful operas.

Glinka was the first Russian to break away from the Italian school. His style was lyric, but unmistakably Russian. Tschaikowsky, Mussorgsky, Borodin, and Rimsky-Korsakov are Russia's greatest composers. Their works are very original and yet there is a distinct Wagnerian flavor in their music. Perhaps in the future the Russians will throw off that German influence even as Wagner succeeded in throwing off the Italian influence, after a long and bitter struggle. It will be interesting to see if musical history will repeat itself.

MARGARET MILLER, '41.

SHORT STORY CONTEST

The annual short story contest of the Review will be held during the next two months. Stories may be submitted -- preferably typewritten, on one side of the paper only -- to any member of the Review Literary Staff or to Miss Kelley in the Review office. Two prizes will be awarded, one for the best entry from the two lower classes, and one for the winning story from the two upper classes. All stories must be in our hands by March 26.

DREAMS

I've built a castle in the blue
Amidst the white and fleecy clouds
Which ramble sheeplike o'er the sky
And browse upon the rainbowed dew.
Where I may watch the timid breeze
Lean softly down and kiss the earth's
Poor careworn face, then shyly run
To shelter mid tall swaying trees.
Where darkness brings the soothing balm
Of dreamy slumber, deep and sweet
Unto my troubled soul, which strives
In vain to praise it with a psalm.

JOSEPH MOYNAHAN, '42

ON GUEST TOWELS

AS a mere babe, one of the first things I was taught was: "Hate is an ugly word. We don't say 'hate'." Out of deference to this precept, but with my tongue in my cheek, I make this statement: I dislike guest towels intensely.

I have heard only one person talk any way but unfavorably concerning the lavatory linen, and, in truth, he was not in favor of them, but merely indifferent. Why, then, do we have guest towels? This question would, I am afraid, stump even the experts!

In the first place, these bathroom banes are not practical. They can stand only one using; then they must be washed, which means just that much larger a laundry bill, or just that much more skin off someone's knuckles. To see guest towels hanging on one's towel rack is a festive sight, I will admit; they not only give an air of brightness to the whole room, but also they are a pleasant reminder that friends are visting. However, one must be forever changing towels, for one peek at the towel rack after a guest has been turned loose amongst the dazzlingly white array reveals a "mess" of wrinkled cloths.

Yes, I said "mess", indicating the plural. Because, and this is another point, no one guest towel will wipe even a *hand* dry, and a *face* — well, that is just too much to ask! Many's the time guests have commented on the loveliness of our guest towels, and then, as soon as they could get me alone begged and implored me to get them one of the good old turkish variety, offering as an excuse for this request the doubtful fact that they do not wish to soil or "muss up" the others.

This leads me to another point, let us suppose a guest is coming. Whose rack do you suppose has the "good old" turkish towels taken from it and the resplendent smooth things placed on it? Mine, of course! If I lived in Shakespeare's time, I might say: Out upon guest towels!

To sum up my grievances, I contend that no one likes guest towels very well, and as only human guests use the towels, (and as every human being is a potential guest) the little nuisances should be done away with. I believe they are part of the reason why many people dislike visiting for any length of time. However, in this I see a ray of hope for the unanimity of the world. I think it would be safe to say that anyone and everyone, German or Englishman, Fascist or Communist, Democrat or Republican, English student or "Math" student will agree in disliking guest towels, if in nothing else.

WINFIELD S. HOLLAND, '41.

FOUR MARKS OF AN EDUCATED MAN

FIRST impressions of people are usually fairly accurate ones, although we only begin to know a person after a long friendship. By applying this reasoning, we can generally recognize an educated man, even if we have only known him for a few minutes. Three characteristics that distinguish him from the uneducated—his features and especially the expression in his eyes, his manners, and his dress, which should be neat and appropriate—are apparent to the eye. The fourth, although not so easily discovered, is the interest and appreciation he shows in world affairs and all events which are of current importance.

When I meet a person, or even just see a person in whom my interest has been aroused, my first thought is to look into his eyes and face. Just a few seconds will soon reveal whether he is intelligent or otherwise. The eyes have a way of showing whether a man is confident of his own ability, and if so, whether it is only cockiness or really a true realization of his own ability. Manners are another criterion of education, for a man cannot be considered to be fully educated if he does not know how to be considerate of others, and how to act among all sorts of people. Being dressed well also points out the intelligent man. By dressing well, I do not necessarily mean richly or foppishly, but I do believe he should be neat and well-groomed when with other people. All the wisdom of Plato can not make a man educated if he does not know how to behave well or dress well in public.

To discover a person's interest in life, we must observe him in conversation. An educated man does not usually dominate a group, but he does show a great interest in what is being said and does not hesitate to help along the talk by putting in his bit every now and then.

To be an educated man, a person must possess every one of the traits outlined above. He cannot lack one of them, for education cannot be considered to consist entirely of what is learned from books. No, education is composed of many things, and a truly educated man is one who can act intelligently in any environment.

PHILIP JONES, '41.

ON BEING AN ACTOR

WATCHING the performances of actors, I once used to think how marvellous it would be, were I to gain admittance to their sacred number. I used to think how beautiful life would be, could I obtain a part, only a small part, in a play. Nothing, absolutely nothing, else mattered. I thirsted for the stage and the footlights, and the audience, who, at least so I thought, poor deluded mortal that I was, would be expressing approval and applause.

Now, at my former school, many plays used to be put on the stage; each class presented at least one play a year. Thus it came to be that I received a part, a part which, though not large, was important. I got the role of the Shepherd lad in a small but complete tragedy, the origin of which was left in Limbo, perhaps intentionally, by my French master, by whose class the play was being performed. The consensus of opinion in the class was that he wrote it himself, and now that I look back I can well believe it. It was a bleak tragedy, ending in wholesale slaughter. Its plot ran approximately as follows: When the King surprised the Shepherd Lad protesting love to his daughter, he slays both of them, in the grim spirit known of old in the Romans and the Spartans. He then slays himself, just as the Japanese do hara-kiri, to preserve his honor, having uttered only three sentences in the play: "I kill you!" (said twice) and "I kill myself!" Two palace guards bore off the corpses.

Thereafter I became quite proficient in the art of acting. I was successively one of the chorus in "The Peace" of Aristophanes (a translation into literal French: quite amusing); one of the horses of Agamemnon's chariot in the "Agamemnon" of Eschylus; the Apothecary in Moliere's "Monsieur de Pourceaugnac"; and one of the sicknesses in Maeterlinck's "The Blue Bird". I have always been assured that the last of these parts was my greatest triumph, so natural did I look in it.

I grew to be one of the foremost actors of the school. I was even accorded the signal honor of being put in charge of the curtain for the production of *Hamlet*. I was listening to and watching this play in an ecstasy of excitement, when, suddenly, strange sounds became increasingly audible from the rear of the audience. People were sneezing! The sneezing increased in volume and swept forward towards the stage like a tidal wave. Poor Hamlet must have seen it coming, and endeavored to brave the ordeal. Alas, 'twas labour lost, for just as Hamlet started to meditate on the familiar theme "To be, or not—" a terrific, immense, stupendous sneeze rent the air and echoed and re-echoed through the hall: I had sneezed. No longer was it the tragedy of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark: it became a mere comedy and I was the star comedian. What had happened was that a young rascal had decided to have some fun, had loaded a pair of bellows to the gunwales with sneezing powder, and had pumped the said sneezing-powder forth into the room. Poor fellow, he was so ill-advised as to perform this operation in close proximity to the seat of the director of the school . . . Ah, Youth! "Sic transit gloria mundi".

Then Hitler appeared over the horizon, like a dark beast of ill-omen, and Munich came, and the next year came war, but by then I was already in America. And so here I am now, about to venture again in the domain of Thespis. But something seems wrong; I must have changed somewhat. I am no longer eager to learn my lines; I feel irked by the very idea of rehearsals; and, worst of all, I feel the horrors of stage-fright. Yes, "there hath passed away a glory from the earth." Or is it but that I have lost my erstwhile love for acting? That may be the solution, for one has to like something to do it really well. Very well, then, O Shades of Garrick! I shall like acting again, and I shall act well again!

DAVID L. DUNCAN HALL, '41.

Ray Fitzgerald has been going around asking all his classmates, "Do you see spots in front of your eyes? Buy Fitzgerald's colored glasses and see them in technicolor."

THE DREAMER

Atop a sea-side cliff he sat alone,
And watched the liquid moon float through the sky,
Where stars, like moonflakes coruscate on high,
Below he heard the water's murm'ring tone,
As shattered light upon the ocean shone,
The sea's reflection trying to defy
The real light shimmering in the sky.
It seemed that all eternal space did yawn
With stars—above, below, and all around.
He drifted up in endless, empty sound.
No more a land-locked, wingless creature he,
Who soared now to the ends of eternity,
Content, for in as yet uncharted space,
He'd glimpsed the future destiny of his race.

GEORGE SOKOL, '41.

THE JOYS OF WINTER

"The chill embargo of the snow
Was melted in the genial glow;
Wide swung again our ice-locked door,
And all the world was ours once more!"
—Whittier.

WHEN I awoke to the realization that we were virtually snowbound, last Saturday morning, it was with a thrill of delight that I clambered into ski-togs and did an errand on snow shoes before the plows had cleared the roads. How vividly I could then picture the scenes described in Whittier's *Snowbound.*

Surely one of the chief joys of winter is a heavy snow fall to blanket the grassless ground and the bare trees, and to provide the skiing enthusiast with an opportunity to gain the thrills of his sport on the nearest hill, rather than going the long distance to Maine and New Hampshire for sufficient snow. A storm seems in some manner to bring people closer to one another and to bring out the best in human nature. Anywhere along the road, one can see an automobile driver stop his car to aid a less fortunate brother in removing his auto from the depths of a snowdrift. The common difficulty of driving through deep snow creates a common bond. Without the horror and tragedy of an earthquake or flood the snowstorm impresses one with the futility of man's struggle against nature; in spite of the great power of automobiles, buses, and trains, a few hours of heavy snowfall can completely cripple transportation.

Much joy as snow brings, it is eclipsed nevertheless for me by the supreme joy of figure skating. Just before the storm, I had been skating on the Charles River. The thaw of the previous day followed by a freeze had put a new finish on the ice, making conditions ideal. Although the wind blowing was brisk enough to distort the shape of any figure attempted, it did not impede the free-skating moves such as jumps, spins, and spirals. The latter are, as yet, beyond my power, but I set myself to the jump and spin with jest. There is no thrill, to my knowledge, which can compare with that of a graceful leap into the air. This thrill must be experienced, to be realized. In her "Primer of Figure Skating," Maribel Vinson explains it by saying that "A jump on skates is the nearest thing to flying." The spin, while perhaps almost as thrilling to the advanced skater, does not give me such ecstasy, for I have not yet learned to combat the dizziness which inevitably follows. As I glided over the glistening surface, I became aware of approaching twilight and snowflakes falling. It was then that I was reminded of "Winter Mist" by Robert Palfrey Utter. The filmy haze provided by the snowflakes and the approaching darkness cloaked the picture before me in indescribable beauty.

Muriel Barrett, '41.

ROUND HARVARD SQUARE

CHARLES SUMNER is by far the most fortunate of statues. George Washington may be able to smell the flowers in the Public Gardens and Phillips Brooks may have an angel help him watch over the souls of all in Copley Square; but Charles Sumner can see leading men of the day, potential celebrities, and the cream of peculiar people.

There is nothing uncommon in the insignificant stroller's rubbing elbows with Albert Bushnell Hart, A. Lawrence Lowell, or Ezra Pound on Brattle Street. Students of Harvard and Radcliffe, both the dunces and geniuses, can be seen taking time out for some lunch and a chat in Hood's Creamery any noon hour. The corner of Boylston Street is the favorite hangout of the loafer. What other square offers such a varied and mixed panorama of people? Scollay Square is devoted to the fleet, vagabonds, and thugs; Haymarket to meats and vegetables; Union to soap box orators; and Times Square to its din of mad New Yorkers.

Who could forget the sight of the tower of Memorial Chapel against a blue sky? Or the Coop crowded with students? Or the charm of the old brick dormitories and iron gateways of the college? The myriads of human beings pouring forth from the subway exit, the tide of people going in and out of the Georgian, the bright lights of the University Theatre and the sound of chimes and bells are forever in my memory.

I am never happier than when wending my way through the crowd on Brattle Street. I love being part of it and realizing that because of the informality and hospitality of the Square, I have a right to be a part of it. These characteristics and the choiceness that the college lends to the Square are the keys to its charm. Boston University and the many other schools in Boston do not give that city what Harvard gives Cambridge. As New York is the Melting Pot of America, the cosmopolitan atmosphere of Harvard Square makes it the Melting Pot of New England.

Mary Jane Benton, '41.

AN ADDITION TO THE FAMILY

NOT so many weeks ago the senior member of my family arrived home from a Saturday afternoon's shopping tour with the illuminating exclamation, "Well, I've bought it!" Since at various times such an announcement had heralded the arrival of two maple desks and a bookshelf at the same time, the acquisition of three tea-cups recently imported from Finland, and the purchase of a particularly mad hat, we held our breaths. At long last, light penetrated to the inner recesses of our minds. It appeared that a lonesome little baby grand piano had wanted a home.

The next three weeks were spent in going down-town to see the little darling. The first time we went into the store, the agent opened the door and received us as though we were long-lost friends. We spent an hour playing the scale of C major on different pianos, but we decided that "ours" had the best tone of all. In fact, we liked the piano so much that we have gone to see it twice a week ever since. The last time we entered the store, the agent smiled at us absently as we passed his desk. Perhaps he was wondering how he could dispose of another of his orphans.

Then, for the first time a difficulty arose. Where shall we put the piano? Our apartment can with difficulty accommodate an upright piano; where could we put a baby grand? Yesterday at lunch the problem became acute. The new member of the family was to arrive at one o'clock. Finally, at three o'clock it appeared. At fifteen minutes after three the long-waited object returned to the shop. There were not enough movers to carry it up two flights of winding stairs.

I have been told that the movers are going to bring it back early tomorrow morning. However, I am not going to be on hand; I am leaving early for school. For some reason, I have lost all interest in the addition to our family.

Margaret Larson, '41.

A BOY'S IDEA OF COOKING

NOW everyone, at least the men, know that there is nothing to cooking except throwing a few different kinds of food together and seeing that the mixture doesn't burn. The idea that a woman is indispensable in the kitchen has become a relic of the past. As proof to substantiate that statement, please tell me why men and not women are in command of the kitchens in all large and small hotels and restaurants all over the world. For instance, the Ritz has its Charles, the Waldorf its Henri, the Carlton its Pierre.

In fact, there are a great many cooking schools devoted exclusively to teaching men, and men only to cook. The tendency of the male, so long slumbering, to cook himself a decent meal has at long last come to the surface. With no boasting, I can safely say that he is now equal and rapidly becoming superior to woman.

Any deluded female who believes in the old adage that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach had better discard that notion, because her last defence—an imposing array of pots and pans—has been shattered by a "blitzkrieg" of succulent morsels made by the male whose heart she aimed to reach!

Francis Duncan, '42.

THE BIG SEA

Langston Hughes Alfred Knopf, 1940

THIS book is intended to be the first of a cycle of three, each dealing with a certain part of the author's life as a fish in "the Big Sea of literary fishes", as he himself says. We can hardly imagine how the other two parts can surpass this not for literary style, (which, incidentally, is very good), but for sheer excitement and drama.

Part one, or *The Big Sea,* deals with the years up to the time Vachel Lindsay discovered Hughes, working as a busboy and writing poems in his spare time. During these years, we follow the author from America to Mexico where he tutored "senoritas" in English, across the ocean on a tramp steamer, to Africa and France, where he had opportunity to further his literary struggles, though in a small way. There is little mention of actual poetry through the novel; instead, it reads somewhat like an adventure story, lacking only knight-at-arms to make it a thorough "thriller". Each of the characters with whom the author comes in contact is carefully carved and presented with an intricate skill.

The only fault that might be found is that Langston Hughes, in certain places, makes his descriptions a bit too realistic, his expositions a bit too detailed. On the whole, however, *The Big Sea,* is an autobiography entertaining enough for the most avid adventure fan, and styled with enough force to satisfy the most scrupulous of the literati.

June A. Jackson, '41.

KING OF THE COURTS

(An Interview with Donald Budge)

ONE day a short while ago, I learned that Don Budge had become sort of a traveling salesman for a large sporting goods company, and was slated to appear at a store in town in that capacity, from about 12:30 to 2. My new co-worker and I arrived at the store a few minutes after twelve, only to learn that Mr. Budge and company had been detained and would arrive about 1:30. From noon until the appointed hour, we wandered around, doing nothing in particular, indulging in such habits as trying on shoes in shops, shoes which we had no intention of buying. At half past one, refreshed by Brigham's biggest sodas, we set out for the store where about ten boys were waiting. A few minutes later Don and his manager, Mr. Blanchard, arrived.

Suddenly, a crowd approached from almost nowhere. Half of it was a group of shoeshine boys who came in and listened; the other half was just anyone who happened to be passing by, and who, from time to time, stuck their heads in the doorway, smiled, and went on their way. By the by, Don's salesmanship, which was supposed to be the subtle kind in which no mention is made of the product, didn't work especially well; we bought not a single thing!

After he had finished giving us pointers on tennis, Don and the two of us went over into a corner to talk things over, while the boys stared politely from across the room. First we talked of ordinary things, such as these: he has a fondness for baseball and basketball, great games which he once thought were more manly than tennis . . . that was when he was in his early teens, before he began to play tennis on the courts of his hometown, Oakland, California . . . but, at fifteen, he learned the game under his brother Lloyd's tutelage . . . by the by, he thinks Lloyd can still beat him, although he lets himself be beaten by Don, out of brotherly love, I guess.

Then we talked of swing, because he likes it so: he's crazy about collecting swing records, of which he has about 1000 . . . when he gets the chance, he likes to play the drums, at which he's quite adept . . . Nearly half of these records are of Bing Crosby, whom Don considers tops; the rest are mostly of Ella Fitzgerald, whom he holds in equal esteem . . . When I mentioned that I liked Maxine Sullivan, he agreed; but added that Ella can sing any type of song with perfect ease, whereas Maxine is best on sweet tunes . . . The same, he added, goes for orchestras; when Don Budge feels like smooth music, he goes in for Tommy Dorsey; but when he wants some jumpin' jive, Count Basie's the man for him . . . As much as he likes swing, though, he says he's not a jitterbug, though we've heard differently! . . . To end the discussion, I asked him what he thought swing was! (Isn't that just like a woman?) "Well," he said, "Swing is, well, June, I guess it's emphasizing two out of four beats, or four out of four!" he accompanied this explanation by gestures, hand waving and foot tapping; so I understood.

We strayed away from music back to tennis. If he can help it, he'll never teach the game because it's too confining and too tiring. Instead, he has hopes of entering radio after about five years of pro tennis, because he believes a person can concentrate on only one thing and do it well. Of all his matches, the most thrilling was that one which he played against Baron Von Cramm at Wimbledon a few years back. Speaking of Wimbledon, he denies emphatically the rumor that he tipped his racket to Queen Mary when he played there. He does admit, though, that the incentive which has spurred him on to the position he knows he holds has changed since he first started playing a few years ago. First, he was urged on by a desire to be state champion, then national; now he still gets a thrill out of playing, not only to get the better of the other fellow in a good match, but to get money as well. When he's playing, although he's not at all superstitious, he can't bear having people applaud errors; it's not sportsmanlike, he feels.

Naturally, the conversation turned to the U.S.L.T.A. and to the crop of new players. Of the former, it will be sufficient to say that Don favors open tennis; that will let you know exactly where he stands with said U.S.L.T.A. Of the latter, he considers Ted Schroeder to be among the most hopeful, although Welby Van Horn, sensation of a year ago, may blossom out as well as Vines or Tilden, whom Don rates as "the best that ever did it"! He also added that he thinks that Jimmy McDaniels, champion of the American Tennis Association, could take on any of the first ten U.S.L.T.A. players as soon as he straightens up his foot fault trouble. But, he added, that's all in the future!

Then I asked him what his ambition is now, after he has conquered four amateur tennis crowns and even the pro tennis laurel wreath . . . He turned to me and said very seriously, "Well, June, my main ambition now is to learn how to play boogie-woogie music! You know, the kind of music in which the left hand

plays the beat and the right hand carries the melody. I've been trying for a long time to attain that ambition, and now, well, I'm just hoping! Maybe there'll be a day when I can really beat out something like 'Tuxedo Junction'; then I'll have reached my goal!"

If the past is any criterion, we're sure that Donald Budge is on his way to reaching that goal just as speedily and as well as he has attained so many others!

JUNE A. JACKSON, '41.

ALUMNI

JACK KELLY, '40, is now at Littauer Center, as an assistant to the librarian there. Nancy Hudson, '40, is the young lady whose picture graced the newspapers a short while ago, when she modeled for the cosmetologists who were convening here. Billy O'Connell, '35, and Thomas Croke, '40, are both working at a certain drug store nearby; Bill, as a Registered Pharmacist, Thomas, as a "soda-jerker". Marjorie White, '39, is at Regis; Virginia Johnson, '39, at Portia; Sara Denaro, '40, at Radcliffe. Thomas Watkins, '37, plans to go to the University of Chicago Dental School. Burton Halfkinney, '38, has entered the upholstery business in New York, we learn. Mabelle Rodgers, '38, has gone to Washington, D.C., as a secretary. Larry Herson, '36, is going to the University of Virginia Medical School. Catherine Sanders, who graduated a few years ago, is taking a course at the Episcopal Theological School.

Cupid Department: Gladys Burt, '35, is married, as are Jack King, '38, and Iris Benthale, '37; (to each other, we mean!). Eleanor Carter, '40, is now engaged, we learn. Matilda Lichter, '32, is now Mrs. Sidney Gellis and resides in Cincinnati; Edith Gillis, '32, was married a short while ago and now lives in Newton.

College Department: Paul Healey, '37, is at B. C., whereas Charles Alex, '39, is a sophomore at Harvard. Holy Cross claims Francis Glacken, '38, and Joe Mallahan, '40.

Both Mary Kiggins, '40, and Laura Springer, '35, are planning to become nurses. Babs Ruben, '32, is now employed as a dietitian at Cincinnati Hospital; Esther Wexler, '32, is doing social service work in Rochester, New York. Bernard Kamins, '32, is now in Hollywood, (writing ads!). Samuel Fogel, '27, is now a tobacco auctioneer in North Carolina.

Contributions for this column will be received in the REVIEW office at any time. More news next issue.

THE WOUNDED DON'T CRY

QUENTIN REYNOLDS Dutton and Co., Inc.

"EVEN the wounded don't cry . . ." says Quentin Reynolds as he tells of the heroic stand of the English people against the terrible, devastating night raids of the Nazi bomber squadrons.

In this book is to be found a clear cut sometimes harrowing description of a world at war, told by one of the finest American correspondents who was "on the spot" when came the May invasion, the Sedan break through and the following debacle in France. This book may well serve to clear up the confusion in many people's minds regarding the rapid-fire happenings of nineteen forty, for Mr. Reynolds gives a graphic picture of the events of the past year in orderly journalistic style without complicating his narrative with wild speculations as to causes, implications, or blame.

Quentin Reynolds was sent to Europe to cover the battle of Norway, but having been refused a visa by both English and German governments (the Gestapo labelled him "undesirable") was in Paris when Hitler marched into the Netherlands. He was an eye-witness to the supreme complacency of the Allies before the storm, to the final, tragic awakening, too late to save Paris and to the terrific heartbreaking trek of the hounded refugees southward through France. In one poignant chapter he tells of the death of a little French town of no military value whatsoever, embodying the wanton, ruthless destruction of which has become synonymous with the swastika. He pays tribute to the courage of the French soldiers and pilots, who, fighting gallantly against great odds, were betrayed by their lack of equipment.

The last few pages of the book he devotes to England, battered but not conquered, facing its "finest hour" with thumbs-up. And there is one chapter describing the unassuming heroism of the boy pilots of the R.A.F. He says, "Someone said that the English are either very stupid or very brave. I think they are very brave." This book is well worth reading for it contains some of the best journalistic reporting this war has yet produced.

PHYLLIS GILMAN, '41.

Sports

BASKETBALL

LATIN 34 – ALUMNI 32

Cambridge Latin's quintet opened the season with a victory over the Alumni team, composed of former Latin stars. Richard Aylward, freshman center on the varsity team, lived up to the expectations of Coach Joseph Kozlowski when he led the individual scorings together with Phil (Red) Jones with 9 points. Latin's seconds started off on the wrong foot, losing 24 to 15.

CHELSEA 22 – LATIN 17

In a fast game the Cantabs were nosed out by the Chelsea High Red Devils. This was Latin's first night game and was played at Chelsea. Joe Carson and Dick Aylward were the high scorers for Latin. Latin's seconds were swamped in this game, 37 to 9.

NEWTON 26 – LATIN 15

It was just another case of Latin not being able to beat Newton on the latter's home court. Newton never seems to lose a home game. Captain Leonard (Deacon) Doyle and Dick Aylward led Latin's scoring list with 5 points apiece. Latin's seconds won a very close game, 29 to 25, Captain McMinnimen leading his team with 7 points.

LATIN 21 – WATERTOWN 18

The Cantabs defeated Watertown High at the latter's court by a close margin of 3 points. Joe Carson and Red Jones led in points scored with 5 apiece. Latin seconds continued to subdue all opposition to win 35 to 11. Croucher, Panis and Pat Macaro starred for the homers.

WALTHAM 46 – LATIN 25

A powerful Waltham quintet defeated Latin, when they surged ahead in the second half. Captain Deacon Doyle, who had been ill for a week with the grippe, came into the game at the half and scored 6 points to lead his team. Latin's seconds revenged the varsity team's defeat by hanging up a 25 to 17 win. Mike Pietrovich and Croucher led in points scored.

BROOKLINE 33 – LATIN 22

Captain Deacon Doyle and Dick Aylward did well in scoring 15 of Latin's 22 points, but their efforts were in vain as Brookline kept the opposition checked while they registered regularly. Latin's seconds won 26 to 20 to even the score, G. Bulger sinking 3 baskets.

RINDGE 35 – LATIN 27

In a night game played at the Al Lassman gym, Latin lost to Suburban League leaders, Ringe Tech. Captain Doyle and Dick Aylward led in points scored, 8 and 5 respectively. Rindge's seconds stopped Latin's seconds 32 to 18.

NEWTON 31 – LATIN 22

Newton again defeated Latin at our home court. Captain Doyle, however, remained on top with the leaders netting 8 points. Newton's seconds added salt to the wounds by a 23 to 18 defeat of our seconds.

NASHUA 27 – LATIN 24

In an overtime game played at night and at Nashua, Latin was nosed out by 3 points. This game was strongly protested by Coach Kozlowski when it was thought that the Nashua's timekeeper stopped the clock at the end of the game when Latin was leading 24 to 22. Nashua tied the game during the extra time and then won in the overtime.

L. Thomas of the varsity team was injured when he fell heavily to the court, fracturing his back and had to be removed to a hospital.

ARLINGTON 34 – LATIN 28

With the game tied at 28 to 28 and two minutes remaining in the game, Arlington High sank 3 goals to down Latin at our court. Red Jones was all over the court, scoring 12 points.

Latin seconds won 15 to 9. Joe Bushee accounted for 6 points and Captain McMinnimen for 5.

TRACK

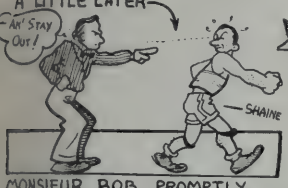
A large squad reported to Coach John "Fudge" Murphy. Among these were veterans Bonsignore, Kennedy, Shea, Scott and Cook. Coach Murphy looks forward to a successful track season and hopes to win most of the meets. In their first indoor track meet Latin tied with Brown and Nichols at 27 points apiece. Angelo Bonsignore came in second in the 40 yd. dash and the 300 yd. and "Art" Shea copped first place in the 1000 yd. event. Red McDavit, a junior who was ineligible last year, placed second and third in the shot put and high jump. His toss of 36 ft. 9 in. so early in the season was a very good effort, and will be bettered.

Brick Kennedy representing Latin in the 600 yd. event at the Eastern Seaboard Meets held at the Boston Garden came in second, and at the Northeastern Schoolboy Meets also held at the Boston Garden, Brick finished third.

THE BROWNS MAKE US BLUE

IN THE LAST OF THE 2ND TEAM GAME, WONDER-BOY BOB SHAINE BEGAN TO GO "A LA ALBIE BOOTH....."

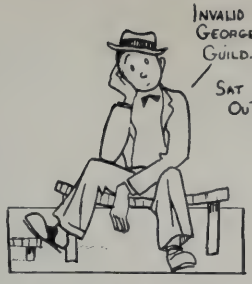
A LITTLE LATER—

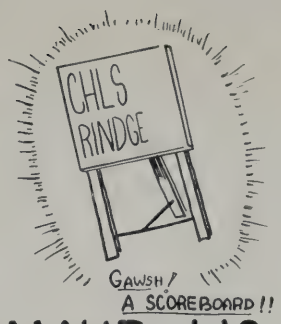


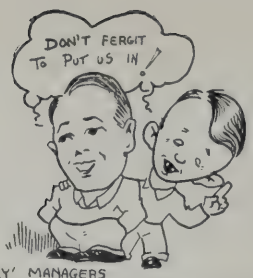
MONSIEUR BOB PROMPTLY GOT BOUNCED—FOR MASSAGING A RINDGE-OWNED NOGGIN...!

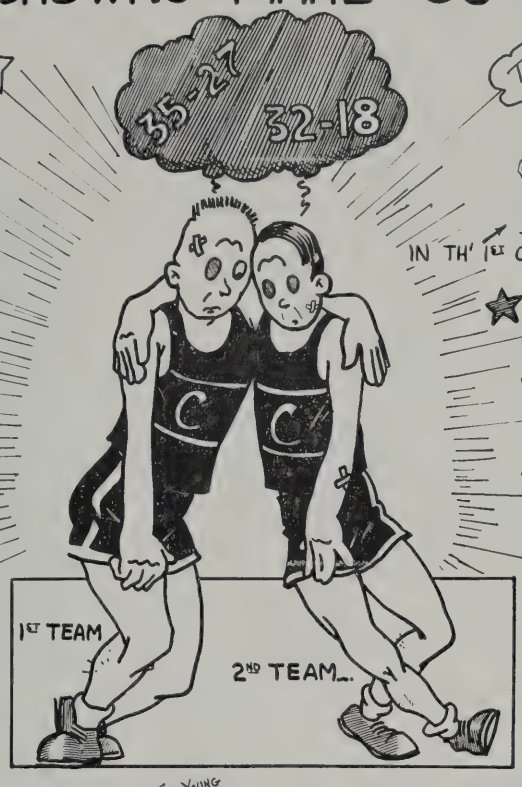
OUR DEACON SUNK ONE LATE IN TH' LAST PERIOD— THEN GOT ANOTHER TWO SECONDS LATER

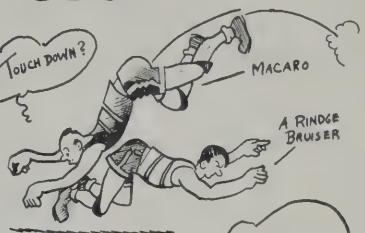
OAKIE CARSON WAS SURE IN THE PINK TOO—AND HOW!





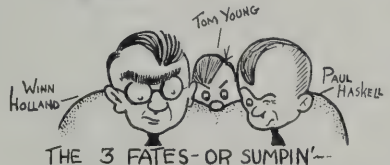






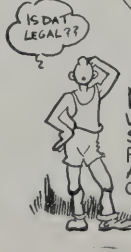
IN TH' 1ST GAME—

WONDER WHAT THE SCORE WOULD HAVE BEEN IF WE DIDN'T HAVE TH' DEACON? ~ SCORED 8 POINTS!

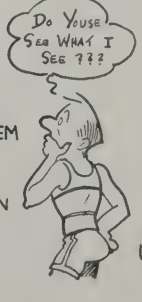


THE 3 FATES-OR SUMPIN'— THEY KEPT GASSIN' IN MY EAR ALL NIGHT!

RINDGE'S HILL AND OUR BUSHIE, WHEN SIDE BY SIDE, LOOKED LIKE A CHAPTER OUT OF GULLIVER.....



MR. LOMBARDI WOWED 'EM WITH THIS ONE. IT SEEMED 'SIF HE JUST FLOATED BY TH' HOOP AND DROPPED TH' PILL IN ON THE WAY PAST~



LEAMY 12-41

HOCKEY

LATIN 3 – STONEHAM 3

The team rolled up the curtain on the 1940-41 hockey season with a well-earned tie against Stoneham High. Gerald St. Hilaire, left wing for Latin, scored two goals on assists by Capt. Russ Boudreau and Bob Murphy. In the third period with Latin trailing 3 to 2, Ray Lyshon tied up the game.

LATIN 1 – MEDFORD 0

This victory over a highly inspired Medford sextet can be credited chiefly to the excellent work of Goalie George McConley, who broke up repeated and desperate last period thrusts by Medford. George Dynan, playing his first season of hockey, and center on the team, sailed the puck into the enemy net on a pass from Bob Murphy, late in the first period, for the only score.

LATIN 1 – ARLINGTON 0

Latin gained its second straight victory and shut-out over a weak Arlington High sextet. This time due praise is for Toscano, the Latin net minder, who chalked up his first zero game. Capt. Russ Boudreau scored on a solo jaunt through the Spy-Ponders' defense three minutes after the game had started.

LATIN 1 – RINDGE 1

Displaying the same style of hockey at its best, in their two previous victories, Latin tied with favored Rindge Tech, for the coveted city championship. Rindge drew blood first, when Bob Verrier sailed the puck past Goalie Earnest, on assists by Benoit and Gagnon after 11 minutes of the first period had elapsed. Neither team could score in the second period. Ray Lyshon saved Latin again from defeat when he scored unassisted, shortly after the third period began.

NEWTON 3 – LATIN 1

Latin bowed in defeat to defendant Champion Newton High. Newton surged ahead in the first period with a two goal lead. Late in the second period, center George Dynan slammed the puck past the enemy goalie for Latin's only score. Newton added another point for good measure in the third period.

MELROSE 4 – LATIN 0

League leading, powerful Melrose High continued on its merry way by beating a fighting Latin sextet. This was the first shut-out for our boys.

BELMONT 2 – LATIN 0

Apparently still disheartened by their two previous defeats, Latin lost to a heretofore hapless Belmont, which occupies last place in the standing. The first string line of Dynan, Murphy and St. Hilaire failed to click in their passing attacks.

STONEHAM 2 – LATIN 1

Latin finally and abruptly broke the no-score jinx in the first period when right winger Bob Murphy, after being fed the puck in front of the Stoneham net by Dynan, slid the disk in for a score. Stoneham quickly tied up the game in the next minute of play. Stoneham added another goal in the third period to win.

LATIN 5 – MEDFORD 3

Medford for a second time fell victim to Latin. "Red" Fitzgerald started the Latin sextet to motion when he scored on an assist by Tom Leary, and St. Hilaire made it 2 to 0 in the first period on a pass from Dynan. After Ray Lyshon had made it 3 to 2 in the second period, Medford tied up the game at the start of the last period. But Latin came back with two more markers, by Murphy and Dynan, both unassisted, to make the game sure.

James Pappas '41

I ASK MYSELF

MANY people ask themselves what the younger generation is coming to. I often ask myself where the older generation is going. Judging from appearances its destination is the dogs, or, less slangily, it is headed for angry reefs.

Apparently I am not the only one who has such morbid suspicions. About four years ago an English film was released, *Things to Come*. It was based on a novel by H. G. Wells. That gentleman's theory, which borders on the macabre, had the people of the world leaping at each other's throats in the year nineteen forty. This war was nearly the death knell of civilization. A strange epidemic appeared and practically all of a world exhausted by war was wiped out. Years later – in twenty-thirty-six – what was left of all the people was reinstated in an underground world, as strange and unbelievable as the worlds of Flash Gordon and Buck Rogers. The picture ended, as I remember, with a few hardy souls headed for the moon in a rocketship.

Although most of Wells' tale smacks of the funny papers, the idea of an imperiled civilization seems to be more or less prophetic. With the bull-dog and the dachshund in a death-grip, the bear growling in the background, the unprepared frog completely squashed, and other wild beasts baring their fangs and getting ready to leap into the fray, what can the outcome be? Shall we have time in a few months to prepare ourselves for that which the enemy has had years of preparations? Will sanity prevail? Will democracy prove itself? I ask myself.

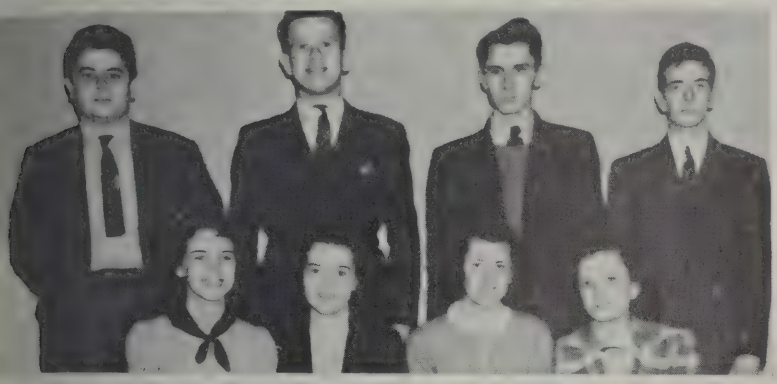
Margaret Miller, '41.

THIS THING CALLED SWING

HI ya, Swingsters! Here we are again with some more Disc-a-and-Dat-a Meditations; so, what say, how's about pullin' up those rugs so that we can do some diggin'? Solid, get set, 'cause we're gonna send ya! . . . Count Basie, the sepia "Jump King of Swing", will never lead his band with a baton; he considers that bad luck! The Count recalls that the first and only time he conducted with a baton was two years ago on a one-nighter when the promoter made off with the evening's receipts for an unknown destination! Basie prefers to lead his musicians from the piano and just with his hands on the rare occasions when he fronts the band! . . . And while on the subject of band-leading, Guy Lombardo never stands directly in front of his orchestra, as most conductors do. Guy always stands to one side, so that the audiences can see his entire crew . . . Duke Ellington has substituted "Sepia Panorama" for the 14-year-old "East of St. Louis Toodle-OO" as his theme melody . . . Glenn Miller, the "Moonlight Serenader," has signed a new three-year contract with Bluebird, which should be good news to all of you Miller record fans . . . The name of wood-winder Artie Shaw has more than once occupied a central paragraph in these Jive-informates . . . Of course, we might smugly observe that this situation is necessitated not only by the fact that Artie is a swing genius but is also something in the way of a native son, thanks to his early successes at a local downtown ballroom . . . But the larger truth is that the sight of this well-heeled Pan gaily piping his way through life is as fascinating a spectacle as we've come across in a long while . . . And to us, it semed impossible that this woodland sprite—who belongs to a scene from Barrie, anyhow, and not to Life—after his sudden departure from the leadership of the "Beguine" ork, shortly to return with a new group, would long stay absent from the average swing fan's list of favorites . . . As a matter of fact this young maestro who was allegedly sour on jive and jitterbugs has revolutionized the swing world with his 21-piece band, has done all-right in every band poll, and his recording of "Frenesi" (which incidentally was received by all of the critics with anything but a favorable howdy-do) has been establishing a record that may even vie for honors with his top waxing of "Begin the Beguine." News has just reached us that Artie has given the fellows in his band notice and will keep only a chosen few for his future orchestral plans . . .

Sammy Kaye is using a new closing theme, "Until Tomorrow," sung by the Three Kaydets on his Hotel Commodore broadcasts. He recently waxed it for Victor . . . Accent-on-Accent Dept.: When N.B.C. picked up Elsa Harris who a year ago was singing in small night stops around Chicago, it changed her name to Yvette and urged her to adopt a French accent. She did—and now she's paying off dividends. She has a spot on the Xavier Cugat commercial radio program, landed a Bluebird recording contract a few months ago, and recently began a four-week engagement at the Waldorf-Astoria's Empire Room in New York . . . Vaughn Monroe pulled a "Tom Sawyer" at his N. H. farm recently and got away with it. After he invited the members of his band up to his 14-room house for a week-end vacation, he told them of a game he cooked up to kill time—a painting contest. By a very strange coincidence the above-mentioned farmhouse was chosen as the scene of battle . . . After careful consideration, here is our selection of the best in the field of Jive of the past year . . . King of Swing—Benny Goodman; King of Sweet—Tommy Dorsey; King of Sweet Swing—Artie Shaw; Most Sensational Band—Will Bradley; Most Promising Band—Vaughn Monroe; Best Band within a Band—Art Shaw's Gramercy 5; Best Soloist—Benny Goodman; Best Arranger—Glenn Miller; Best Male Vocalist—Bing Crosby; Best Female Vocalist—Dinah Shore; Best Song—"I'll Never Smile Again"; 5 Best Swing Discs—Artie Shaw's "Frenesi," Will Bradley's "Beat Me Daddy", Glen Gray's "No Name Jive," Glenn Miller's "Tuxedo Junction" and Tommy Dorsey's "Swanee River"; 5 Best Sweet Discs—Tommy Dorsey's "I'll Never Smile Again", Artie Shaw's "Star Dust", Jimmy Dorsey's "Breeze and I", Orrin Tucker's "Oh, Johnny" and Dinah Shore's "Yes, My Darling Daughter" . . . In memory of Hal Kemp both Victor and Columbia recently released Hal Kemp Memorial Albums. Considered by the music industry as one of the nation's most popular band leaders and a musician who played a great part in the development of our present-day jazz, Kemp made many recordings of top flight dance tunes and ballads. Kemp first achieved fame with his band, composed of college classmates from the University of N. C., in 1924. His band, which included: Skinnay Ennis, Saxie Dowell, and Ben Williams, won a college band contest that earned them a trip to Europe. After he received his degree in 1926, he toured the country, captivating the younger set wherever he played. Com-

(continued on page 18)



FRIDAY
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(continued from page 15)

mercial radio engagements and a starring role in a motion picture followed. He remained in the top ranks of popular band leaders until his untimely death at the age of 35. During engagements at hotels and restaurants in principal cities he established several new records for lengthy runs.

Skinnay Ennis, John Scott Trotter, and Rudy Vallee are wielding the baton relinquished through Kemp's death as his band continues its current stand in San Francisco. The N.B.C. stars, either close friends or former members of the Kemp band, are standing by until future plans are completed . . . Approved ear bending: Glen Miller's "Song of the Volga Boatmen", Benny Goodman's "Superman", Tommy Dorsey's "Swing Time Up in Harlem", Vaughn Monroe's "The Last Roundup", and Jimmy Dorsey's "The Mem'ry of a Rose" . . . Igor Stravinsky recently visited the Cafe Rouge and heard Jimmy Dorsey's swing band. When Dorsey learned that the distinguished composer was present he decided to play a special number for him — Debussy's Concerto for Saxophone . . . Stravinsky listened and then rushed out. "What's the matter?" he was asked. "Did you think it's sacrilegious for a swing musician to play Debussy?" . . . "No," explained Stravinsky, "but anybody who plays jazz like Dorsey should not waste his time on Debussy" . . . EXCLUSIVE: Bing Crosby is threatening to take an indefinite vacation from radio if the music war doesn't come to a close in the near future. If you listen to Bing on the air, you've probably noticed that he sings only the Pre-ASCAP tunes, never venturing to croon any of the BMI ditties . . . Hits in the Making: The new tunes "Swinging at the Seance", "Number Ten Lullaby Lane", "I Close My Eyes", "A Stone's Throw from Heaven", "The Morning After" and "You're Stepping On My Toes" . . . Well, that's the jive, 'gates, and 'till we get together again to do some more diggin', so long, and have fun.

Sidey Gross, '40.

Wishing to visit the Acropolis alone, a young lover of beauty waited for the other members of her cruise to leave, and then set out by herself. When she caught her first full view of the Parthenon, she was so overcome by its incredible beauty that she slumped onto a rock by the roadside and wept. Just then, around the bend came a middle-aged woman from the Middle West, who called out: "I know just how you feel, dearie. My feet hurt, too."

K. B. NOTES

ON January 17 the annual mid-winter formal was held at the Commander Hotel. We were honored by the presence of Miss McElroy, Miss Buckley, Miss Ford, and Miss Hunter, as patronesses, and we were indebted to Mr. Cunningham and Mr. Toomey for their assistance in collecting tickets.

The gayly decorated ballroom was thronged with couples, the girls in filmy net, shimmering satin, or rustling taffeta, and the boys formally attired in tuxedos. With Ray Borden as leader, the orchestra proved itself quite versatile for it provided the "jitter-bugs" with "hot" music for their own particular steps as well as pleased the more conservative of us with dreamy waltzes. One of the highlights of the evening was captivating rhythm of a Conga which was ably led by our President, Peggy Taft. In direct contrast was a Strauss waltz, the melodic cadence of which set the lively group to whirling, turning, and dipping in this graceful step.

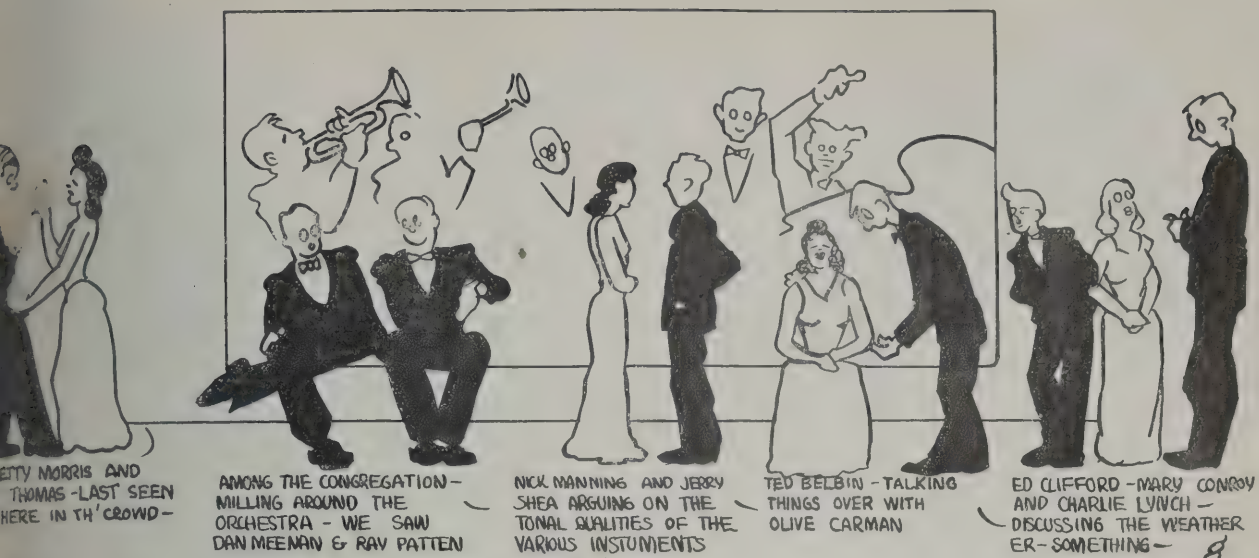
Much of the credit for the great success of our dance was due to the untiring efforts of Pauline Downey, Janet Brown, Gertrude Crowley, Jean Carrier, and Elizabeth Morris, who comprised the committee. Everyone must agree that the K. B. Formal was an occasion which cannot be eclipsed by any other social event this year.

Muriel Barrett, '41.

HONOR ROLL 1943

Camelio, Alessandrina
Cardillo, Sarah
Chaulk, Dorothy
Christo, Helen
Clark, June
Connors, Catherine
Corey, Joseph
Days, Mildred
Deresky, Julia
Derviskian, Victoria
Distifano, Sylvia
Downward, Carol
Driscoll, Irene
Drolette, Margaret
Duprey, Lucille
Emello, Elizabeth
Geller, Molly
Holmes, Marie
Holmes, Ruth
Intineralli, Rita
Jablow, Mona
Jankowski, Sophie
Kaminsky, Eli
Kazan, Francis
Keane, Rita
Kelty, Diana
La Freniere, Leon
Luti, Eleanor
Lydotes, Despina
Lyons, Mary
McCabe, Richard
Menex, George
Moksu, Bertha
Mooney, Mary
O'Brien, Robert
Oster, Edward
Palmacci, Ilea
Power, Walter
Quint, Frances
Scuza, Louise
Stern, Rosalind
Spinosa, Mary
Straube, Irene
Sutherland, Dorothy
Swartz, Marilyn
Rodrique, Dorothy
Roope, Mary
Whitehouse, Norma

WHILE AT THE K. B. WE SAW



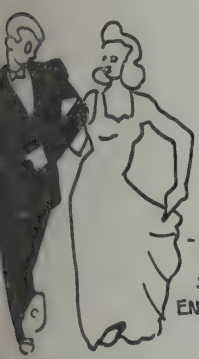
ETTY MORRIS AND THOMAS - LAST SEEN HERE IN TH' CROWD -

AMONG THE CONGREGATION - MILLING AROUND THE ORCHESTRA - WE SAW DAN MEENAN & RAY PATTEN

NICK MANNING AND JERRY SHEA ARGUING ON THE TONAL QUALITIES OF THE VARIOUS INSTUMENTS OH - YEAH - --

TED BELBIN - TALKING THINGS OVER WITH OLIVE CARMAN

ED CLIFFORD - MARY CONROY AND CHARLIE LYNCH - DISCUSSING THE WEATHER ER - SOMETHING -



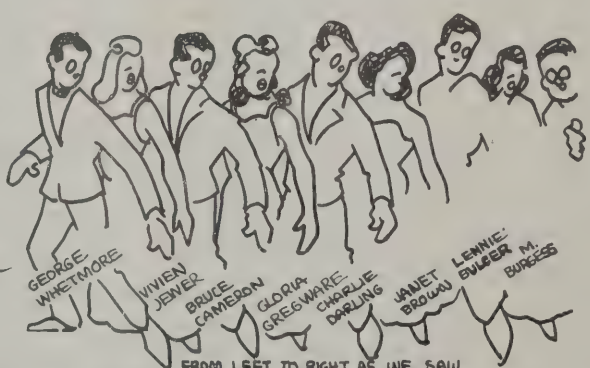
- MR TOM "ROCKS" LEARY AND MISS BETTY NAUFFTS STAGED A DRAMATIC ENTRANCE - A LA HOLLYWOOD

K.B. PRESIDENT - MISS PEGGY TAFT AND PARTNER SWUNG OUT WITH SOME NEW STEPS AND KEPT TH' BAND HUSTLIN' EVERY MINUTE.

- THE BOB BORZAKIAN - DISPLAYING SOME HIDDEN TALENT IN THE MAD SCRAMBLE FOR BALLOONS -

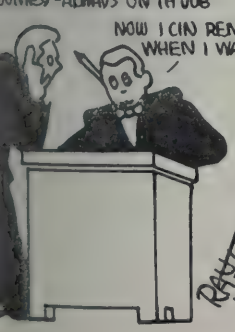
A BIT OF INFORMALITY DISPLAYED BY CLASS PRESIDENT "DEACON" DOYLE AND CLASS SECRETARY JEAN CARRIER -

IT'S - LA CONGA IN THE SOUTH AMERICAN WAY -



ESSIEURS CUNNINGHAM OOMEY - ALWAYS ON TH' JOB

- RINDGE'S LATEST DRAMATIC FIND - W. MULLINS AND MISS JACQUALINE KIRK - AND THEY WEREN'T DISCUSSING TH EUROPEAN SITUATION'



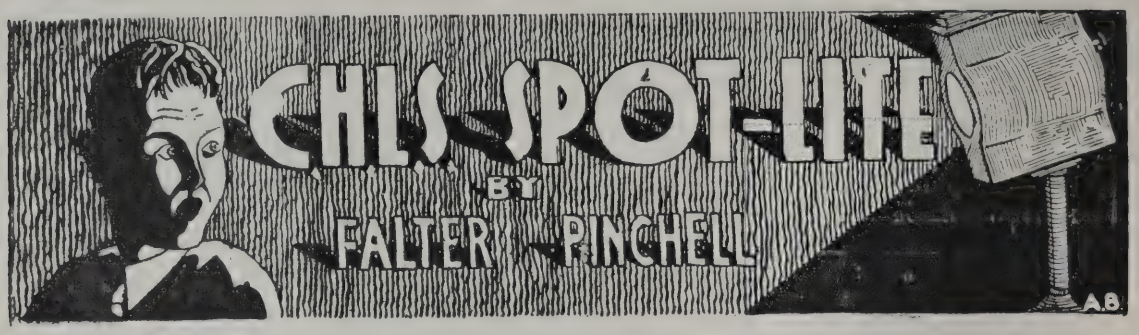
BUT TH' COACH SED TO TAKE UP DANCIN'

BUT NOT ON MY FEET!

LUC. FRENIERE

B. HOOKER

FROM LEFT TO RIGHT AS WE SAW THEM: EVELYN HOYT - PAT DIAZ - IRENE MURPHY BABARA EMMONS - MARIE RYAN
GEORGE MORPHY! HOW DID HE GET IN THERE?



Uncle Falter's Mail Bag

Dear Butch,

I am writing you this letter in the silence of the study hall sixth period. You know, the Spotlite column will come out today and since you are still recovering from your post-mid-year nervous break down, I decided to tell you the contents of it this way rather than have you suffer any relapses by reading the column yourself.

You probably remember that in each issue, I give a sort of hang-nail description of somebody's good points (omitting all the bad ones) and I call it, in my own unoriginal manner, an orchid. This time it went to Vivian Marcotte, the athlete. You know, there has been a good deal of talk about vitamin girls lately, but here is one that has got them all beat. She is a veritable Carbo-hydrate girl. She excels at tennis, and is a good swimmer. In fact she even plays hockey and baseball. She's learning to ski, and if she keeps it up, she may even quarterback the football team next year. At talent nights her tumbling has always been a feature. Personally, too, she is a "swell kid" if I may use the popular idiom in talking to a cultured person like yourself, Butch. (I hope she gives me an orchid sometime.)

Besides this there is always a lot of talk about students, such as: compliments to Stan Davin for getting into Peggy Miller's column. He's the only new name there for a good long while (and I have a sneaking suspicion that even he has been in once before) . . . Or do you read it? . . . Ray Fitzgerald is currently getting a great kick out of rehashing some old gags told by some radio funny man-an-an-an . . . Corinne Bingham is that person with the worried expression seen in the annex corridor just before second period. Why, I wonder? . . . I also wonder if George Sokol pitches that pup-tent he calls a coat at night and where he put the potatoes which came in it. I also . . . Evangeline Bennet is one of the members of that sewing circle I told you about in my last . . . Alice Hayes wants to be known as the ice-cream girl . . . Lillian McLean is a new-comer from Stoneham who is now firmly settled in the methods of dear old Latin . . . Patsy Macaro sits for four lunch periods with a dazed expression on his face, which fact may or may not mean something to somebody . . . It doesn't to me . . . Vic Smith doesn't like my taste. He thinks it's all in my mouth, to use a well-worn expression . . . Rivaling the immortal epic-writer we have Dick "Blue-bottle" Neale . . . and the good old count . . . Sneak a gander at George Garoian's hat. Solid stuff . . . and while we're on the subject: Apologies to Hank Jezierski for spelling his name every way but the right way. Last time, it wasn't our fault but anyway, I think *Jazz*ierski was rather appropriate for Hank's fine saxophone playing, don't you, Butch? . . . Pardon me a moment— How's everything Mary? Is it too boring? — (Mary Shea's the proofreader usually. Just thought I'd slip one over on her) . . . Congrats to Sam Zadoorian, the new football captain. Hope you have all the good luck possible next year.

The other day I got a group of letters from some of my friends. Here is a letter received from my girl Saturday.

Dear Uncle Falter,

You asked me to write and tell you just what was going on around Latin, so here it is: Rosemary O'Connor and Mary O'Neil are like two bees, always talking about different interesting subjects. Right now they're a 'thinkin' of two very interesting subjects . . . With the annual K.B. dance come and gone, the next attraction is the Senior drama . . . While I'm on the subject of K.B., have you seen those tiny gold and black pins each member is sporting on her lapel? Teddy Edwards and Bruce Cameron had plenty explaining to do when caught in the act . . . and at your age too . . . I guess every one that went to the dance had a lot of explaining to do the next morning. Oh, the excuses!! Tom "Rocks"

Leary and his partner Betty Nauffts, thoroughly enjoyed themselves, as did Eleanor Meehan and Ernie Turek, a lad from Arlington, Mary McCabe and Eddie Stanton, and Ann Conway and Warren Johnson. Everyone enjoyed the effects from Janet Brown's (the lady in red) and Margaret Taft's work . . . Bob Small says he's tired from being stood-up . . . I've been trying my hardest to find the Indians who did the job on Peggy Hart and Anna Lundquist . . . Don't you like those cute creations Barbara Schoffield wears around her neck? "Russie" Boudreau, friend of all . . . Eleanor Quinn, Nancy Cass, Louise Dick and Peggy Dillon like to spend their Saturday afternoons watching Latin swing into action at the Boston Garden . . . Yeh man, that "Bucky" Hooker sure can get "hep" to the jive . . . Jean McConnell's in again with that hostel trip. Probably by the end of it, it was a hostile trip . . . It might interest you to know that Ray Lyshorn killed his wife, and "Angie" Carigianis and Helen Hall were witnesses . . . Those "Milk Duds" that are sold in the lunch room sure show up in the funniest places . . . Well, I won't keep you in suspense any longer; that little incident about Ray Lyshorn was part of an act put on by one of the law classes after school . . . Speaking about law, somebody else is going to lay down the law, if you juniors don't start *shovelin'* in more *dough*—er—ah should I say, contributing more money for a good cause . . . Paul O'Connell, Joe MacDavitt, John McLeod and everybody else in that "gang" seem to be in on everything . . . "Maurie" Martel and "Lennie" Bulger can make anybody jump into action. Their secret is just two matches . . . I see "Doc" Donovan is still haunting the confines of C. H. L. S. . . . Joe Nestor, the haunt . . . Olga Zacharchuk's going to make someone a nice secretary some day, in more ways than one . . . From the way things are going Paul O'Rourke is certainly carrying on in his brother's footsteps . . . Leave Warren Miller (alias Glenn), John Stokes, and Jack Sheehan alone for awhile and they'll try anything . . . Now they're trying to ski . . . Dorrie Corcoran treated herself and bought a little gaucho for her lapel . . . That's one way . . . I'll say the Irish stick together, Mary White and Mary Sullivan . . . Well, I better be signing off now, I can't tell everything I know or I won't know nothin'.

Yours trooley,

YOUR GIRL SATURDAY.

Dear Uncle Falter,

Please don't go off in a dead faint when you read this letter. I actually found a little time to write you and tell you what I know: Ally Boudreau is an expert on the skates brother Herby gave her for Christmas. He probably hopes she'll follow in her brother's footsteps, (pardon me, brothers' footsteps) . . . Audrey Friar and Evelyn Coughlan always stand when eating their lunches . . . They tell me it tastes better . . . Frances Skeers stays up until the wee hours just to listen to her favorite swing bands . . . "Mitch" Babatis is that hard-working boy in the lunchroom . . . "Red" Fitzgerald and "Link" St. Hilaire are the most bashful boys on the hockey team . . . ("Red" Fitzgerald says I just don't know him. Wow!) . . . Team work is the one word that George Dinan and Bob Murphy know well . . . What do you know, Falter, those boys, Charlie Linsky and "Red" Mulcahy have bargained me into a t-t-t-errible promise. If Latin wins the next hockey game, *I* have to go on a diet and lose at least five pounds. Gosh! Anybody would think I was fat! . . . What would Marie Ryan do without that mirror in her great big bag? It's so big, she can even duck behind it . . . Hilda Carrey is that vivacious red-headed sophomore . . . Gerald Murphy is the smallest freshman . . . "Jackie" Murphy and "Darcy" McClellan are the glamour boys of room 118 . . . Until the next time (if I live that long), I remain

YOUR GIRL FRIDAY.

Dear Uncle Falter,

Seein' as you want to know what goes on among the sophomores, I'll tell you. It's like this: John Delaney's New Year's Resolutions have been broken—one of them was to receive a good mark in Latin this term . . . Speaking of resolutions, Frances Davis hasn't any this year . . . you see, she made them New Year's Eve and broke them New Year's Day . . . Rose Postell, in my estimation is one of the tiniest girls in the Sophomore Class . . . Phyliss Hayes is a "whiz" at History . . . Rosamond Kirk, Peggy Smith and Gloria Gregware had a fine time at the K.B. formal . . . Francis Mulcahy said that he wouldn't be seen in one of those monkey suits, referring to a tuxedo . . . I hope you got a peek at Stanley Hollis in his . . . Jean Founere also looked nice in her blue evening gown . . . Pat Churchill was there with a boy from Rindge . . . Lovett Wright does not like her nickname, "Lovey" . . . Betty Weber is always lending out pencils that are never returned . . . I like Barbara Walton's hair-do . . . Jean Kelsey is quite artistic . . . you should get a peek at her notebooks . . . Alice Whalen insists that her name

be mentioned in this issue . . . Arthur Connelly wonders if he will get his ten credits in Geography . . . Phyllis Barber is that energetic REVIEW agent in her home room . . . She has nothing on Ruth Cummings . . . Estelle King has a tough time opening her locker . . . Kenny Carpenter is the little man with the black pen and pencil set . . . Evelyn Carson seems to have quite a chat with Connie Cash and Helen Covalorna every morning before class . . . Jimmy Boyce would like to have something about his cousin, Edna Gallants in this issue . . . Larry Bolduc is the one you always hear when you're trying to concentrate . . . Art Thomas is the Sophomore Representative on the basketball team . . . Joe Agretta would be a possible star, if our friend, whom we know as ineligibility did not hinder him . . . The same goes for Tut Smerlis . . . Frankie Hayes and "Red" Donahue have officially announced their non-speaking feud . . . Doris Lutz is so quiet, one wonders if she can—can—pardon me I can't read the writing . . . Sorry if we keep you in suspense . . . Glad to see Grace Cuff keeping up her honor work . . . Whenever you hear someone humming the "Java Jive", turn around and see Dot Arthur. Until I snoop around some more

Yours,

WEDNESDAY.

Well, Butch, those are the letters I got from my fried-assistants (oh, pardon me, I mean friend-assistants).

If you see Barbara Newkirk around, I hope you'll thank her for me. She'll know what I mean . . . Likewise Anne Whitten.

So, until I write again, take it kind of slow, will ya?

Your Pal,

SPIKE PINCHELL.

P.S.: "Stach" Staniewicz's address at Camp Devens is: Pvt. Stanley Staniewicz, Co. D, 101st Inf. #1339. Please write to him if you can, because it gets rather lonesome for the poor soldier.

She's so dumb she thinks the Mississippi levee is a state tax.

Riddles

1. What is the difference between a gossipy woman and a looking glass?

2. What is the difference between homicide and pig killing?

3. What is the difference between a conductor and a cold in the head?

4. When will there be only 25 letters in the alphabet?

(answer on page 26)

MY IDEA OF THE WORLD TODAY

WE often long for the ages past, for the years when man was not under constant threat of death from machines, automatic guns, and bombers, for the time when his life was more of a free and easy one; but, should we really stop to think and to consider, it would not be difficult to see that the glory of the past was just a word. Then, as now, people were beset with danger, famine, and disease; at every era in the history of civilization, there has been a certain unrest, a desire to turn back the clock.

Just what would reversing time benefit us? It is true, indeed, that the present universe, not excluding America, this land of plenty, is made up of sufferings, poverty, and unemployment. Yet, let us consider the multiple advantages we of today have over those men and women of a few hundred years ago. When we suffer, our pain can be assuaged through the wonders of medicine. When we are downtrodden by poverty, we can find some sort of relief, even though it may be temporary and insufficient. Here, in America especially, we are able to benefit from the latest discoveries science has made for our enjoyment and well-being.

I grant that today is nothing about which to boast; there are millions of instances in which our lives could be better. But I do deny that life would have been any more pleasant in Elizabethan England or ancient Rome when, in addition to not having our modern entertainment and enjoyable improvements, we should have had to be subject to slavery, to disease, to sudden death or imprisonment. Some of these conditions certainly exist today, we know, unfortunately. Therefore, I have come to the conclusion that, though the world may not be much better today than before, it is certainly no worse.

JUNE JACKSON, '41.

Whether the following story is true or not, we don't know, but we have it from good authority that while riding his bicycle down a city street, Morry Rosenberg was struck by an automobile and hurled to the ground. He crawled slowly to his feet, clutching a limp arm with his other hand, and with an expression of intense pain on his face.

The auto driver leaped from his car and cried, "Quick, shall I get you a doctor?"

Morry looked at him a second. "A doctor?" he said. "Gosh, no. Get *me* a lawyer!"

G. A. A.

HELLO girls! Let's huddle around and talk about the latest doings of the incomparable G. A. A. What a swell time we all had at the annual Boy-Girl Dance. Everyone entered into the spirit of the fun, first gracefully gliding to the dreamy waltzes and then jamming it out to the rhythmic beats of a swing set. Two contests were held during the evening and the helpful patronesses Miss Ford, Miss Russell, Miss Good, Miss George, Miss McLaughlin and Miss Brown selected Doris Pollack and Ann Cochrane, after a heated session, winners of the jitterbug contest. A flowing black moustache was rather crookedly applied to the upper lip of the gallant gentleman and a huge multi-colored bow was affixed to the shining locks of his agile partner. They were good sports and although nearly exhausted after their strenuous exhibition, willingly consented to do a solo number for the appreciative crowd. ——— Cook and her charming partner Priscilla Coleman took top honors in the waltz contest dipping gracefully to the strains of "The Blue Danube." The lady-fair received a green chiffon handkerchief and the debonaire gentleman a pink carnation for his lapel. The music of Billy McCrystal's orchestra was highly appreciated. As usual, all enjoyed the welcome refreshments which were efficiently served by a responsible committee. The decorations stood out in their originality. A group of pine trees sprinkled with snow graced one corner and large blue and white snowflakes were suspended overhead. Jolly snow men decorated the walls. The artistic efforts were again due to Pat Dias and her committee.

Swimming is well under way and may I say once again that our team looks promising this year. We're hoping for big results and we need the support of each and everyone of you. Come down to the "Y" Thursday nights and join the fun! Every week there is a group of over twenty there split up into two divisions, those going out for the team and those down for the general swimming. February 18 is the date set for our meet with Somerville at Somerville. Let's all turn out and cheer our girls to victory!

Approximately 300 girls filled the Latin hall to overflowing, Friday, January 31, at a general G. A. A. meeting. Everyone was set straight about forth-coming events and all hazy thoughts which were had were cast aside by answered questions.

The basketball games are in full swing weekly. Wednesday, Jan. 29, the sophomores held only a slight edge over the freshmen in a fighting game which resulted in a 14—10 score. Thursday, the 30th, another close game took place and the surprising senior team beat the powerful juniors 12—10. These four teams respectively are playing again Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 5 and 6th. They are anybody's games as every class has a good team.

The latest event in the social line is the oncoming Valentine Dance, Feb. 14. Due to the marked enthusiasm of the girls over his former appearance, Billy McCrystal and his band will produce the music. This dance promises a good time for all as the energetic officers have new ideas in the making. See you all there!

During this week, Feb. 3, all late comers are enjoying the privilege of obtaining membership. Dues are being paid in the gym at recess and after school.

All those of you who are interested in the hiking program will be interested to know that Peggy O'Brien is planning on an interesting one in the near future. Watch for the notice on the absence list!

Attention girls! There have been rumors of a Snow Train to take place Feb. 16, backed by all the clubs of the school. 'Tis said it's to be to North Conway. Everyone is sure to have a good time either skiing, tobogganing, snowshoeing, skating, or indulging in some other sport. Let's hope we can jump the financial hurdle and go. Next year something less expensive will be planned.

Well, fellow members, I guess this bit of data winds up our chapter on G. A. A. fun for this month. Keep in touch with doings and be sure to participate. See you next issue!

EVELYN R. HOYT, '41.

Freshman Notes

WELL, folks, we certainly are glad that the mid-year examinations are over . . . hope your name is on the Honor Roll found in another column . . . Rose DiRenzzo won a medal last year for her excellent drawing of animals in a contest sponsored by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals . . . Theresa Mazza's hero is the great football player, Charlie O'Rourke . . . In and out of Room 115 there seem to be another Joan Davis and Martha Raye . . . Who could it be??? . . . Helen Gorman took a prominent part in a play at St. Peter's Church . . . The wealth of talent in the freshman class becomes more evident every day . . . Anna Aamendola and Rita Callahan have shown some excellent tap steps. Katherine Daskalos and Lillian Riccio have entertained with their fine voices . . . Charles Billings and Salvatore Bonsignore are constantly together . . . Mary Alice Bigler always seems to be in a terrible rush . . . Congratulations to Mabel Goodman for her piano recital of Sunday, February 2nd . . . When we saw Marion Graham with a new wrist watch, we knew Mildred, her twin sister, would also have one . . . Doris Murphy has a long, round-about route to take in order to get to her fifth period . . . Some pupils went on trial during a Civics class in order to learn court procedure. The teacher acted as prosecuting attorney but every pupil was found not-guilty. Members of the class acted as defense counsel and as the jury . . . John Murphy is constantly found at Room 115 . . . must be some attraction . . .

Mary Linsky and her brother are very popular with the students. Dan Kelley, Vice-President of Room 115, has been nominated as the best dressed boy in the Freshman class . . . Jean Heisler made quite a hit (no pun intended) at the Splash Party . . . Marshall Rhein is very industrious . . . Mary D. Rose and Mary E. Rose make a fine jitterbug team . . . Danny Reardon generally just beats the bell in the morning . . . Esther Pickler hopes to be a reporter in the future and she should be successful, judging by the clever notes she turns in for this column . . . Barbara Rundlett is still amazing her classmates with her knowledge of Algebra . . . Tom Powers has one particular subject when drawing . . . Peggy Renolds shows rare form and grace doing her stunts at the Cambridge Skating Club . . . Ask Mary Prasinos to show you the pin she is wearing . . . Many of the Freshmen girls are very busy knitting for the Red Cross. It's a very worth-while project but don't neglect your studies, girls . . . Ruth Powers reads books with extreme speed . . . John Burns always has a cheerful greeting for everyone . . . Richard Aylward is one of the stars of the varsity basketball team . . . If you are looking for a Mistress of Ceremonies, engage one of the following girls: Hilda Carey, Carmelline Rose, Mary Bigler, Dories Pawlick, Frances Bolger, Jean Faulkner, and Margaret MacKinnon. We understand that they did an excellent job in that capacity during the different gym periods . . . by the way, the Freshmen certainly did well at the G. A. A. Dance. Both dance contests were won by Freshmen and Reginald (Peggy) Reynolds would have been the Best Dressed *Man* had there been any contest. She looked like she had stepped right out of *Esquire* . . . Virginia Hart makes sure that her nose doesn't shine . . . Some day the class will surprise Treasurer James Hurley and pay more than ten cents (10c) on dues day . . . Some girls still forget to bring their proper costumes for gym . . . Richard Doyle is a coming star in basketball, now playing on the second team . . . Ruth Coleman is very entertaining with her recitations . . . Maxine MacKinnon and Mary Lee are others who draw plaudits for their tap-dancing . . . Have you ever seen Billy Harris skate? Such gyrations! . . . We are sorry to hear that Dot Lambert has left school . . . Patrick Elliot, Edmund Lafferty, and James Nixon may be seen in frequent heated discussions. However, the boys are merely preparing their material as members of the Freshman Debate Team . . . That shy, pleasant youngster from the ground floor must be Robert Bolduc . . . Charlie Sullivan never seems to miss anything . . . Barbara McSorley and Mary Mullaly were lovely "boys" at the G. A. A. dance . . . Are you one of those comic book readers during *study* periods? . . . Bertha Kuetkas's drawing is improving all the time, a real artist . . . Carleen Coogias smiles the broadest when she doesn't know her lessons. Trying to bluff? Heather MacNeil refuses to part with her pretty brown curls . . . Ross Harris not only looks smart but he makes the Honor Roll . . . Betty Diodati and Terese Downey are two inseparable pals.

Why is it that some laugh and others groan at the mention of "Page 33"?

FRESHMAN ASSEMBLIES

THE Freshman class was entertained on one day by the Malden WPA Symphony Orchestra. The explanations and the development of the theme of the music made the concert particularly enjoyable. The class is now anxiously awaiting the concert to be given by the entire State Symphonic Orchestra of the WPA. Miss Palmyra DeCamara, a graduate of this school, is to be the guest soloist.

The class met again in the Leslie L. Cleveland Auditorium to see moving pictures and to hear a short lecture on the Community Fund drive. This was a most instructive program and made us realize the benefits obtained by the Community Fund and the need of such a great work.

The Freshman Class was entertained on February 3 by a few scenes from the Senior Dramatic Presentation, "The Ghost Train." The pupils enjoyed immensely the humorous and thrilling play and many made up their minds to see the entire play when it was presented.

The wards for making the Honor Roll and Honorable Mention are also given out at the Freshman Assemblies and those worthy ones are very proud to ascend the stage at Mr. Cleveland's call and to receive their awards from Mr. Downey.

We are looking forward to many more such enjoyable assemblies.

HONOR ROLL 1944

Benusis, John
Bigler, Mary
Brezinsky, Dorothy
Caulfield, John
Cook, Barbara
Cooney, Frances
Cooper, Catherine
Cooper, Violet
Donahue, William
Donnelly, Mary
Feloney, Paul
Hepp, Eileen
Hill, Raymond
Hoban, Martha
Haskell, Paul
Jensen, Ethel
Kanavos, Madeline
Kennedy, Patricia
Kenney, William
Kvetkas, Bertha
Leavitt, Doris
Lewis, Mary
Linsky, Mary
Markiewicz, Helen
Maytum, William
Miranian, Arthur
Moran, Claire
Moynihan, George
Nolan, Geraldine
O'Neil, John
Oppedisano, Julia
Parisi, Grace
Peck, Glen
Pereira, Presciosa
Porter, Claire
Postell, Florence
Power, Grace
Reynolds, Peggy
Roberts, Thomas
Rose, Mary
Rundlet, Barbara
Wenskus, Ruth
Ryan, Elizabeth
Salvato, Nancy
Saunders, Charles
Westaway, Richard
Shea, Marie
Sheehan, Elizabeth
Silveira, Helen
Silverman, Alberta
Sparks, Dorothy
Spence, Dorothy
Sullivan, Barbara
Sullivan, James
Cameron, Everett
Gallop, Claire
Mero, Dorothy
Silva, Lydia
Taylor, Berverly
Tobin, Anne

C. H. L. S. SONG HITS

I Can't Resist You.....Seventh Period
Maybe .....I'll Pass
Out On a Limb 59%
Seventeen .....Juniors
A Little Boy and a Little Girl.....Freshmen
I Know Now .....After Exam
Do It Again .....No School Signal
Do I Love You 100%
How Long Has This Been Going On..Hooking
Imagination .....Writing Themes
Just a Memory .....P. G.'s
Someday .....I'll Graduate
I'd Give a Million....To Know the Answers
Don't Let It Get You Down.....Failure
It Never Entered My Mind.....To Study
Watching the Clock 1:40
Too Many Times .....Report Cards
I've Got My Eyes On You.....
.....Teacher During Exam.
Temptation .....To Cut Classes
My Silent Mood .....Study Period
Nobody Knows .....The Answers
It's a Lovely Day Tomorrow.....Fridays
Night and Day .....Study
Three O'Clock in the Morning .....
.....After K. B. Formal
Same Old Story .....
.....Excuse for Not Doing Homework
Handful of Stars.....Talent Night
I Can't Tell Why I Love You.....Vacations
What's Your Story .....Absence
These Foolish Things .....Exams
I Didn't Know What Time It Was.....
.....Excuse for Tardiness
We're All Together Now .....
.....The New Auditorium
I'm Not Complaining.....All E's
Fifteen Minute Intermission....Lunch Period
It's All Over Now .....Midyears
You Bring Me Down.....Low Marks
I'll Get By .....Seniors
You Think of Everything.....English Exams
Whispering .....In Class
Practice Makes Perfect .....Type, Classes
There'll Be Some Changes Made .....
.....After Report Cards

ELEANOR MALLOY, '42.

RECENTLY the suggestion was made that the name of this column should be changed to "We Are Not Amused" but since such a suggestion is far from funny, we are not even going to bother to print it. So there!

But, speaking of columns reminds us of an appropriate epitaph for our fellow calumni—oops, we mean columnist Falter Pinchell. On his gravestone might well appear these words: "Here lies Falter Pinchell, buried in the dirt he loved so well."

* * *

And, still on the subject of columnists, we turn to discuss the drama. This being the time of year of the Senior Dray-ma and all, we present our selection for the Classic Theatrical Criticism of the Month, concerning a certain Broadway play: "This play wasn't written for today; it wasn't written for yesterday. It was written for the ages—the ages between four and five."

* * *

And speaking of quotable quotes, here's one by Irvin S. Cobb, which strikes home, especially to us in writing this column: "A good storyteller is one who has a good memory and hopes the other people haven't."

* * *

Overheard Conversation Department

From one of two thin old ladies conversing in a corner arose the following words: "We always speak casually. He says good morning, and I say good morning. That's all it's ever been. Sometimes I wonder why I ever married him."

He calls his girl Spearmint because she's always after meals.

Now, since patriotism is sweeping the country, the following joke is appropriate, although it is so true as to have become more pathetic than humorous.

It seems that a sentry, on duty outside one of our new defense centers, heard approaching footsteps in the night.

"Halt," he cried. "Who goes there?"

Out of the darkness came the answer, "American."

"Advance and recite the second stanza of 'The Star Spangled Banner'."

Came the reply, "I don't know it."

And answered the sentry: "Proceed, American."

* * *

Here's an old joke that has been going the round at C. H. L. S. since one way traffic was initiated in the halls.

Teacher: (to pupil going the wrong way down a one-way corridor). This is a one-way corridor!

Pupil: Well, I'm only going one way!

* * *

Recently your gag boy (Editor's note: He ought to be) made a survey into Sid Gross's field, music, to get these daffynitions:

Treble—what bad boys get into.

Bass—footpad used in baseball.

Oboes—tramps.

Clef—what cowboys fight on top of in the movies.

Cello—six delicious flavors.

Our barber looked at a young man's sleek hair and asked if he wanted it cut, or only the oil changed.

"I'm looking for a job."
"Can you sell?"
"I'll say I can. I spent most of my life in one."
"Well, what's your specialty?"
"I'm a salt seller."
"Shake."

* * *

Crystal Gazer: "The crystal ball says you'll die when you are thirty years old."
Woman: "But I'm thirty-five years old now."
C. G.: "Hmmm. Dead five years and you don't know it."

* * *

He's so fat he can't get into a telephone booth, — and when you're that fat, it's no use talking.

* * *

"Do you know that it took me two whole years to write this drama?"
"Too bad. All work and no play."

* * *

The English language is called the mother tongue 'cause father never gets the chance to use it.

* * *

"How far have you got in your Sunday school"? asked one little girl of another.
"I'm past original sin," said the second little girl.
"Humph," said the first girl, "I'm past redemption."

* * *

Traffic Violator (in the courtroom): But you can't impose this sentence on me! I-I'm a Cambridge High and Latin School student!
Judge: I'm sorry, but ignorance doesn't excuse anyone.

* * *

Have you seen Pete?
Pete Who?
Petroleum.
Kerosene him yesterday, but he hasn't Benzine since.

* * *

D. you really like that society girl?
Yes, I love her for all she is worth.

* * *

"Who gave you that black eye?"
"Nobody, I had to fight for it."

* * *

What is the Bronx?
The second balcony of New York.

* * *

She: How do you like my new dress?
He: Is it too short or are you in it too far?

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"A Night At Earl Carroll's"

FEBRUARY 23, 24, 25
The Lane Sisters
"Four Mothers"
"Michael Shayne, Private Detective"

FEBRUARY 27, 28, - MARCH 1,
Clark Gable - Hedy Lamarr
"Comrade X"
Ann Nagle
"No No Nanette"

COMING! *MARCH 2*
Kitty Foyle
MARCH 7
Gone With The Wind

HONOR ROLL 1941

Bagdasarian, Alice
Barbuto, Angelina
Cardullo, Thomas
Centanni, Fred
Ciccolo, Concetta
Coffey, Mary
Corsino, Frank
Costa, Pasqualina
Davirris, Anita
DeLany, Rex
Duncliffe, Margaret
Fitch, Marjorie
Goulis, Josephine
Haigh, Virginia
Jackson, June
Johnson, Ruth
Jones, Philip
McCabe, Margaret
MacOdrum, Ruth
Marderosian, Anna
Murphy, Catherine
Murphy, Irene
O'Connor, Rosemary
Parise, James
Pitingolo, Antoinette
Powers, Agnes
Reuter, Virginia
Rezendes, Albertina
Sheehan, Mary
Voles, Joseph
Walsh, Eileen

HONOR ROLL 1942

Aronsen, Mark
Brown, Mary
Cahill, Anne
Cardillo, Carmella
Cohen, Sylvia
Cotter, Mary
Denaro, Marietta
Dias, Patricia
Gaulin, Alcide
Guild, George
Heller, Gloria
Jenlins, Donald
Krute, Aaron
Markante, Thalia
Morris, Elizabeth
Nauffts, Barbara
Oliveiro, Hilda
Patselelis, Katherine
Schiffer, Eva
Schmiz, Margaret
Sullivan, Margaret
Zacharchuk, Olga
Zariski, Raphael
Zukos, Martha

EXCHANGES

Maroon and White, Bay Ridge High School
Brooklyn, New York

We liked the essays written by students who have lived abroad. However, we do think that there might be more variety in the subjects of the essays. Do you ever publish notes on school activities? The poetry is especially good.

The Clipper, Barnstable High School
Hyannis, Massachusetts

We were very glad to see so many write-ups of your extra-curricular activities. Congratulations for remembering the Junior High! Your blocks are especially well done. Although the editorials were excellent, we thought that more informal essays might be used by your magazine.

Good News, Northeast Catholic High School
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Each issue of *Good News* seems to improve; if that is possible! Your pictures are still very attractive; your art department surely merits an A-1 rating in our estimation. We also liked the poetry and the story, "Stille Nacht," in the latest issue.

Canary and Blue, Allentown High School
Allentown, Pennsylvania

What an attractive cover you have! We have never seen such delightful cuts, and such colorful ones, as were yours depicting winter scenes. However, don't you think that you might make your literary material a little longer and a little more varied?

The Quarterly, Stanford High School
Stanford, Connecticut

Commended — your editorial page!! It is one of the most unusual we have ever read! And we like your fine illustrations, too — it is so rarely that we find a school magazine with such excellent illustrations. Please give our congratulations to Betty Hughes for her "Ode to a Co-Ed" — how true!!

Phyllis Gilman, '41
June Jackson, '41
Margaret Larsen, '41

(answers to Riddles on page 22)

1. One talks without reflecting, the other reflects without talking.
2. One is assault with intent to kill and the other is a kill with intent to salt.
3. The conductor knows the stop and the cold stops the nose.
4. When you and I are one.

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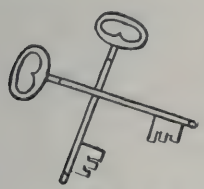

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The Cambridge Review

Cambridge High and Latin School

Cambridge, Massachusetts

April 1941

April

1941

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The Cambridge Review

CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL

APRIL 1941

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

VOLUME 54 NUMBER 4

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Published five times a year: November, December, February, April, and June.

Terms: 75 cents per year; 20 cents a single copy.

Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice at Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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Editorial

A GREAT power is wielded in this day by the vast number of radio and newspaper commentators. As in most things, there are drawbacks in the use, and sometimes abuse, of this extensive power, in that certain favorite commentators are listened to as oracles in all their utterances. Now no one person — however learned he may be, and however well informed of events of national and international importance—can be expected to know all there is to be known on every conceivable subject. Therefore, when we read any article or hear any talk, we should never believe implicitly in all the views entertained by the author, for he is bound to have pet prejudices on the subject in question which will color to some degree whatever he may have to write or say concerning it. How much his feelings would influence his discussion of the subject depends upon the strength of his likes and dislikes, and upon the control that he has of his emotions.

Above all other considerations, a commentator should be required to keep faith with his public, and to accomplish this purpose, he should not be allowed to include in his reports on current events any personal speculations whatever under the guise of established facts. Of course, the secondary purpose of most commentators is to study and interpret the world events as best they can for the benefit of those who have neither the time nor the experience to do so themselves. But there is no excuse under the sun that gives a commentator the right to misrepresent facts in order to create a false impression, one that might possibly cause additional obstacles to be raised against the administrative policy in the form of wrongly incited public opinion.

One such columnist and ex-radio commentator, who has often deliberately twisted historical incidents in such a manner as to alter the facts and make a downright lie of them, is also the man who has devoted his public career almost entirely to vituperative attacks against his own native land and this government also, which works in such close co-operation with it. A characteristic statement was once made over the radio by him when the Japanese were bombing defenseless Shanghai to the effect that the United States had no call to censure Japan for a deed that we once had committed ourselves. The dastardly deed to which he referred, and which he cited as his example, was what he termed the indiscriminate and destructive bombardment in 1914 of Vera Cruz by American Naval vessels. The truth of this incident, as affirmed by one of the officers who led the landing party which took over the city, is that a small group of Mexican soldiers had taken refuge in a fortified military academy near the docks, and that this fort was the only object shelled in the whole skirmish. So careful were the American Naval officers in their precautions to avoid the slightest bit of criticism that they brought in the single light cruiser "Chester" and actually moored it to the dock before commencing to fire. After firing some half-dozen shells, every one of which landed within the walls of the fort, the fort was stormed and captured. Regardless of what actually happened, this columnist would have us believe that we had once slaughtered scores and scores of innocent people so that he could justify the wanton killing of the Chinese people by Japanese airmen.

However, the dishonesty of one such commentator does not signify that all members of this profession do thus deceive their followers by erroneously stating established facts. Indeed, quite to the contrary, most commentators adhere strictly to the truth in all their reports on world events. But it is in his analysis of these events that a commentator may be allowed to give his own interpretation of the facts as he views them; and truly, this is a very important function, for it gives to the general public the benefit of expert opinions derived from the experience of many years spent in studying and analyzing current events. Nevertheless, when we read or listen to the comments of these people much more qualified to judge of world affairs than we, we should always keep in mind the thought that these experts *may* be biased or mistaken !

THINGS WE NEVER KNEW 'TILL NOW, AND STILL DON'T CARE ABOUT

In Shanghai, newspapers are often RENTED. A paper is delivered, first, to someone who must go to work early. When he finishes with it, the newsboy collects it and takes it to another reader. A week later the same paper may be in the hands of a rural reader MILES from the city.

Russia has the highest divorce rate in the world, France is second and the United States, with 16 divorces out of every 100 marriages, ranks third. Statistics show that in this country, if a marriage holds good for five years it lasts till "DEATH DO THEM PART."

THE REVIEW SHORT STORY CONTEST

THE REVIEW takes pleasure in announcing the results of its short story contest. The prize winning story for the upper classes was written by Margaret Miller, '41; and that for the lower classes by Lorraine Nolan, '43. Both these stories are found in the next two pages; we hope that you will enjoy reading them and that next year many more of you will enter this contest.

We offer our sincere congratulations to the winners!

THE CANDLESTICKS

THE early morning sunlight glimmered dimly on the old candlesticks as Elinor picked them up and scrutinized them carefully.

"Well," she thought, "when I left home I never thought that I might have to pawn all my worldly possessions. But then, I can't write novels on an empty stomach, so I guess it's the pawn shop for these, too."

Quickly she combed her hair and put on a hat by the small, cracked mirror near the window, put the candlesticks in a box under her arm, and ran down the two rickety flights of stairs to the sunny street.

It wasn't far to the pawn shop but the candlesticks were rather wide and very heavy, and she set them on the glass counter with a sigh of relief when she arrived.

"About how much could you give me on these old candlesticks?" she asked the proprietor as he came toward her. "Well," he answered, peering through his glasses, "they aren't particularly valuable, but—"

"No, they aren't but they date from the Civil War Period and they're supposed to be worth a little, so I thought—

"Oh, I guess I can give you something on them. Say! the knob on this one's real loose."

"I guess I must have jarred it on my way here," said Elinor, "can you tighten it?"

Suddenly, however, as the pawn broker tried to tighten the top of the candlestick, it gave away with a slight creaking sound and Elinor's eyes popped in amazement as she saw, falling from its hollow base, rings, jewel-studded bracelets, and necklaces. In the other candlestick were found as many jewels as in the first, and wrapped around one of the rings was a note, rather yellowed, which read:

> "The fortune in jewels found in these candlesticks is the rightful property of their owner.
>
> (signed) Madeleine Bournet
> Siege of Atlanta"

LORRAINE NOLAN, '43.

MACABRE

THE train hurtled over the barren, wind-swept moors of northern England, through the rain that beat incessantly on the windows of the crowded compartments. Young Roger Mackenzie, on his way to his home in Scotland, stared unseeingly at the drenched country-side, remembering the days of his childhood in Glasgow, where he was going now after so many years. He thought of his brother, whom he had loved so dearly—but now Alan was gone, and there were only memories—Roger was rudely jerked from his dreams by the sudden halt of the train. Peering through the rivulets on the glass, he saw that they had stopped at a small village to let on a sole passenger. He shivered with distaste and cold as the man entered the compartment and made for the empty seat beside Roger. As he shifted himself to make room for the stranger, he noticed that despite the greyness of the day, the man wore dark glasses, hiding his eyes. The new passenger took off his dripping coat and hat, stuffed them under the seat and settled himself comfortably.

"Beastly day, isn't it?" he remarked.

Roger, encouraged by the friendly note in the man's voice, nodded in agreement.

"Yes, it is rather bad. My brother Alan and I went hiking one day, and it rained like this. We were marooned for hours in an old, supposedly haunted house, before some kind soul rescued us. The combined effect of the wind, the rain, weird noises and the legend of the house was really harrowing. By the way, my name's Mackenzie, Mr.—"

"Glad to know you," his companion replied curtly. "You call that harrowing." He bared his teeth in a mirthless grimace. "I could tell you a story that would set your hair on end and curdle your blood. Would you care to hear it?"

"Of course," answered Roger. "I've always liked weird tales, but—"

"Very well." He leaned his head back and gazed at the dingy ceiling. "It was the experience of a friend of mine, someone I knew very well. It all happened about two years ago, in the Caucasian mountains. He and his bride of a few short months were camping alone together, in a particularly dark and lonely forest, on a hunting trip. They had been warned by an old Russian peasant to beware of the wolves in that wood; they were supposed to be werewolves. He told frightening tales of these wolves, of their half-human origin—their awful, supernatural origin—and of the horrible things they do. To be bitten by

a werewolf is to lose one's soul forever. They laughed at that peasant, those two young fools. They called his old-wives' tale folly, but just to be on the safe side my friend gave her, on their first day in the forest, an old sabre to protect herself with in his absence.

"After lunch he went off confidently in search of some of these famous wolves. Two or three hours later he was pushing his way through the thick underbrush, worn out and convinced that there were no such animals, when suddenly he found himself face to face with the fiercest, most horrible beast he had ever seen. He was unable to move. The animal leaped toward him, and as he raised his rifle, he felt burning fangs on his hand. He killed the wolf, but two of his fingers were lost in doing so. Grateful that it was just two fingers and not his life, he turned campwards, leaving the dead monster where he lay. My friend, remembering that wolves usually hunt in packs, was naturally very anxious to leave those parts as soon as possible.

"He came in sight of the camp just as the sun set. To his unspeakable horror, he found himself turning into a shaggy brute. He looked at his hands—they were covered with thick hair and tipped with claws. His face become a snout, his teeth, fangs. He struggled vainly against this terrible change; he thrashed about in the bushes; he shrieked hoarsely in agony —not a shriek, dear God, a howl! He had no control over the ghastly thing that was happening to him. Then a terrifying fury came over him, and with a snarl he rushed toward his wife, who startled by the tumult, had appeared in the opening of the tent, sabre in hand.

"She screamed once as that long, grey body hurled itself toward her, and then slashed at the beast's head, calling her husband's name. His name! To him, who hated her and all that mankind she represented, she called!! The knife slid down the side of his head, lopping off one of his ears. Enraged by pain, he sank his teeth into her soft throat, felt her warm life-blood gush forth over his muzzle. Then came merciful blackness, and he knew no more.

"They must have found her in the morning, but the werewolf, once more in human form and without that which was dearest to him, was gone. Every night that same change occurred. For months now he has lived alone, man by day, beast by night, but at last he is coming back to England. Back home, away from Russia and its tragic, loathsome memories, the spell may leave him. Perhaps he can be human again, not half animal; perhaps he can live again without fear!" The man controlled himself with an obvious effort, and rose. "We are stopping."

As the train slowed down, the setting sun shone from behind a veil of rain, and its watery rays fell on Roger and his companion. While Roger, fascinated but incredulous, watched him, the man took off his glasses with a hand from which two fingers were missing. With a sickening start, Roger saw that in place of his right ear there was a long, livid scar. Then he looked into his eyes, and his heart seemed to stop. They weren't the eyes of anything human, so yellow, slanting, wolfish!

The man turned and hurried from the already moving train. Over the sound of the locomotive a weird, plaintiff, heartbroken howl echoed through the twilight, and Roger Mackenzie saw at the top of a hill, silhouetted against the last rays of the sun, a gaunt, huge, one-eared wolf.

MARGARET MILLER, '41.

WORDS THAT SING TO ME

I PRIDE myself on being something of an epicure. This statement may seem to have no connection at all with the subject of words. Let me explain. Being utterly devoid of any appreciation for art, beauty, and the other "finer things of life," I find that the only words which stir me from my daily mental and physical apathy are those which describe foods. An advertiser does not "serenade my pocketbook"; he sings to my stomach.

One of these words is "strawberry." No common thought which other people would have passes through my mind. Instead, like a sorceress, this simple, unaffected, innocent word conjures visions of strawberry shortcake heaped high with strawberries and whipped cream, and many other delicacies of such palatable delight as to leave me staring into space mentally frustrated and unbalanced, while huge pieces of strawberry shortcake pass in review before my eyes.

And so it goes. Words like chocolate and flour bring into my mind, respectively a huge chocolate soda and that rich concoction known as cake.

At some time or other many of my teachers have caught me staring vacantly into space, unmindful of the knowledge which flowed thick as molasses through the very atmosphere. I beg leave to explain. The reason for this inattentiveness is that in reading during the class I'd passed over a word which "sang to my stomach."

AARON KRUTE, '42.

THE DIFFICULTIES OF GERMAN

ONE of the main reasons for the universal popularity of the French language is the German language. The German tongue combines the worst features of Greek letters, English spelling, French irregular verbs, and Latin grammar. It is the most heterogeneous language on earth, for the idiosyncrasies of every tongue have united to form a deadly combination, called German.

Writing a German test is a painstaking task. One must first of all remember the words. This, in itself, is a labor which has daunted many a hardy soul. However, when the irregularities of German gender are recalled to mind, it becomes a Herculean feat. For example, the word for girl is neuter. While we may at times agree with the logic employed to form this conclusion, it does seem rather strange that a creature, the most loquacious and garrulous known to civilization, should receive the appellation, neuter gender.

German verbs are divided into two classes, strong and weak. The weak verbs are "called" regular; the strong verbs are what we Americans would term irregular. To my mind, neither class is regular. Attempts to recall to the mind the principal parts of verb never succeed. I doubt if the most enthusiastic and experienced mnemonicist could remember the principal parts of one German verb.

The German people have complicated their tongue to such a degree that all nouns must be capitalized in order that they may be recognized. To the neophyte, this custom, at first troublesome, soon becomes a gift, without which he could not survive in the sea of German words.

Perhaps the most troublesome feature of the German syntax is the position of the verb. As Mark Twain once said, "The German verb dives into an Atlantic of words and comes up whenever he needs a breath of air." The veracity of this statement will not be doubted by anyone who has ever read a German grammar.

Some of the other failings of this langauge are the sesquipedalian compounds, the difficult pronunciation and the use of the familiar and formal pronouns.

I think the majority of my listeners will agree with me when I say that writing a German test is a Stygian undertaking, and one that should be scrupulously avoided by studying French.

HUGH BARTLEY, '42.

TOLERANCE

"The war and waste of clashing creeds
Now end in words and not in deeds,
And no one suffers loss, or bleeds,
For thoughts that men call heresies."

IN these words, Longfellow summed up some of the primary results of tolerance in our country.

However, before continuing further into the subject of tolerance, it is absolutely necessary to understand exactly what tolerance is. Investigation discloses that tolerance is a feeling or habit which disposes a person to be patient and indulgent toward those whose opinions or practices differ from his own, provided such opinions are sincerely maintained, and such practices spring from upright motives.

This principle has been one of the cornerstones of the American government since the Constitution was ratified. In the Bill of Rights of the Constitution, the right to freedom of speech, press, and religion is specifically granted. This clause has made America a haven for persecuted races of all denominations; Jews, Protestants, and Catholics are all given equal rights. Freedom of speech, or the privilege to voice one's opinion, as much as anything else, has given Americans a reputation for talkativeness. In the dictatorships freedom of speech is unknown; all Italian, German, and Russian citizens are afraid to air their own views for fear of the Secret Police, who have distorted many an innocent remark into treason. For that reason, many Europeans are surprised at the seemingly careless way of speaking found in the United States. The newspapers of dictatorships, as well as the people, are muzzled and allowed to say only what the dictators allow. Here, in the United States, however, the newspapers print whatever they please, even making violent attacks on the government. For example, when Franklin Roosevelt was running for a third term, a great many newspapers flung bitter diatribes against the President and a government which, they said, preyed on business. If such accusations were ever made in Germany, or Italy, their authors would be thrown into concentration camps or executed immediately.

Because of this tolerance found in the United States for the various religions and opinions, we Americans may well pride ourselves on our spiritual fearlessness, so much greater and more precious, when contrasted with the demoralizing, ever-present fear of even one's neighbors prevalent in many countries of the world today.

HARRY OSTER, '41.

"SOUTH PORTLAND, here we come!" rang from the lips of the busful of Dramatic Club members returning late Saturday, March 29th, from a long and gloriously happy day at Fitchburg, where two scenes from the play, "Victoria Regina," by Laurence Housman, were entered in the Massachusetts Drama Festival Contest.

Yes, South Portland, Cambridge is coming, for the judges, Professor Robert Illingworth of Clark Univ., Miss Eleanor Herbert of Winthrop High, and Miss Clara E. Cushman of the Northhampton School for Girls, selected C.H.L.S. and Arlington High School to represent Massachusetts at the New England Drama Festival Contest. This important event to which all are eagerly looking forward will be held on April 25 and 26 at the South Portland High School in Maine.

Arlington was chosen for its presentation of the colorful fiesta play, "The Devil Comes to Alcarez," under the artistic direction of Mrs. Helen Matthews.

Throughout the day a variety of one-act plays, including several comedies, a Shakespearian farce, plays with historical and foreign settings, and two dealing with the current war, were presented by the other high schools in competition. They were the B. M. C. Durfee of Fall River, Drury of North Adams, Everett, Fitchburg, Gardner, Leominster, Palmer, Revere, and Somerville.

Not only did the cast from our school have the honor of excelling over this competent group, but one of our actors was given a special award for outstanding characterization and acting. The lucky recipient of this extra honor was Lester Crowley, '43, who so capably played the role of Lord Melbourne.

A Revere boy and a Fitchburg girl also received special awards.

Latinites who have witnessed, or soon will witness, the performance of "Victoria Regina" at assemblies will agree that the acting of Mary Broussard, '43, as Queen Victoria, David L. Duncan-Hall, '41, as Prince Albert, William Sullivan, '42, as Prince Ernest, and the prize-winning Prime Minister was deserving of the honor and praise accorded them.

The cast, not content to rest on their laurels, will spend the next few weeks working with Miss Hartigan, Miss Breau, and Miss O'Keefe to improve their performance for the Maine contest.

In the meantime the thirty-five pupils who went to Fitchburg are still very enthusiastic over the wonderful time that the quaint little town tendered them in its beautiful modern high school. All have unforgettable tales of the plays, the dance, the chicken supper, and the bus trip. The cast have memories of the thrilling moment after lunch when they faced the large, appreciative audience in the dignified but tense atmosphere of the high school hall.

And so it was that a triumphant group returned that night happily cheering themselves hoarse in gratitude to the cast who won honor for the school and to the teachers who made their success possible.

We wish them all the best of luck in Maine!

HONOR ROLL — 1941

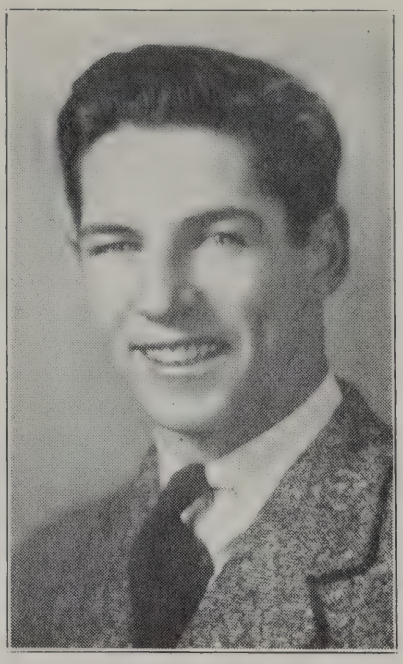
Clark, Walter
Coffey, Mary
Costa, Pasqualina
DeLany, Rex
Fitch, Marjorie
Goulis, Josephine
Haigh, Virginia
Johnson, Ruth
Jones, Philip
Marderosian, Anna
McMahon, Edward
Murphy, Catherine
Murphy, Irene
Murphy, Margaret
O'Connor, Rosemary
Panos, George
Parise, James
Reuter, Virginia
Rezendes, Albertina
Shaughnessy, Dorothy
Survillas, Helen
Trobasso, Mary

1942

Banner, Ethel
Barbuto, Elena
Camelio, Alessandrina
Campbell, Pearl
Cardillo, Sarah
Chin, Annie
Christo, Helen
Clark, June
Corey, Joseph
Cuff, Grace
Distifano, Sylvia
Downward, Carol
D'Onofrio, Clara
Drolette, Margaret
Emello, Elizabeth
Fournier, Jeanne
Geller, Molly
Guzzi, Anne
Holmes, Marie
Intinerelli, Rita
Jankowski, Sophie
Keane, Rita
Loprete, Annette
Lydotes, Despina
Lyons, Mary
Menez, George
Mooney, Mary
O'Brien, Robert
Palmacci, Ilia
Parris, Gwendolyn
Roach, Mary
Rodrique, Dorothy
Rose, Anthony
Shenahan, Frances
Spinoza, Mary
Souza, Louise
Stevens, Frank
Straube, Irene
Sutherland, Dorothea
Szostak, Gladys
Themea, Mary
Walters, Eric

The following names were omitted on the Third Marking Period Honor Roll:

Chin, Annie
Cuff, Alice
Roach, Mary



REVIEW SENIOR QUESTIONNAIRE

EARLY in April, the Seniors had an opportunity to cast their votes concerning subjects of general interest about the school. After having spent many hours in tabulating these very interesting and varied ballots, we announce the results:

We should all someday become Bill Robinsons, Fred Astaires, or Eleanor Powells, since dancing appears to be the favorite amusement of a majority of Seniors; however, the College boys find more enjoyment in a good movie, perhaps one starring Bette Davis and Spencer Tracy, their favorites. When all the other Latinites flock to the "Uni" or to the "Met", they look forward to seeing Errol Flynn, although, as second choice, they don't mind Spencer Tracy or the Great Gable; as for actresses, the Commercial boys get "Happy over Hedy", whereas all the girls go for Bette Davis. Kenneth Roberts is the favorite author of both College groups, but the Commercial boys go wild over Zane Grey's Westerns, while their Non-College sisters favor Temple Bailey. While we're on the subject of literature, we ought to add that *Life* polled an almost unanimous vote for the favorite periodical.

Another unanimous decision was the vote for Guy Lombardo's "Sweetest Music This Side of Heaven" and for Glenn Miller's Swing; Bob Hope's Pepsodent Show likewise has a universal appeal. The outstanding personality in the world this year is Franklin D. Roosevelt, with Adolf Hitler running him a close second! That which impresses both the College and Commercial boys the most in C. H. L. S. is the girls! The College girls are impressed by our Scholastic standard, whereas the Commercial girls gaze with awe at the new auditorium. Both College and Commercial girls and the College boys are griped by the too short lunch periods, but seventh periods annoy the Commercial boys. All the classes are unanimous in agreeing that what C. H. L. S. needs most is school spirit. The Commercial girls also want a Student government, and the Commercial boys would like to have longer lunch periods and swing in addition to school spirit.

Closer to home is our own popularity poll. By a very wide majority Irene Murphy and Leonard Doyle were voted the most popular girl and boy. Barbara Blevins was acclaimed as the prettiest girl, and Edward Manning was judged the best looking boy, as well as the best dressed one. Julia Colarusso was voted the best-dressed girl. The students voted in accord for Barbara Emmons and Russell Boudreau as our outstanding athletes. The student with the most easy-going temperament was James Caragianes, with June Jackson a close second. The votes for the wittiest student was almost a draw, with Raymond FitzGerald edging out Winfield Holland by a slight margin. The boys would rather dance with Elizabeth Fawcett, while the girls think Maxwell Sparks is a pretty smooth dancer. June Jackson was unanimously elected the girl most likely to succeed. David Hall came out ahead of everybody else as the boy most likely to succeed, with Raymond FitzGerald coming in second.

Many thanks are due Margaret Larson, Phyllis Gilman, Peggy Miller and George Sokol for their invaluable help in tabulating these results. JUNE JACKSON, '41.

CESAR

CHAQUE année, dès l'âge de huit ans, je m'évertuais, pendant la semaine qui précédait mon anniversaire, à dessiner une affiche. Cette dernière contenait une liste des objets que je désirais recevoir en ce grand jour si impatiemment attendu. Au bas de l'affiche, dans un petit carré, j' écrivais invariablement "UN CHIEN," et dans la calligraphie de ce mot je mettais toute mon âme. Je me souviens même que je tirais la langue en repassant des crayons de teintes variées sur ces deux mots qui me paraissaient être si modestes. Cinq ans se passèrent sans que mon rêve fut réalisé. Pourtant le jour de mon treizième anniversaire, on me demanda de fermer les yeux et . . . à ma grande stupéfaction on posa dans mes bras un petit animal tendre, tout rose, tout tremblant et qui ressemblait plus à une boule qu'à un chien. C'était un cocker épagneul blanc, à l'exception de la tête et des pattes qui étaient brunes.

J'avais songé trop longtemps à la réalisation de ce voeu pour ne pas faire de mon chien un artiste, ou tout au moins un animal bien éduqué.

Les premières semaines furent terribles, ni César ni moi nous n'eûmes la paix, surtout la nuit lorsqu'il dormait sur les trois quarts de mon oreiller. Mais bientôt il s'adapta à son maître, à notre maison, au jardin, et surtout, il se prit d'amitié pour la cuisine.

A l'âge de quatre mois je commençai à le dresser et ceci, avec tout l'amour et la patience dont il faut se munir pour arriver à un bon résultat.

César était très sentimental et de ce fait avait beaucoup de coeur; il laissait les chats boire dans son écuelle et les aidait de son mieux à voler des morceaux de poulet. En retour, les chats, s'ils avaient la chance de se promener sur la table, lui jetaient délicatement des tranches de pain en prenant des expressions comiquement innocentes. Souvent aussi l'un d'entre eux se frottait amoureusement contre le dos du cocker, après avoir senti, dans les parages du museau de ce dernier, une odeur de viande rôtie.

Je pouvais sérieusement commencer le dressage. J'adoptai la tactique de parler sans arrêt pendant les leçons afin que mon élève se familiarise avec les mots courants, qui d'ailleurs, formèrent très vite un vocabulaire assez riche pour un chien. Après quelques mois il savait donner la patte, faire le beau, . . . grimper sur une chaise et sauter dans sa corbeille sur commandement. Je m'arrêtai là et me bornai à bien lui faire discerner les mots "biscuit, panier, oiseau, sucre, chaise, chat, fromage, patte, promenade, patron," et tant d'autres. Lentement et à force d'habitude il enrégistra ces vocables. Puis je lui appris à reconnaitre les sons, le bruit de la laisse secouée avec vigueur, le ronflement du moteur de notre voiture, le gazouillement des oiseaux dans les branches, le bruit que font les chats en sautant, etc. Tous ces sons furent associés aux noms qui les désignent.

Cette éducation, car c'en était une, me prit beaucoup de temps, mais le travail fut récompensé par la satisfaction et la fierté que j'éprouvais d'avoir un chien "intellectuel" et non pas un de ces chiens paresseux que l'on n'emploie que pour garder la maison ou le poulailler.

Croyez-moi, à l'âge de deux ans César était un chien qui sortait de l'ordinaire.

Il va sans dire qu'il devint peu à peu une personnalité très respectée dans le voisinage ce qui m'incita à lui apprendre d'autres tours d'adresse . . .

Une année s'était à peine écoulée que mon cocker savait rattraper un morceau de sucre posé sur son museau, il sautait dans un cerceau, répondait au mot "couché," et . . . il savait lire! Ceci fut l'apogée intellectuel de César, car, après cette performance extraordinaire il s'arrêta d'apprendre, il était savant et commençait à être distrait au mauvais moment.

Pour lui enseigner à connâitre les lettres je fis deux pancartes, sur la première on lisait en lettres rouges "FAIS LE BEAU" et sur la seconde en lettres bleues "MONTE SUR LA CHAISE." Après cinquante leçons et au moment où nous commencions tous les deux à perdre patience, . . . je vis qu'il avait compris ce que j'attendais de lui. César fut toujours très persévérant, mais parfois, n'en pouvant plus, il laissait échapper un cri de désespoir et s'enfuyait, la queue entre les pattes.

Peu de temps avant de quitter l'Europe, et au moment où il était un chien "modèle," je confiai César à notre boucher, un tout brave homme qui l'aima tant et si bien qu'il en devint terriblement jaloux. Il paraît même . . . bref, les mots me manquent; je sais seulement que ce sera avec un sentiment curieux mais plein d'amour que je m'acheminerai un jour vers la boucherie pour revoir, par le trou de la serrure, les prunelles angéliques de mon petit cocker.

Wendele de Jonge

THE FRIENDLY PILLOW

AFTER several painful hours of translating Virgil into fairly understandable English, of mastering several pages of French idioms, of covering countless pages with scrawled, illegible ionic equations, of striving for coherency and a good mark in an essay, with what indescribable bliss and thankfulness do I sink Lethewards on my cool, soft, billowy pillows! Before surrendering to the arms of Morpheus I sometimes listen to the prattling of a radio comic or a radio theatre or some swing-king's orchestra. What I like best, however, is to turn to a program of classical music, and drift to dreamland, borne by such sleep-provoking music as the Rheingold Prelude or that created by Brahms, Schubert and Schumann.

The best part of going to sleep is the drowsy moment just between sleeping and waking, when the pillow is the softest, the prospect of sleep is the sweetest, and all earthly troubles are reduced to mere nothingness. In those sleep-drugged minutes, many thoughts present themselves in kaleidoscopic succession, scampering through my mind like a kitten after a spool of thread. Drowsily, I think of the pillow. I remember the sleepless night when it was twisted into a tight ball because I had squabbled with HIM, and the sultry summer night when it became unbearably hot and I tossed it onto the floor, and the cold, frosty nights when I thrust my head under it to keep my nose warm. When I was little I turned the sheet into a tent, and took the pillow into its sheltering folds as a desk from which I gave orders to Arab chieftains. Both the pillows and the sheet were objects of my very fertile imagination, and now that I've outgrown those days I sleepily remember them and am amused.

The exact time of actually falling asleep I never know, for one minute I am sleepily reminiscing and the next I am in the midst of dreams. Sometimes these fanciful dreams of mine take place in school, and strange and unheard of happenings occur. The chemistry laboratory blows up, or Latin teachers conduct geometry classes, or I take a test over and over again and still fail. Then the scene will shift crazily, as dreams do, and there is the terrifying devil on Bald Mountain, surrounded by centaurs and Tyrannosaurus Rex, and I wake up in a cold sweat, clutching my friendly and suddenly reassuring pillow. Some of my dreams, however, are pleasant, and these are the nicest ones, though I usually wake up feeling slightly disappointed.

When I am in the midst of a particularly soothing and pleasant dream, the alarm clock shouts into my unwilling ear that it is time to get up again. Yawning and stretching, I leave my warm nest and go out into the cold, cold world, looking forward to night and my soft bed, enhanced by a white and squashy pillow.

MARGARET MILLER, '41.

THE NEED WE HAVE

TODAY the world is enthralled by the forces of those rulers who would rob men of their true freedom, who would satisfy their own imperial lusts by wreaking destruction on the human race. Yet, beneath the struggles that the nations of the earth are making to gain either riches or power, there is still the earnest yearning in the hearts of many for that peace which is the fruit of righteousness.

We who dwell in America feel that yearning most heartily. Those men and women who live in less fortunate lands look to us for the hope that will give them spirit to endure these days of war. How should we feel were we to fail the world and ourselves by being unable to continue as a great example of democracy and of peace? Therein lies our need. We must unify ourselves that we may remain, not for the duration of the war, nor for a decade, but forever, as a true democracy, as a citadel of liberty.

I am firmly convinced that we are *not* as unified today as we might be; yet the solution of the problem of unity is, unfortunately, too complex for me to offer. However, I do feel that we must have unity of hope first of all. Then, we must wipe out differences between Christians and Jews, Protestants and Catholics, between Negroes and Whites, between the North and the South. When these, and many other differences as well, have been done away with, then we of America will feel ourselves one step nearer to the goal of preserving peace at home. In turn, we shall be nearer the final aim we hold, of a lasting, world wide peace.

Therefore, let us strive, insofar as we are able, to maintain unity in these days of chaos and destruction. It is not a question of legislation by Congress, or of a proclamation of the President; unity depends upon us all, everyone. After all, peace is our aim; unity, our need; we must satisfy *our* need *ourselves*. Then, the aim which we shall have attained shall, we pray, belong to the world and to the Ages.

JUNE JACKSON, '41.

AN INTERVIEW WITH STIRLING HAYDEN

AFTER four telephone calls and two visits to the Metropolitan Theatre, to Mr. Seewright, the publicity manager, I was quite shocked when he finally told me I was going to be able to secure an interview with Stirling Hayden. This young man, who is more handsome off the screen than on, was formerly a Gloucester fisherman, and is now starring in the popular screen picture "Virginia."

The time—4:45, February 25. The place—backstage at the Metropolitan Theatre, the interview—out-lined as follows:

Question: When and where were you born?

Answer: I was born on March 26, 1916, in Montclair, New Jersey.

Question: Did you ever live in Arlington?

Answer: No, but my mother used to live there and I had spent a few week-ends with her.

Question: Did you attend any Cambridge school?

Answer: Yes, Browne and Nichols.

Question: Has anyone else, either in the family or a relative had a theatrical career?

Answer: No, I am the first one.

Question: Which do you prefer, Stirling, the sea or the theatre?

Answer: The sea, by all means.

Question: What was your favorite boat?

Answer: The Gloucester Fishing Schooner.

Question: Is it true that you have been engaged?

Answer: Yes, I was engaged two years ago to a girl in Tahiti.

Question: Would you like to live in Tahiti?

Answer: Gosh, no; but I want to go back there very much.

Question: What is your idea of a typical American Girl?

Answer: Oh! they're all nice.

Question: What do you think of Boston girls?

Answer: They're O.K. I like them a lot.

Question: What are your favorite sports?

Answer: Sailing, hockey, and football.

Question: How long is your contract in Paramount?

Answer: Seven years.

Question: Have you a sense of humor?

Answer: Not particularly (at this he broke into a laugh).

Question: What do you think of one of the newest discoveries of the year—Victor Mature?

Answer: He's a great guy.

Question: Did you use make-up in your picture?

Answer: No.

Question: How do you like working in the movies?

Answer: I love it!

One thing I admired greatly about Stirling Hayden was his idea of dress—sport clothes. He wore sand colored trousers with a brown tweed-plaid jacket and had a tan colored sport coat and no hat.

I enjoyed talking with Stirling because he is my idea of a regular fellow and not the least bit "put on" or "hi-hat." During the conversation I noticed that his pet expression seemed to be "you bet."

He has a grand personality and I believe that within a short time he will be one of the top box office attractions!!!

HARRIET STOCK, '42.

MY ADVENTURES WITH MR. X

TO a romanticist, Mr. X may be a mysterious figure, significant of intrigue, romance, and adventure, a figure about whom all his dreams and plots revolve. To me, a poor mathematician, Mr. X stands only for tiresome algebra problems and danger.

When I was an unsuspecting freshman, yet unaccustomed to the rushing program of school, I met Mr. X. I was not, at the time, thoroughly schooled in the knowledge of algebra and the thought of passing a year with equations was not entirely a pleasant one. At the end of seven months of arduous labor, I finally succeeded in making "plus" answers "plus" and "minus" ones "minus." Then, to our course was added a smattering of trigonometry. Truly was the adage "Misery loves company" proved when Mr. Y joined Mr. X. While other students were finding solutions by graphs, I was still drawing lines ¼" apart! Thus ended my first year of "Math."

An interlude of Geometry separated my second year with Mr. X from my first. Mr. X had progressed much farther than I had suspected. Instead of being satisfied with jumping from one side of an equation to the other, he indulged in more active sports, such as rowing, digging, and climbing. All this has made me draw the conclusion that to be a mathematician, I must also be an athlete. With this thought in mind, I shall brace myself to face the remaining three months of algebra bravely, with a healthier constitution and a sharper mind, and always with the inevitable Mr. X at my side.

MARY SULLIVAN, '42.

CHARMED MAGIC CASEMENTS

"CASEMENT" — the very word seems to have a charm about it, perhaps because it conjures up romantic images of the past, rough-hewn stone castles shimmering among the dawn's mist-clouds, bulwarks jutting out over a broad moat. We see the mystery, the beauty, and the wonders of the past and grow envious for the glory that seems to have been long since lost. Such feeling is apparent in many of us. We want the beauty we can't have and are blinded to the greater beauty that is our own.

When we think of charmed magic casements, why limit ourselves to thoughts of those which have long since been torn down by time? We live today in a world of magic windows, and each window has more charms than Merlin ever knew of. The lens of the cheapest Kodak is a casement that not only opens onto scenes of beauty but also sets down a record of the sight before it. We see this miracle of modern science so often it ceases to be a miracle and becomes an ordinary phenomenon devoid of any charm or magic. And so we pass it over in our wild quest for the wonders of the past, wonders which are not for us, and which were probably not nearly so wonderful as we imagine.

The common windows of our own homes are magic casements even though we find it difficult to regard them as such. However, if we look in through them we may see marvels of insulation, of heating systems and of air-conditioning. And looking out we may view spectacles far more wonderful than those seen by the lords and ladies of old through their castle windows. We see no mud covered alleys filled with the accumulated filth of months, all washed by the rains into a mass of unspeakable foulness. No, we see instead broad, sunlit roads of hardy structure, roads stronger and more lasting than any of the past. And on them we see streamlined cars, shining in their newness, attestations to man's conquest of nature.

Here are castles for our poets to sing of, castles of the present, castles of knowledge and of progress with light shining from each common casement. Let the castles of the past stay where they belong, in the romantic novels and songs, but for ourselves, let us turn to the future. There perfection lies.

George Sokol, '41.

A SYMPHONY CONCERT AT SCHOOL

THE droning of the music ceased; the orchestra had "tuned up" and the small leader scurried out to the stage, bowed with miraculous celerity and snapped back into position on the stand. With a flushed face, beaming with smiles, he gave the downbeat, and immediately the auditorium was filled with the delicate voices of violins and the metallic call of the cornets. I closed my eyes and listened with my feet. I felt the thunder, and the swaying melody of the violins thrilled me once more.

I opened my eyes only to see a myriad of bobbing heads and the elastic movements of the leader's hands. The brass section received an inaudible scolding from the conductor's reddened, distorted face. The music stopped as suddenly as it had begun, and the conductor faced the audience with another toothy smile, finishing the performance with a final swift bow.

Joseph Corey, '43.

BOOK REVIEW

"Do Not Disturb" by Frank Case
Published by Frederick A. Stokes Company

If you are interested in the way a hotel—the Algonquin Hotel—is run, read "Do Not Disturb."

Frank Case humorously tells all. He explains the different machines: a glass-washing and sterilizing device; an ice-cuber which cubes whole cakes of ice at once; and a bottle-breaker which crushes glass bottles and jars.

However, the book is not entirely about hotel life. Everything else imaginable is mentioned. The author passes from one subject to another in a fascinating sort of way. In one chapter he tells of his boyhood in Buffalo, when horse-cars were the only means of transportation to his school, three miles away. Another chapter tells the personal tastes of such celebrities as Frank Buck, Rube Goldberg, Helen Hayes, Walter Winchell, and Hugh Herbert.

Throughout the book are amusing illustrations by O. Soglow, which serve to make "Do Not Disturb" even more enjoyable.

Incidentally, a reward is offered for a hotel key which cannot be carried off as a souvenir.

This book is a sort of companion piece—although not a sequel—to an earlier volume, "Tales of Wayward Inn"—tales by the same author about the same hotel. They are very amusing and interesting and also to a certain extent informative.

Dorothy Holmes, '43.

LET FREEDOM RING

IN a world that is torn with hatred, fear, and war, we here in the United States can say with thankful voices—"I am proud to be an American." In this world there are countries where the people do not know the meaning of the words "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." All they know is force and doing what their rulers tell them to do. But they know no happiness. Yet here, in America, we have that freedom to do what we please, when we please, and how we please. Ever since our brave forefathers founded America we have felt that strong urge to be free. Our liberty was secured for us in the Revolutionary War and kept for us all through these years, some of them trying indeed. Now it is our turn to keep that liberty and to cherish it with every bit of our energy.

Ruthie Archambeau
June Babin

NEW WORDS FOR OLD

WITH the advent of modern slang, many delicate and long-winded expressions of former days have virtually disappeared from our spoken language. Their place has been taken by a group of abbreviated or standardized expressions which are now used for practically any occasion. Though these made-to-order words are few, the meanings which they are expected to convey are manifold.

Outstanding among these new expressions is that overworked laborer, "cute." "Cute" is used by high-school girls to describe their current Romeos; it is used by certain ladies to describe Niagara Falls or the Grand Canyon; and it is used by middle-aged, small-town matrons to describe the new minister. This word is used almost exclusively by members of the fair sex who employ it to characterize anything from the pleasing to the majestic.

Many other expressions have come into our colloquial speech. A boring person is referred to as a "droop"; a lively and gregarious gentleman is known to be "in the groove"; a person who cannot control himself is called an "alligator"; and a man who stands out above the crowd is admired as a "hot ticket." These words, products of the jazz age, are being used to an alarming extent by the rising generation.

This forward movement of modern slang must be stopped. Some slang is desirable; but most colloquialism, especially that used by sub-debs and sophisticates, is harmful to our language. An amusing incident possesses no qualities of corpulence; hence it should not be referred to as "dapper." Romance, a poetical and beautiful word, is rapidly yielding to "heart interest." Nor is this all. The most alarming symptom of approaching disaster is the fact that a great man is coming to be referred to as a "big shot." When this has come to pass, something will have gone out of English speech. Raphael Zariski, '42.

WHAT LITERATURE HAS DONE FOR ME

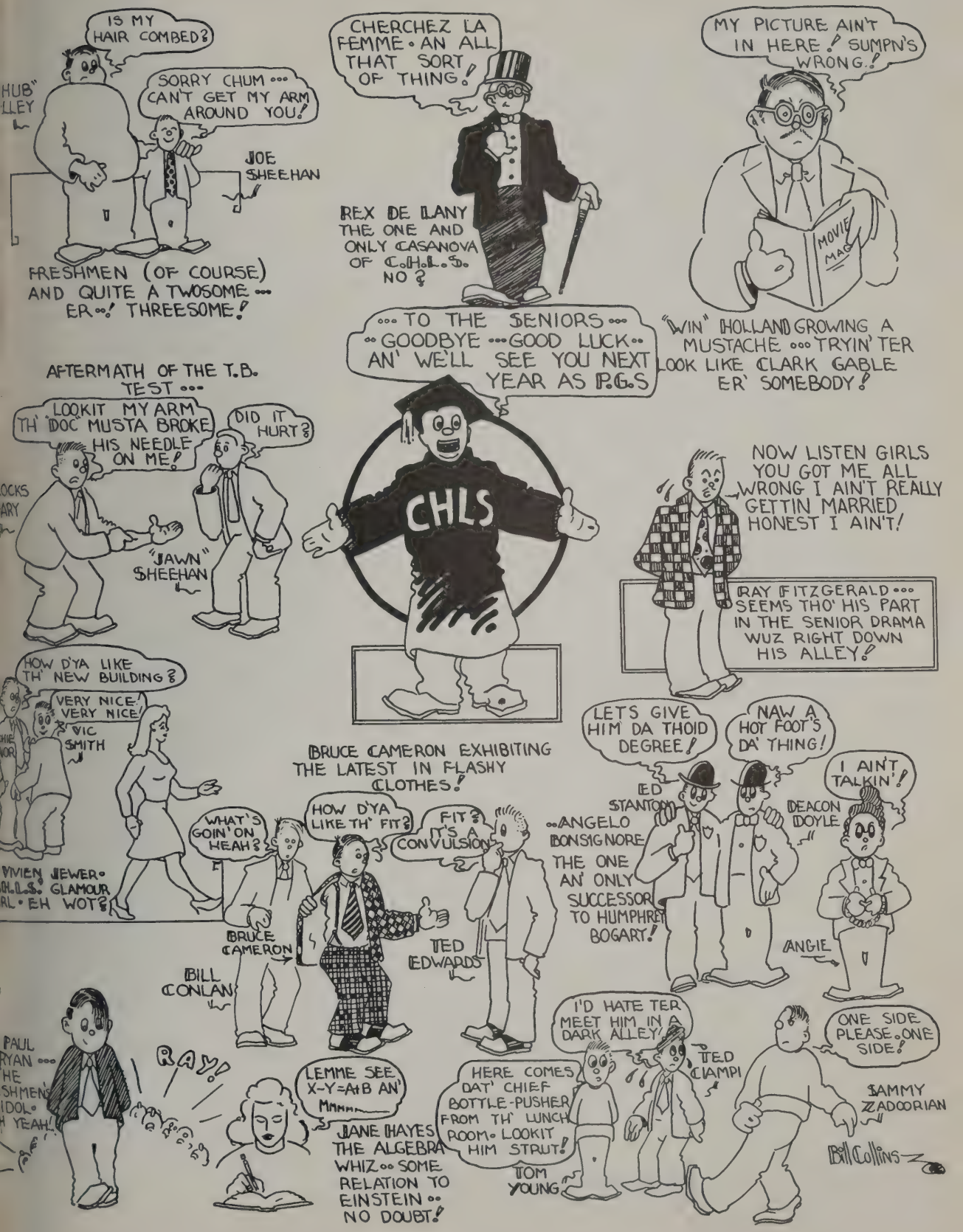
SIX months ago if anyone had asked me, "What has literature done for you?" and if I had not been evasive, I would have answered, "Why nothing!"

This would have to be my answer because six months ago I had not read more than fifteen books. Then, my best excuse for not reading more was that I was a boy who, like any other boy, enjoyed being in the open, after my studies were completed. My poorest excuse was that I did not like anything connected with English. Now, everything is different. English IV Comprehensive has changed my outlook on literature.

Although I have not been very successful in this class so far as grades have been concerned, I do feel, nevertheless, that I have gained a great deal from the reading of a new book each week. Truly, literature has done much for me In the first place I am indebted to literature because it has taught me to be patient; I have learned how to sit at my reading for several hours at a time. To be able to finish my reading, I have had to put aside various temptations offered me. I now no longer can be called away from my work by friends who have little or nothing to do and can refuse invitations to basketball games, shows, and parties. Literature, moreover, has been the source of a great deal of enjoyment both to me and to my parents who enjoy seeing me at home occupied with books of learning. It has helped me to acquaint myself with human experiences, human nature, and problems confronting humans, but its greatest contribution is that it has increased my power of imagination. By nature I am not an imaginative person, but lately I have been able to form mental pictures of beautiful cities, towns, gardens, and great personages I have read about. In one or two instances the descriptive paragraphs have been so vivid that I have been carried along spiritually into foreign lands and distant places. I have come to appreciate and to recognize the truth in the statement: "There is no frigate like a book." My only wish is that I may become so imaginative that I shall be able to overcome my greatest stumbling block, poetry.

Michael Bakadurian, '41.

THIS N'THAT ABOUT C.H.L.S.


IS MY HAIR COMBED?
SORRY CHUM ... CAN'T GET MY ARM AROUND YOU!
JOE SHEEHAN
FRESHMEN (OF COURSE) AND QUITE A TWOSOME ... ER ..! THREESOME!
CHERCHEZ LA FEMME - AN ALL THAT SORT OF THING!
REX DE LANY THE ONE AND ONLY CASANOVA OF C.H.L.S. NO?
MY PICTURE AIN'T IN HERE! SUMPN'S WRONG!
MOVIE MAG
"WIN" HOLLAND GROWING A MUSTACHE ... TRYIN' TER LOOK LIKE CLARK GABLE ER' SOMEBODY!
... TO THE SENIORS ... .. GOODBYE ... GOOD LUCK .. AN' WE'LL SEE YOU NEXT YEAR AS P.G.S
CHLS
AFTERMATH OF THE T.B. TEST ...
LOOKIT MY ARM TH' DOC MUSTA BROKE HIS NEEDLE ON ME!
DID IT HURT?
"JAWN" SHEEHAN
NOW LISTEN GIRLS YOU GOT ME ALL WRONG I AIN'T REALLY GETTIN MARRIED HONEST I AIN'T!
RAY FITZGERALD ... SEEMS THO' HIS PART IN THE SENIOR DRAMA WUZ RIGHT DOWN HIS ALLEY!
HOW D'YA LIKE TH' NEW BUILDING?
VERY NICE! VERY NICE!
VIC SMITH
VIVIEN JEWER - G.H.L.S. GLAMOUR GRL - EH WOT?
BRUCE CAMERON EXHIBITING THE LATEST IN FLASHY CLOTHES!
WHAT'S GOIN' ON HEAH?
HOW D'YA LIKE TH' FIT?
FIT? IT'S A CONVULSION
BRUCE CAMERON
BILL CONLAN
TED EDWARDS
LETS GIVE HIM DA THOID DEGREE!
NAW A HOT FOOT'S DA' THING!
I AIN'T TALKIN'!
ED STANTON
DEACON DOYLE
..ANGELO BONSIGNORE THE ONE AN' ONLY SUCCESSOR TO HUMPHREY BOGART!
ANGIE
PAUL RYAN ... HE SHMEN'S IDOL - H YEAH!
RAY!
LEMME SEE X-Y=A+B AN' MMMM
JANE HAYES THE ALGEBRA WHIZ .. SOME RELATION TO EINSTEIN .. NO DOUBT!
HERE COMES DAT' CHIEF BOTTLE-PUSHER FROM TH' LUNCH ROOM - LOOKIT HIM STRUT!
TOM YOUNG
I'D HATE TER MEET HIM IN A DARK ALLEY!
TED CIAMPI
ONE SIDE PLEASE - ONE SIDE!
SAMMY ZADOORIAN
Bill Collins

THIS THING CALLED SWING

JIVE-HO, 'gates! Here we are once more with the latest news on what your favorites are doin'; so, come on, cats; pull up those chassis and we'll give forth with some more disca's—and—data's; well, all reet! . . . Dinah Shore, the Tennessee chanteuse, who catapulted to the fore inside of a year by virtue of her Bluebird recordings and NBC commercial program and who was recently screen-tested, is commuting by plane from Hollywood to New York for her recording sessions . . . Larry Clinton's new theme is "Isn't It Time For Love," an original composition . . . Glenn Miller, as you no doubt now know, has engaged the services of Paula Kelly for his vocal department, thereby ending amicably a dispute that arose when Glenn obtained Dorothy Claire as a successor to Marion Hutton, who left Miller some months ago. Glenn then engaged Dorothy who had been singing with Bobby Byrne's band and the latter protested vigorously, calling it piracy. The breach was healed when the bandleaders met recently in a Mid-western city where both were filling engagements. The resultant conversation led to the return of Paula Kelly—the wife, incidentally of one of the Four Modernaires—from private life, whither she had retired many months ago . . . Charlie Barnet did some spring house cleaning, and is spotting Wally Gordon's drums and Phil Stephson's trumpet in his reorganized showcase . . . Bonnie Baker takes a short leave of absence from the Orrin Tucker band in May . . . a date for an appendectomy . . . Kay Kyser, 1940's best paid musician, recently added another record for one-night stands. Kyser netted himself over $8000 at Louisville, which even for the "King of Korn" is no chicken feed . . . Working on the premise that the personal likes and dislikes of an average popular-music lover fluctuate so often that there is no possibility of measuring them, Tommy Dorsey changes his band's style continuously, and experiments with every plausible new type of presentation. The sorcerer of the slip-horn started using five saxes about four years ago. At that time he carried six brass and the regular rhythm section. On the six brass parts, Tommy's tram figured in the arrangements constantly, and when he had to leave the stand on business, the quality of the music sagged perceptibly. Adding another trombone, which made it four including himself, he instantly relieved the pressure, but he realized that it was necessary to balance the music with another trumpet, so the rear line added another chair. For this reason, you can recognize T. D.'s music, but you can't tab it with a style . . . Frank Sinatra, who breaks hearts each time he embellishes T. D.'s music, gets an average of six proposals a week in the mail. Too bad, girls—he's married to a Jersey City girl, and they have an eight months old daughter . . .

Leather pusher Henry Armstrong is being primed to front his own band, likely enough under the Louis Armstrong-Andy Kirk management . . . EXCLUSIVE: A major turn-over in the Will Bradley crew finds pianist Freddie Slack, the "eight to the bar daddy," departing to start his own work . . . Alvino Rey plays an electric guitar that works only on AC current. Before Alvino accepts a job, his bookers have to guarantee the proper brand of electricity in addition to an adequate salary. And bye the bye, Alvino has replaced tenor saxist Bill Schine with Charlie Brossen. Schine gets a seat in Uncle Sam's new band—by a specially "drafted" request . . . It seems that Al Donahue can't get a bass player to stay with him. The Army has already lured two away from him . . . Benny Carter shared the piano with Una Mae Carlisle on her recent recording "I Met You Then." This is one of the few times Carter has played the piano . . . Mitchell Ayres, who recently made his "Fashions in Music" a complete coverage with his waxing of "I Came, I Saw, I Conga'd," has a hobby of matching his initials with a "Ma" song, when possible. Last year he made a hit recording of "Ma, She's Making Eyes at Me," and this year, "Hello Ma, I've Done It Again" has been giving him a 1941 "Ma" song to work on . . . This Latin American musical craze has been rolling for months, but recently it hit the discs with the force of a Conga kick. Victor captured Enric Madriguera, one of its foremost exponents, and he's a "Fort-Knox," full of the authentic rhythms . . . but good! . . . Approved ear bending: Shaw's "I Cover the Waterfront," Monroe's "New England Clam Chowder," T. D.'s "Let's Get Away From It All," Rey's "William Tell," Miller's "Measure for Measure," Chester's "My Sister And I," and Goodman's "Lazy River" . . .

Joe Reichman has each hand insured for $50,000 and each finger for an additional $5,000 . . . Jan Savitt, who started recording for the RCA Victor Company a few weeks ago, impressed Leopold Stokowski so much at the age of 15, that he started playing with the Philadelphia Orchestra in the following year . . . It was old home week at the Hotel Lincoln

recently when Artie Shaw came up to meet his old friend and past teammate, Tony Pastor. Oddly enough Tony is following Artie's footsteps pretty closely and they laughingly discussed how Tony is finishing his fifth smash month at the Lincoln and doubling at a New York theatre for a 3 week stay, in the same manner that he did while sax-singing for Artie —when the Shaw band was on its way up. In fact, Artie remembered a few Pastor complaints, giving Tony a few very uncomfortable moments. Incidentally two of Pastor's boys will play in the recruit band at Camp Flanding. They've volunteered their sharps and flats to Uncle Sam's army . . . EXCLUSIVE: Count Basie, who started the year $24,000 in the red, has been booked for a lucrative theatre tour and will wind up doing a Hollywood musical . . . Vaughn Monroe's booking office thinks so much of Vaughn that they've taken out a $100,000 Life Insurance Policy on him . . . Hits in the Making: "When That Man Is Dead and Gone," "Spain Will Be So Sad," "Goodbye, Lover, Goodbye," "Little Old Church in England," "Here's My Heart," and "Dolores" . . . Two more bankroll records have been chalked up by Glenn Miller. $2000 for the Junior Prom at Southern Cal. and ditto at the University of California are top coin for these dates . . . It's going back a long way to find Jimmy Dorsey as a coal miner in Pennsylvania and now seeing him with his magic saxophone acclaimed one of the world's greatest musicians. Jimmy's musical ideas tumble effortlessly down from his alto sax and the light touch shows a rare mark of genius. Dorsey's loose swinging interpretations with varied tempos and an entire mood relaxed are appreciated by all swing fans. All which brings us 'round to sayin', keep your ears cocked for Jimmy's follow-up tune to his popular discing of "Amapola." It's "Maria Eléna" with a swell "contrast" vocal by Bob Eberle and Helen O'Connell . . . Artie Shaw, a musical perfectionist these days, is again disappearing from the public eye—though not from the public ear. Artie has just signed a new two year contract with Victor calling for 50 sides a year and is working on the score for a Walt Disney pic, featuring his band, a la "Fantasia" fashion . . . Well, that's the news as we see it, and 'till our next jive clam-bake, so long, and keep those feet-a-jumping.

Sidney Gross, '40.

BASEBALL

Coach "Sonny" Foley greeted a field of candidates at Rindge Field recently and immediately began drills indoors in order to become acquainted with the boys.

Due to graduation last year, Latin's baseball team, which clicked so well during the latter part of the season, will be without the services of a few veterans this year. However, Co-captains Mitchell Babajtis, promising southpaw hurler, Russell Boudreau, veteran shortstop, together with other remnants as: Albert Toscano, Billy Reardon, Chickie MacMannus, Paul Doolan, and Sammy Zadoorian, the newly-elected captain of Latin's grid forces for next year, will be expected to form the nucleus of this year's nine. Coach Foley will have to pick from a number of boys a capable first basemen to handle the initial sack expertly. The pitching department does not offer a very serious problem as there are three aspirants who have been predicted to share the hurling honors with Babajtis, namely —Leonard Doyle, Pat Macaro, and Joe Paratore. The opening game will be played April 15th at Arlington High, and by this date, Coach Foley will have established a scrappy and aggressive starting team.

Season tickets for students have been issued for the home games to be played by Latin and Rindge Tech, for only 10c.

Every student is asked to help support the team by purchasing a ticket. Over a dozen games will be played at Russell Field by Latin alone, so you see, students, what a swell proposition it is. Help along by going to see the boys compete against other schools, and I am sure you will not be disappointed.

ICE NOTES

In a meeting of the hockey lettermen, George Dynan, scrappy center on this year's varsity sextet, was elected leader of the team in '42; however, owing to the fact that Dynan left school soon after his election, another meeting was held and Co-captains were chosen, Tom Leary, second string winger, and Bill Maher, sub defense man, being given the honors.

Latin turned in a fair showing this year with six wins, six losses, and two ties. Raymond Lyshorn and Bob Murphy were placed on the G. B. I. ALL-STAR team and participated commendably on the ice in the various post-season tilts.

Coach Jack Culhane and Captain Russ Boudreau deserve the great deal of credit, the former having moulded out a good first team from a field of candidates, and the latter for having played brilliantly.

DRAMATIC CLUB NOTES

CAMBRIDGE LATIN has covered itself with glory this semester by winning first prize at the Fitchburg Drama Festival. They offered for their presentation the section of "Victor Regina" which deals with the life of the famous queen immediately preceding the marriage to her beloved Albert.

In addition, Lester Crowley won a special award for acting in his role of the Prime Minister, Lord Melbourne.

The group owes much of its success to the untiring coaching of the Misses Hartigan, O'Keefe, and Breau . . . But for further details look elsewhere in the REVIEW.

* * * *

Miss Hartigan is preparing for another theatrical afternoon similar to the Comedy Afternoon presented in December. But since suspense is the life-blood of any theatrical offering, the details will not be announced for a few weeks.

* * * *

Arrangements are being made to have a graduate of Latin School, Mr. Eliot Duvey present a talk on the various phases of the theatre, which should prove interesting as well as educational.

Miss Hartigan is also attempting to have Mr. Murl Daniels, of United Artists, deliver a lecture on the art of make-up. Make-up has always been a fascinating subject to those interested in the theatre, even back in the days of Shakespeare, who professes, in *Hamlet,* "God has given you one face and you make yourself another." And so it has been down the ages —the word make-up being synonymous with that of Drama. And to us, who also have an interest in dramatics, the talk should be of primary importance.

* * * *

George Sokol in collaboration with David L. D. Hall has written a play which deals with the dark mysteries of sweet oblivion and the unknown.

* * * *

Well, that's all for this time folks, I'll be looking for you at our next reunion. So 'till next we meet . . .

CURTAIN

JOSEPH VOLES, '41.

TRACK

Coach "Fudge" Murphy is pleased with the showing that his trackmen have made and is anxious to have the outdoor season begin. About twelve meets have been arranged with other schools. Kennedy, Bonsignore, Bulger, Shea, MacDavitt, and Cooke are expected to do as well as they have done in the indoor season.

BASKETBALL

The basketball lettermen of High and Latin met in a closed meeting and elected George Guild, left guard on the varsity quintet, captain of next year's team. George succeeds "Deacon" Doyle, who played heads-up basketball throughout the season.

The following is a summary of the games played since the last edition:

Waltham	34	Latin	25
Brookline	29	Latin	21
Latin	36	Melrose	21
Arlington	45	Latin	31
Latin	22	Melrose	14
Latin	38	Lawrence Acad.	35
Watertown	44	Latin	33
Rindge	37	Latin	26

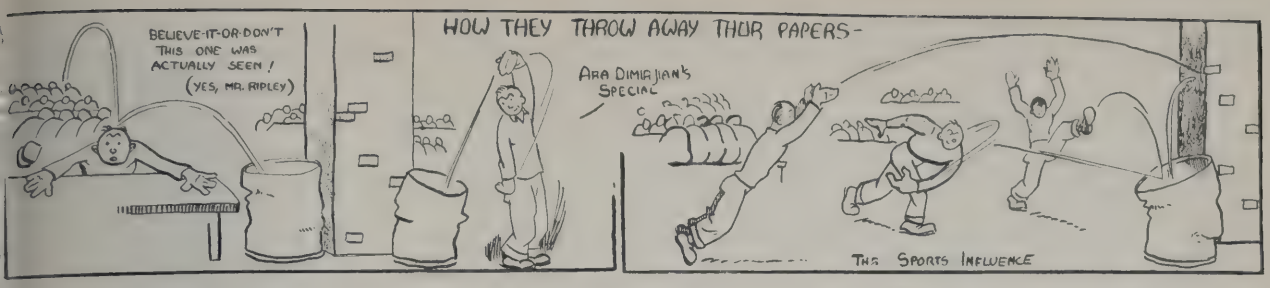
Richard Aylward, freshman center on the first team, led the team in points scored for the season with 86. Phil Jones was second with 63, Thomas, a sophomore, followed in line with 47, Lombardi, with 46, Carson, 44, and Captain-elect Guild, with 39.

The Varsity Club of C. H. L. S. will hold its third annual dance at the Al Lassman Gym soon. The two previous dances have been great successes, so start planning to attend this athletic affair.

JAMES PAPPAS, '41.

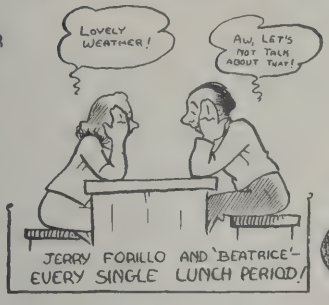
HONOR ROLL—1942

Bartley, Hugh
Brown, Mary
Cahill, Anne
Cardillo, Carmella
Cohen, Sylvia
Cotter, Mary
Davin, Stanley
Denaro, Marietta
Ferdinand, Mary
George, Rose
Hegemann, Idolene
Heller, Gloria
Jenkins, Donald
Krute, Aaron
Markante, Thalia
Mills, Mary
O'Brien, Frances
Oliveiro, Hilda
Osterburg, Ruth
Ryan, Mary
Schiffer, Margaret
Schmiz, Margaret
Sullivan, Mary E.
Yankun, Anna
Zacharchuk, Olga
Zariski, Raphael
Zukas, Martha


BELIEVE-IT-OR-DON'T THIS ONE WAS ACTUALLY SEEN! (YES, MR. RIPLEY)
HOW THEY THROW AWAY THOR PAPERS-
ARA DIMAJIAN'S SPECIAL
THE SPORTS INFLUENCE

LUNCH-ROOM LAFFS

TH' ONLY DIFFERENCE BETWEEN TH' FAULKNER TWINS IS ½ AN INCH-

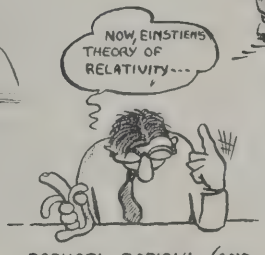


JERRY FORILLO AND 'BEATRICE'- EVERY SINGLE LUNCH PERIOD!

SIZEABLE SAMMY ZADOORIAN IS STILL PUSHIN' BOTTLES DOWN THERE-

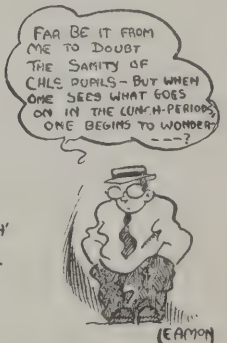
CHIC DOYLE, FRESHMAN BROTHER OF TH' NOTED DEACON USUALLY MANAGES TO GRAB A BITE OF EVERYBODY ELSE'S LUNCH BEFORE THE SOPHS COME DOWN-

LIVING EXAMPLES OF PERPETUAL MOTION- THOSE CASH REGISTAR ATTENDENTS- WHEW!



RAPHAEL ZARISKI (AND HIS RIPE BANANA) KEEPS THE JUNIORS WIPING THEIR BROWS-

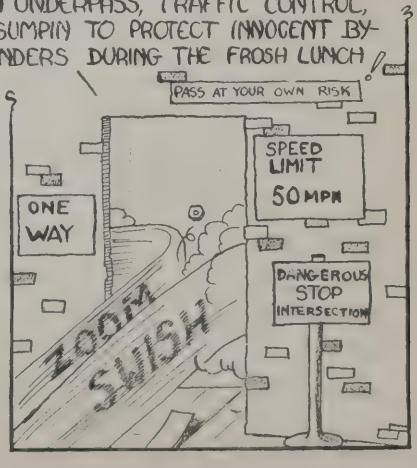
THAT GLAMOROUS GROUP WHICH ALWAYS CHOKES TRAFFIC THRU TH' NEW LUNCH-ROOM EXIT CONSISTS OF MISSES GREGWARE, KIRK, SUPERNARD, CAROLL, ETC .- AH ME!


FAR BE IT FROM ME TO DOUBT THE SANITY OF CHLS PUPILS- BUT WHEN ONE SEES WHAT GOES ON IN THE LUNCH-PERIOD, ONE BEGINS TO WONDER---?
EAMON

BOB PERRY, THE SLAP-HAPPY SENIOR IS NEVER SEEN WITHOUT THAT BAG!

-LONG 'DUTCH' GAYNOR CAN EXPLAIN THE FOOD SHORTAGE IN TH' OLD MESSROOM-HE USUALLY BUYS THE PLACE UP-

WHAT-THIS-SCHOOL-NEEDS DEPT. -AN UNDERPASS, TRAFFIC CONTROL, OR SUMPIN TO PROTECT INNOCENT BY-STANDERS DURING THE FROSH LUNCH!



Freshman Notes

CONGRATULATIONS to Victoria Gibson for being the champion speller of the Freshman class. Catherine Cooper shows her interest in her classes by bringing in timely and interesting clippings and pamphlets.

Robert Boldoc, Editor, and Salvatore Bonsignore, Sports Reporter, have had very fine issues of the "Weekly Herald" displayed each week in room 04. We are all glad to see Frances Cooney back in school after her long illness—Bonnie Lee has left school to return to Pennsylvania. Dolores Belanger gave an interesting exhibition of how films are developed and printed and Mary Bottari showed how to make baskets from napkins during a Friday home-room program. Who is it that wants to cut Heather MacNeil's curls? John Benusis went down scholastically to only three (3) E's. Alex Bagdasarian is now scouting news for the Freshman section. Rose Frattier is the little girl who likes to concentrate while in her J. B. T. class—but on what? Paul Haskell is going to study French next year, so he is trying now to get that French accent. Jean Jackson and Phyllis Sweeney never fail to walk to school together. Glen Peck is that sentimental Freshman. Eva Bannier has that funny feeling when going into her Latin class. By the way, have you seen Ida Morel's jacket? We hope your stories coincided with those of your teachers on Parent-Teachers night. Nashman Goldwasser and Ed Mellow are having a contest of their own to see which one will be the heaviest Freshman. It's close so far. Now that June is coming, Joe Guiney is taking all his books home; he doesn't want to take any chances. In looking through last year's Robert School paper, we saw that Mary DiCarlo was Literary Editor and that Elizabeth Belser, Helen Panagiotopoulos, Urania Caragianis, and Ellen Lombardi were among the contributors. We hope they continue their journalistic work with the REVIEW. Were you all prettied up for your picture? Every one is hoping for the best . . . Only one more chance to make sure of those credits . . . Catherine Cooper will have to wear a bigger size Girl Scout uniform if she wins any more badges and medals . . . Remember, we cannot be too orderly and careful during fire drills . . . That was some trial in Room 03, with *real* charges, defendants, jury and *fines* . . . Room 05 has more than its share of boys . . . Some one suggested picking the ideal Freshman boy and girl. Are *you* qualified? . . . I wonder how many times Ray Wolfe has written "that" page? Why don't you ask him? Christine Psarrons and Kathleen Reynolds have many chuckles over one of their classmates. Bernice Rikeman and Dot Robbins are great helps to the janitors in Room 120. Glen Peck sure is selling those season tickets in Room 119. Here is a real salesman for some enterprising company. By the way, where could you get more for your dime than these baseball season tickets? Not only do you get a great deal of pleasure, but you show your real school spirit in backing your team. Dotty Tisdale thinks roller skating is wonderful, while Rita Urbonavich's favorite pastime is dancing. Beverly Taylor has been looking forward happily to the G. A. A. Informal. Any special reason? Carmeline Rose's hobby is collecting telephone numbers. Bill Harris is raving about the scholastic requirements of his favorite college. Will those people who turn in notes to this section kindly print the names in ink as there were many interesting items which had to be omitted from this issue because of illegible writing? Ross Harris is quite a double-talk artist. What takes Claire Porter so long to do errands? Albert Grady is wearing that tie again. Alda Pimental is generally very quiet, but on certain occasions she is very much in evidence. Theresa Cullen is making headway in her art work. Katherine Prower has ambitions of being an outstanding swimmer. Dolores Belanger has an excellent poem in another part of the REVIEW. Jimmy Russell is a handy man to have around in case of flat tires. Billy Reno is very popular with his classmates. Marion Giglio could open a store with all her rainbow colored ribbons. Robert Robichaud is one of our flashiest Freshmen. Dorothy Grenier has us all puzzled when she speaks so quickly in French. Lorraine Robinson doesn't always save her lunch for lunch period. Susie Fontaine is no relation to Joan Fontaine of the movies. Evelyn Del Cupola and Edith Bradbury expect to lead the Easter Parade. Shirley Keyes is wearing roses in her hair.

FRESHMAN ASSEMBLIES

THE Freshman Class has been very fortunate in having heard several musical programs of late.

The State W. P. A. Symphony Orchestra of nearly eighty pieces was very pleasing to the class. They gave an hour's concert which was thoroughly enjoyed. Johann Strauss' "Tales of Vienna Woods" seemed to be the number which brought forth the greatest enthusiasm and appreciation from the students.

At a later date, the Malden W. P. A. Symphony Orchestra entertained us for a second time. While not as large as the State group, it gave a splendid concert which was very well received by the class.

At another assembly, Miss Butler, head of the English Department, pointed out the different types of work open to us next year and the remaining years of school. The course we take depends on the type of work we intend to follow after graduation. Miss Butler also mentioned the essay contest which will be held next month for those doing a high grade of work in English.

Miss Huling, Mr. Sateriale, and Mr. McKenna, heads of the Social Studies, Mathematics, and Science departments respectively, addressed the class at another assembly. Each pointed out the work carried on in the different studies under his direction. Some studies are required and others are optional, depending on the course and our future desires. Mr. Sateriale also mentioned the prize in Algebra. Boys and girls of high grades in that subject will contest for the prize.

We should now have no difficulty selecting the proper subjects for our needs.

HONOR ROLL — 1944

Benusis, John
Brezinsky, Dorothy
Cameron, Everett
Caulfield, John
Coleman, Ruth
Cook, M. Barbara
Cooper, Catherine
Coughlin, Mary
DiGioia, Filomena
Dineen, Evelyn
Feloney, Paul
Fitzgerald, Marjorie
Gatto, Mary
Gomatos, Poppy
Harris, Ross
Harris, William
Hill, Raymond
Hoban, Martha
Hodian, Charles
Haskell, Paul
Jensen, Ethel
Kanavos, Madeline
Kennedy, Patricia
Kenney, William
Kvetkas, Bertha
Lewis, Mark E.
Linskey, Mary
Markiewicz, Helen
Mazza, Theresa
Mero, Dorothy
Miranian, Arthur
Montana, Marie
Moynahan, George
Nason, Ruth
Nolan, Geraldine
O'Brien, Eileen
O'Connell, Theresa
O'Han, Beryl
O'Neil, John
Oppedisano, Julia
Parisi, Grace
Paster, Haskell
Pepe, Anita
Perry, Eleanor
Porter, Claire
Power, Grace
Reynolds, Peggy
Roberts, Thomas
Rundlet, Barbara
Safarian, Mary
Salvato, Nancy
Saunders, Charles
Saverse, Catherine
Shea, Marie
Silva, Lydia
Silviera, Helen
Sheehan, Joseph Leo
Spence, Dorothy
Taylor, Beverly
Travers, Arthur
Travers, Mary
Treanor, Pauline
Walters, Catherine
Whitehouse, Jean

THAT MAN IS HERE AGAIN!

SUCH primping! Such face powdering! SUCH hair-combing! Why, yuh'd think our wealthiest relatives were coming to see us —er sumthin'. For, dear fellow Freshmanites, we had the honor of harboring in our midst a Photographer, who deemed it necess'ry to come and photograph our beautiful and handsome physiognomies—for posterity, y'know . . . Seen the night before . . . W. Cremmens putting his hair up in curlers (by the by, Walter, that is a compliment! And say, is it really natural?) . . . J. Caulfield tying his down . . . Me, washing my face . . . M.V.C. Lyons practicing poses in front of a mirror . . . B. Rundlet getting her beauty sleep . . . Sal Bonsignore wondering how many girls are going to ask him for his picture (Modest fellow) . . .

Incidentally, if they don't label each picture, it's going to be tough to try and see which is Mary Bennet's and which is Cecelia Bennet's . . . I never know which is which (the girls, I mean) . . .

Peggy Reynolds took the photographer literally when he told her to look up . . . got a wonderful picture of her jaw and throat . . . When E. Bannier's (I've a sinking feeling that I didn't spell that right) picture is developed, she will be depicted in a very high state of hysterics . . . The same man told her to laugh, and she certainly did! . . . swell view of her upper incisors and tonsils . . . Y'know, sometimes I think that Photographer entices you into those queer positions on purpose . . . I could see a malicious gleam in his eye when he put me right where the bags under my eyes would show up something simply aaawwwful . . . J. Benusis barely sat down before he was whisked away . . . L. Bianchi made himself comfortable and smiled coyly up at the lense . . . Peggy Toohy in between thinking of various crushes, for which she is famous, found time to vamp the camera . . . Oops! Something tells me I'd better stop before I lose all my friends, so I shall modestly withdraw . . .

MARY ALICE BIGLER.

DO YOU KNOW!

THE game of Hockey gets its name from a French word HOQUET meaning "Shepherd's Crook." The game is very ancient. It originated in Persia, passed from there to Greece and was later played by the Romans.

To prevent "ghost walking" natives of the Solomon Island break up two coconuts and place parts of each in a new grave. They believe that the "ghost" will be so interested in trying to fit the pieces together, it will not leave the grave.

GREETINGS, gang . . . Here we are once again . . . We can keep it coming as long as you can stand it—er—we mean as long as you care to read it . . . Your nose-boy hates to admit it, but he has fallen victim to a plot, a lousy publicity campaign . . . yes sir, a certain columnist whose name has appeared here previously to this exposé (but never will again) by printing degrading remarks about me and the *Spotlite* figured that I would answer her through the same *Spotlite*. You know, the *Spotlite* is a very old column with lots of prestige and background, so I suppose she felt that any mention of her column (barely two years old, and authored by her for only one) here would bring it up in your esteem. We hereby let it drop back into the murk of oblivion . . . Sorry we can't do the same to the columnist, but no one could be oblivious of those red sweaters! . . . Our orchid this time turns out to be a corsage. One blossom goes to a teacher for this little scene. Cast: The Teacher, Arseny Karpovitch, Ann Whitten and the class . . . The Teacher (noticing conversation in back of room): Miss Whitten, do you belong to the G. A. A.? Miss Whitten: No, Sir. The Teacher: See Arseny, you're wasting your time. Class (waking up): Ha-Ha—(lasting for 2 minutes during which Arseny changes color not one whit). Second blossom goes to Ann for this composure-recoverer: "I've already got a date" . . . third flower goes to Arseny and the fourth goes to Irene Murphy who won the best citizen prize. I need not say much about her. It's unnecessary. You've shown your appreciation of her presence in the class by your votes for her. She really deserved to win! . . . Seen around: "Frenesi" Finstein pumping out his plaintive ditty on the old grand in the old hall . . . Jean Carrier after getting another dozen class "pichers" . . . Bucky O'Connor adding to his giant size by wearing a brown hat . . . Sid Gross still pushing it around . . . Esther McLoin without any . . . Bob Perry without any . . . Corrine Bingham with some . . . Ah! . . . "Onkle Alby" Lynch the comedian . . . Barbara Newkirk the tragedian . . . Joe Duffy the Brute . . . Keep that report card away from me, Jim Osteposides, it puts me to shame . . . Mary Falbo is one of these people who comes to school in the morning, goes to classes, and goes home at night. What can I write about her if she won't cooperate? . . . George Sokol is collaborating with one of America's greatest playwrights on a very super comedy . . . Be sure not to miss getting a year book, seniors, it promises to be one of the best the school has had . . . Gordon James is under suspicion of subversive activities before fifth period . . . Catherine Gomatos is worrying about who'll give out the diplomas this year . . . Falter Pinchell is worrying about whose gonna get them . . . Jane Ericson views with great wonderment Jerry Shea's red-rimmed specs . . . Edith Barron is probably wondering how come her name is here . . . Eleanor Quinn is the pep girl of the home-room . . . Dorothy Harris certainly knows her biology, as does Ruth Mercier . . . Did you see the white coat on Patsy Macaro in the lunch room? . . . Humble pie dept.: Big mistake! Stash Staniewicz is at Edwards not Devens as previously reported. Awful sorry . . . Sammy Zadoorian thinks it's too bad I couldn't print his all-star football team selections . . . me too, Sam . . . At that three hour English exam, we got a big kick out of the expressions on the faces of the participating stooges—er—students, after reading the test over . . . We also wonder how many of said students were provided with a laugh by what was written on the front board. Quote: "Question I: Who's Yehoodi?" . . . Lucille Frenier visited a choir rehearsal the other night but did not sing . . . Seen in the almost wee small hours: Bruce Cameron . . . Bill McCool . . . Ruth Wegler . . . Tom Finnagan . . . Bob Borzakian . . . mostly all at different times and places . . . Why don't you kids go to bed nights? . . . Oh yeah? Well I *do* . . . Tip to dancers! Unless you hear otherwise, the Varsity Club will hold its an-

nual dance, May 9 . . . The tickets are very reasonable, and you know the music will be good because they've got Ray Borden, recently returned from Dartmouth where he scored at the winter carnival . . . Thoughts of a columnist (?) while writing a column (also ?): What was the name of that girl who wanted to be mentioned—I wonder how many times I've used that name before—I wonder if I'll pass this term—Is that item printable—Will this make dead-line—Will they like it—Whoever started this column idea anyhow—Which one is Pat Conway and which is Ann—Which Conway—Louise or Melda did what—How do you spell Jones—What's the use? . . . Seen in or near the popular Harvard Sq. drugstore (no free plugs): Bill McCool, Tom Finnagan, Emil Starr, Buck O'Connor, Ray Patten, Jim Caragianes and "Red" Fitzgerald . . . Greg Fitzgerald had better watch out second period, or someday the worm will turn . . . you're welcome . . . From now on it's "Byline," and not Joe Voles . . . Angelo Bonsignore has a swell idea concerning "jam sessions" 6th period . . . see him if you're interested . . . June Jackson is having quite a job keeping her year book staff in order . . . Jimmie Flood is one of Latin's most talented in the school . . . if you want proof, listen to WCOP Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays at 6:45 A.M. . . . Graduation pictures are flying around at a furious rate . . . Take a look at those of Olive Carman, Betty Fawcett, Jean Carrier, and Barbara Johnson if you want a glimpse of beauty . . . Now let's see what my man Thursday has to say: Flash: . . . There is some one person who is constantly talking to himself so often that Yours Truly can't concentrate . . . Dorothy McClellan, Grace Cuff and Marie Holmer are so—so tiny . . . Hubert Raymond plans to specialize in social studies such as Geography and History when he graduates . . . Marjorie Andrews would make an excellent orator . . . You should have heard her give an oral composition in her English Class . . . Margaret Bane seems to be the only one that does her Latin in 215 . . . the same goes for Jackie Delaney in Geometry . . . Frances Davis and Deborah Edwards have first hand information on the best selling books in Cambridge every week . . . Gloria Freni, Mary Fougere and Frances Matins and the Coys have nothing on them . . . Keep a good eye on Art Thomas this baseball season . . . that boy has what it takes to become a high school pitching sensation . . . Rose Flanagan and Rose Mazza would make two nice track stars if they could run twice as fast as they walk . . . Betty Webber informs me that there are two B's in her last name . . . Lottie Koliniski has a liking for reading Shakespeare . . . Bob Brown is some artist . . . You should see the pictures he drew of Stanley Hollis . . . Freddy Shea is waiting for the football season to come around again . . . He says he feels like limbering up . . . Hobbies are very numerous around here . . . Dot Arthur's hobby is collecting all sorts of sheet music . . . Richy Andrew has world's smallest girl scout pin . . . Ann Farr's hobby is singing . . . She has a beautiful voice . . . Eileen Prebensen is a "jitterbug" of keen fashion . . . Jimmy Boyce's excuse for not wanting to dance often is that he has a wooden leg . . . Paul Ericson is a baseball pitcher of superb finesse . . . Bucky Hooker is some Dancer Man oh, Man . . . Whenever you want Rosamond Kirk look for Gloria Gregware . . . Jimmy Cazanos has a fine dramatic imagination . . . Alice Whalen is looking forward to the baseball season. They tell me she is a catcher on a girls' softball team . . . Red Mulcahey can be seen sporting a "C" for hockey last year . . . Ruthie Cunningham is a whiz at History but at Geography Ugh, ugh . . . Paul Morrison is some stepper . . . He has nothing on Arthur Ryce . . . A bouquet of orchids to Frances Quinn who won the sophomore spelling bee . . . Don Rossi is a dancing teacher of grand description . . . I wonder why Pat Churchill is so talkative . . . It's got me beat . . . Jean Frouniere "just loves" the song "Frenesi" . . . Mary Foster is a pupil of Don Rossi . . . Arthur Tennyson Carey . . . Let's see what my men Friday and Saturday have to s-s-say . . . Although she keeps it in the dark, Ruth Osterberg really can play the clarinet . . . Charles Calinan gives excellent descriptions . . . Russ Boudreau, Deacon Doyle, and Ed Stanton stand for peace, liberty and justice . . . Peggy Dillon, Louise Dick, Jean Nugent and Marion Looney are popular party-goers . . . Doris Mahoney and Eleanor Reagan are popular party-givers . . . There must be a contest for the most talkative student because Vic Smith and Joe Kelley are giving Esther Kennedy and Mary Nagle stiff competition . . . But Dutch Gaynor could out-talk them all . . . Seen at Harvard Square: Ally Boudreau with an ice cream cone in each hand, Hilda Carey dropping the ice cream from her cone on the street and Alice Hayes with one down and one to go . . . A certain drugstore is going to hire Bob Small to stand in front of it in place of a cigar store Indian. He's doing it now without pay . . . Connie Couchetta wearing different earrings every day . . . Lunchroom Blues: Every day without fail a certain group breaks

at least one or two bottles. The suspects are Dick Coutoumas, Joe Linehan, Rocks Leary, and Art Shea . . . Alice Joyce and Josephine Haley were caught throwing paper bags and had to pick up all the paper on the floor . . . Paul O'Rourke working hard and Harold Barnard looking on . . . Mary Cotter knows all the answers in her French class (Aside: if you don't speak louder a friend of yours won't be able to hear them) . . . Have you ever seen Betty O'Donnell or Ruth Powers without their homework done? . . . In case you don't know it, Charlie Lynsky is now seeing birds . . . "Shortie" Russell seems to be growing up—Now we'll have to call her Mary . . . Pawdon me . . . Those big blue eyes of Anna Graustein dazzle me . . . Jane Hayes, Eleanor Quinn and Olive Carman go in for short cuts . . . Yeah, you guessed it . . . I almost forgot to express my "Congrats" to the five girl Latinites who played in the Rindge Senior Drama . . . I bet Olive McGrath enjoyed it . . . While I'm at it, I better congratulate "Jerry" Nikas for keeping her portion of the lunch room clean. After all, two tables can get very dirty . . . What would John Fitch do without his pencil and paper? . . . Ann Sullivan better keep tabs on her big sister Katherine . . . Besides being one of our cle-ver-est artists, Ray Fitzgerald is some wit . . . All right don't say it, Eddie Heffernan . . . What's this about trap doors, Pat Conway and Dot Danforth . . . Every time the school bus takes a corner, Eleanor Hammond can feel her breakfast giving her palate a thrill . . . Ray Stocker is that "sharpie" (so he says) who follows Maxie Sparks around . . . Dear Edna Hitron, if you hit me again I'll scream, s'help me . . . Just call Ann Harney "stretch" . . . Well, friends, as the crook said as he was about to be hung: (crook)—"It looks like I've come to the end of my rope 'cause that's the noose" (uncrook). But don't feel bad, because by the time you've gotten over that last pun we'll be back again with more trivia and irrelevant material. So, till the next time, so long, and take it easy, will ya?

FALTER PINCHELL, etal.

G. A. A. REPORT

HOWDY, fellow members! Let's see what's new on the G. A. A. calendar this month. Since Mary Louise Sullivan found it necessary to resign, we welcome Olga Zaharchuck to her pleasant duties as our new secretary.

As usual the Valentine Party held in the gym Friday evening, February 14, was a fun-fest enjoyed by all. Since prizes were awarded for the nearest similarity to the picture on their valentines, the majority of girls came dressed in costume. Our gracious patronesses Miss Kelley, Miss Parsons, Miss Faulkner, Miss McLaughlin, Miss George, and Miss Brown, co-operative as always, awarded huge chocolate Cupids and boxes of candy to an old-fashioned girl, Barbara Rundlett, an organ grinder and monk, the Cooper Sisters, and a gay ninety couple, Mary Prasinas and Barbara Murphy.

Once more Billy McCrystal's orchestra gave forth while a maximum of jitterbugging and a minimum of waltzing ensued. Again the decoration committee, headed by Pat Dias and Mary Ellen Sullivan, outdid themselves in arraying the gym in a party dress. Colored cut-outs adorned the walls, and the lights were bedecked with gay streamers. A bazaar effect was created by having a prettily decorated stand, run by a most dependable group, grace one end of the gym where the dancers could obtain tonic and cookies throughout the evening. This new idea in the refreshment line was highly approved by all. As a closing highlight of the evening the girls formed a large heart and sang "Good-Night, Sweetheart."

A most successful swimming season came to an end March 10th with the inter-class meet at the "Y." The powerful Juniors carried off the honors of the evening, making next year's team look promising. An inferior Somerville team bowed gracefully to our Latin girls with a score of 39-19 at the meet held in Somerville, February 18th. Those representing us were Jerry Shea, Marion Lyons, Mary Ellen Sullivan, Barbara Ford, Vivien Marcotte, Sue White, and Dorothy Forest. They displayed outstanding aquatic ability.

A slightly less successful basket-ball season is being drawn to a close with the Alumni game, Saturday, April 5th. On March 13 the strong junior and senior teams of Waltham defeated the Latinites with scores of 29-11, 30-17 respectively, whereas the Latin sophomores saved the day with a 19-11 score. Also Somerville, making up for their swimming defeat, topped our teams in varsity games with scores of 34-15, 32-13 on the 25th. However, the true sportsmanship of our girls is something to be

highly commended. They acted the gracious hostesses at all times.

On peeking in at the gym periods, we find Miss McLaughlin and Miss George gracefully, if a little strenuously drilling a group of talented girls in a tap and ballet routine which is to fill in on a posture night, April 16th. They, both the teachers and the girls, are doing a nice piece of foot lifting.

Baseball seems well under way once again, the bases having finally been painted after much protest. The coaching, as usual, is being done by the competent Miss Brown. More as a dare than a thirst for glory, several of the G. A. A. officers have decided to participate. Let's watch their progress.

Thursday, April 3rd, Peggy O'Brien again took a large group (comprised of six girls) on a hike. Not being very athletically inclined, they ended up in a museum.

And now the news we've all been waiting for! The G. A. A. informal takes place, Friday evening, April 18th, in the Rindge gym. Several highlights have been planned which just shout fun. I hope to see you all there.

In closing this issue may I say that we all extend to Miss Grant, head of the Physical Education Department, our heartfelt sympathy in her great loss.

This seems to be all the news lying around at present, girls; so until next issue, I remain your dutiful scribe who will be looking for you all at the informal.

Evelyn R. Hoyt, '41.

EXCHANGES

Tudor Crown
Tudor Crown School
Indianapolis, Ind.

Heartiest compliments on that striking map which was a part of your Xmas issue. We thought it charming and we liked your questionnaire, "The Awful Truth," too. Those pages of photographs were something unusual in a school magazine.

Academic Observer
Utica Free Academy
Utica, New York

Sa-a-y—we like the idea of a special college issue. The catalogue of colleges is especially to be commended. Your "Fifth Column" and "A Drip Drops a Line" particularly caught our fancy in this issue.

Trade Winds
Worcester Boys' Trade School
Worcester, Massachusetts

That page of latest song hits was certainly a pleasant surprise, an item that would be most welcome in any magazine. Your editorials were well written, but why not keep your sporting news a little farther back? Orchids to you for your two page spread of school and shop news; but a few scallions are in the mail for your not-so-original humor!

Swampscotta
Swampscott High
Swampscott, Massachusetts

Your cover is really attractive, and your page of old-time photos runs a close second. By the by, we think you have some potential poets in your midst, if we are to judge by "The Beauty of Winter," "Ginger," and "Our Radio." Where, oh, where is your club news, though?

The Sayrenade
Sayre High School
Sayre, Massachusetts

Many orchids for the splendid campaign you are waging against the "scenery" behind your school; your picture of the landscape was most vivid. Your book reviews likewise deserve praise; they are very comprehensive. Judging from the number of advertisements you have, we can see that your business staff deserves a big bouquet. Don't you think you might use a little more literary material, however?

The Owl
William Cullen Bryant High
Long Island City, New York

Your art department really deserves a number of bouquets. We especially like the variety of your magazine, which includes everything from free verse to short stories.

The Quarterly
Stamford High School
Stamford, Connecticut

Congratulations on being "up" on current matters of interest with such essays as "Just Plane Crazy." We suggest that in place of having so many short themes you write more long stories and essays.

The Rosmarian
Catholic High School
Lancaster, Pennsylvania

We enjoyed very much your beautiful "Fantasies in Verse." The "Etchings" are also well written. However, we were greatly disappointed at not finding an exchange column.

June Jackson, '41
Phyllis Gilman, '41
Margaret Larson, '41

FRESHMAN SPELLING BEE

THE finals of the Freshman Spelling Bee were held a few days after the Home-Room trials. Many of the rooms had to go far down the list of words before they could eliminate the unsuccessful candidates. The winners of the Home-Room contests met to decide the champion of the entire Freshman class. After a spirited battle, Victoria Gibson emerged victorious over Robert Horan, while Rose Deeran was winner of third place. Victoria Gibson will now compete in the finals in Boston against the winners from other cities.

Winners of the Home-Room contests were Mary Barrett, Catherine Bowler, Barbara Carlson, Jean Cochrane, Rose Deevan, William Donahue, Helen Falvey, Katherine Furey, Victoria Gibson, Robert Horan, Paul Haskell, Mark Lewis, Joseph Libitz, Richard McNulty, Michael Najarian, Claire Porter, Carlo Santora, Dorothy Spence, Claire Gallop, Beverly Taylor, and Joseph Quinn.

The following story was told recently by Prof. Kirtley F. Mather, in English. It was translated into Latin in our school.

FABULA PARVA DE DUOBUS DUCIBUS NOTIS

Hitlerius ad Mussolinium nuper telephonavisse dicitur. Cum de sua valetudine, de tempestate (the weather), de variis rebus collocuti essent, Hitlerius dixit:

"Benito, exspectavi te iam Athenis futurum esse."

"Te audire non possum, Adolphe," respondit Mussolinius.

Itaque clarius locutus est Adolphus, "Athenis te iam futurum esse exspectavi, Benito."

Iterum dixit Benito, "Te audire non possum, Adolphe."

Deinde maxima voce exclamavit Adolphus, "Iam Athenis te futurum esse exspectavi, Benito."

Denique Benito respondit, "Adolphe, tenuissima est vox tua. Longissime abesse videris. Esne Londini?"

* * *

He didn't know how right he was, but one student wrote this on an exam: "The Armistice was signed on November 11, 1918 and since then every year there has been Two Minutes' Peace."

LATIN VOCABULARY

Dēns a tooth, mōns a mountain,
Pōns a bridge, fōns a fountain.
Ā or ab means from or by,
Meus-a-um, mine or my.

Absum-esse, be away,
Inquit, said; dīcō, say.
Annus-anni means a year,
Ad would mean to, toward, or near.

Bellum-bellī, neuter, war,
Lēx-lēgis would mean law.
In fugam dare—put to flight,
Iūs-iūris, neuter, right.

Terra-terrae, feminine, land,
Manus-manūs, feminine, hand.
Ūnus-a-um would mean one,
Fīlius-fīlī, masculine, son.

As you can see, these are a few
Of the nouns, verbs, and adjectives, too
That we must know in Latin class
If we expect, in our work, to pass.

DOLORES BELANGER, '44.

* * * *

Have you heard the tale of the dizzy junior who got the idea she wanted to take up nursing? When she got home from school one day, she started to play around with the thermometer. Finally, she put it in her mouth to find her temperature. When she took it out, she looked at it once and ran screaming to the telephone to call up the doctor.

"Oh, doctor, doctor, please come quickly," she cried. "I've got a temperature of 197 degrees!!"

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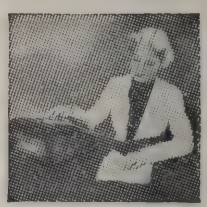

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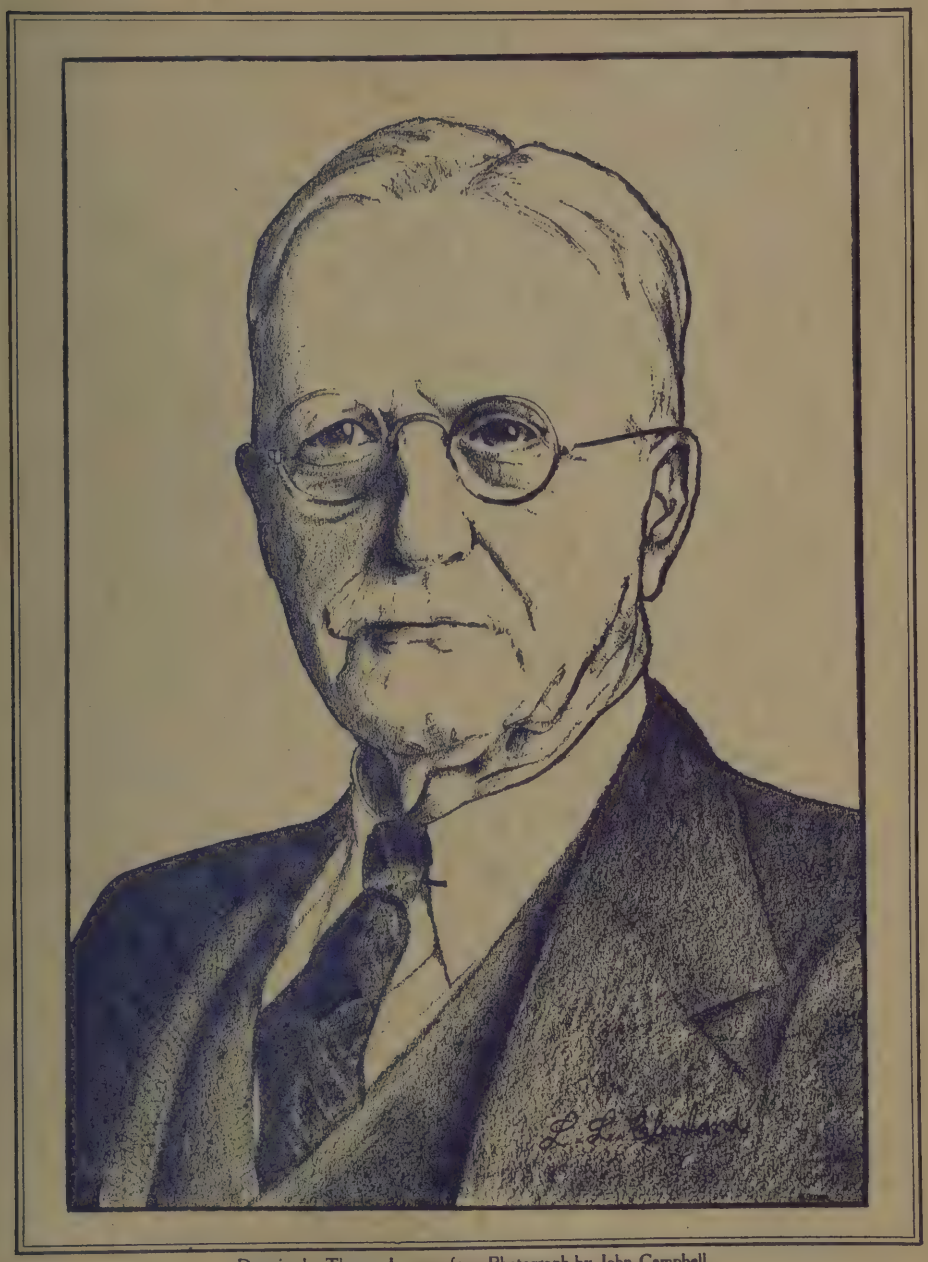
The Cambridge Review

Cambridge High and Latin School

Cambridge, Massachusetts



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CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL

JUNE 1941

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

VOLUME 54 NUMBER 5

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Published five times a year: November, December, February, April, and June.

Terms: 75 cents per year; 20 cents a single copy.

Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice at Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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TO Mr. Cleveland, our headmaster, the REVIEW dedicates this issue, the last to be published under his guidance.

For the past thirty years, Mr. Cleveland has given his best efforts to directing the High and Latin School — its scholastic policies, its faculty, its student body, and its extra curricular activities, among these latter, the REVIEW. We have always found him ready to listen to our problems; his attitude has always been judicious and extremely encouraging.

We hope that Mr. Cleveland's retirement will be the first step into a long and happy leisure wherein he will find time to pursue his own interests and his own activities without having to think first "How will my decision affect the School?"

Our earnest hope is that Mr. Cleveland will now be able to accomplish all those tasks that he — like the rest of us — must have put off until he "should have time." Dare we suggest that he may even be able to grow the biggest rose — or the best — of any gardener in the state? At any rate, whatever his activities or his interests, we are confident that he will not forget us — and we know that to us he will always be Headmaster of Cambridge High and Latin School.

THE REVIEW STAFF

GRADUATION HONOR ROLL

THE members of the graduating class who through their high school courses have sustained an honor rank are enrolled in a special honor roll of their own. Highest place for the class of 1941 goes to Philip Jones, the editor-in-chief of the REVIEW. The complete list of these students follows below:

Valedictorian

Philip Dudley Jones

Angelina Barbuto	Edward McMahon
Concetta Ciccolo	Ruby Morse
Pasquelina Costa	Irene Murphy
June Dansereau	Harry Oster
Anita Davirris	George Panos
Bernadette Drolette	Kleanthe Papageorge
Eva Eichelroth	James Parise
Margaret Fields	Antoinette Pitingulo
June Jackson	Virginia Reuter
Aldona Jankouskas	Albertina Rezendes
Joseph Kochanski	Mary Sheehan
Albert Lynch	George Sokol
Margaret McCabe	Joseph Voles

Percival Wadman

Editorial

ANOTHER school year is fast drawing to a close and bringing with it the long summer vacation. To us of the class of 1941, however, the end of this school year is of much greater significance than ever before, for it also brings to a finish our high school careers. When we receive our diplomas on graduation night, we will no longer find ourselves attending Cambridge Latin as students, but will discover ourselves standing on the threshold of a new world. It is for the purpose of preparing us to fill capably our proper places in this world that we have spent our last four years under the protecting roof of C. H. L. S. Now we are about to reap the results of what we have sown while in this school!

Of course, not everyone has the same ideas as to future plans. On the contrary, this year's class probably includes persons interested in almost every field of human endeavor. But in the main, these may be classified under either one of two headings: those persons who are going to continue their education in higher institutions of learning, and those others who are graduating from school to enter immediately the world of business. Living as close as we do to probably the two greatest colleges in the world has always given an added incentive to the acquiring of a college education; and this situation remains essentially unchanged today. What has undergone a change, and that only in the last year, is the rapidly increasing number of fine opportunities offered to high school graduates. For the first time in a great number of years, there's a job to be had for everyone who wishes it; this year, employers need every worker they can possibly get.

The causes for this condition are twofold: conscription of thousands of our most able-bodied young men, and the vast amount of work required on the many defense projects. The first of these reasons has taken a great number of workers from their jobs and put them into khaki just at the moment when they are needed, and these gaps must be immediately filled from any available source. As practically all the skilled workers, and unskilled too, are now employed on national defense projects, industry must now turn more than ever before to the members of the classes which are graduating this year. Thus, we are leaving school to go forth into the world at a most opportune time, at a time when we are needed by industry, and by our Country!

Essay Contest

THE Caroline Close Prize Essay Contest was held on May 21. We are pleased to announce those candidates who were prize-winners and those whose work received honorable mention; but we should like to congratulate as well all who took part in the contest.

English I

Prize — Ethel Jensen.

Honorable Mention — Nancy Salvato, Ruth Sandock, Lydia Silva, M. Barbara Cook.

English II

Prize — Juanita Roop.

Honorable Mention — Mary A. O'Brien, Helen Christo, Irene Driscoll, Irene Hodgens, Margaret Drolette, Dorothy Chaulk, Diana Kelty, Robert O'Brien, Lorraine Nolan, Dorothea Sutherland, Walter Power.

English III

Prize — Mary E. Cotter.

Honorable Mention — Hugh Bartley, Eva Schiffer, Julian Moynahan, Betty O'Donnell, Raphael Zariski.

English IV

Prize — David Duncan Hall.

Honorable Mention — George Sokol, Philip Jones, Harry Oster, Margaret Larson, June Jackson, Muriel Barrett, Marjorie Fitch, Rex De Lany.

THE WORLD BEFORE ME

WHEN I look at the world at the present moment, I cannot help shuddering at the impression of gloom felt in all news from the European continent. Everything and everyone over there seems to be in a state of want and suffering, so that the whole stretch of land that was once sunny and happy now seems drab and dreary. This impression is created because the peoples of Europe, looking at the world before them, see it in the light produced by their state of misery and want.

But, in reality, Spring is in Europe, as well as in America, though no more English and American alpinists clamber up among the needles and rocks about Chamomi; though few, very few, tourists bathe in the blue waters of the Mediterranean at Nice and Capri, and though warplanes fly on constant patrol over the narcissus of Les Avents. The gloom is in the hearts and the eyes of the inhabitants of the land, but not in the land itself.

The seemingly unparalleled catastrophe that we now witness is not, as we see if we look into Gibbon, Wells, or Plutarch without its counterparts in history. Today we hear addresses by Winston Churchill which resemble to an astonishing extent the Philippic orations of Demosthenes in the Third Century before Christ. We find equal tribulations for those respecting culture and civilization in the barbarian invasions of the Roman Empire and in the Dark Ages. If we look far enough, we may even find a definite similarity between Hitler and Attila. Do not all these facts seem to indicate that this is no exceptional attack on civilization and that it differs from others only in its comparative recentness and size?

This war, a result of what Herman Rauschning calls the "Revolution of Nihilism" is but a whirlpool in the course of the stream of civilization. It is perhaps the last revolt of the barbaric ideas of primitive man against the influence of justice and learning.

So we may soon again see cheerful words in the international columns of the newspapers, and hear them over the radio, for this is but a momentary eddy in the current, and the river will soon flow on with increasing calm. We need not be cast down at the seemingly hopeless present, but rather think of a brighter future, with cooperation and amity between nations. Looking at the world before me, I think of Shelley's line, which might so well apply to us in the present world: "O wind, if Winter come, can Spring be far behind?"

David Duncan Hall, '41.

AS EVENING FALLS

TWILIGHT, the fall of evening, that touches our hearts with a strange sense of loneliness and longing, comes lingeringly and gently in springtime. Dusk is a time for meditation and quiet.

Here in America there comes a pause in our activity between dinner and the resumption of toil or amusement. A satisfied feeling that is produced by a hearty meal and by pleasant conversation fills an ordinary human being and leaves him free from minor disturbances to muse upon whatever subject he may choose.

I wonder if the inhabitants of the unfortunate countries across the sea can find a place in the turmoil of their minds for meditation and if they would be allowed for any length of time to cease from struggling to make order out of chaos. When nothing is permanent and stable and when anything may fall to ruin so swiftly that it is difficult to make any order or keep a whole section from being completely demolished, what peace can be found or what satisfaction can be placed in any material thing?

Those molested people should place their trust and hope in God just as we who are so free from such a burden should ours. We fortunate ones should pray daily as evening falls that we may be spared such an affliction as war.

Mary Cotter, '42.

AT THE CAMP

ALL day long the group of merry campers had explored the depths of the tiny wood which surrounded their cabin. Each step revealed a new mystery of the woods to their eager senses: the crumpled pink of the lady-slipper, the bold green of the brook ferns, the whispering murmur of the passing streamlet, and the signal calls of their forest friends, the scampering squirrel, the timid rabbit, and the warbling birds.

By dusk, when the sun lay silhouetted behind the pines, like a regal queen in flaming glory, the brushwood had been gathered, and the logs heaped beside the hearth for the evening fire. The dark cloak of night fell ominously on the woods, and drove the explorers from their sylvan haunts, to the glowing warmth of the fireplace, and the peaceful security of the cabin.

As they crouched, wearily, before the fire, the atmosphere outside seemed to change abruptly, from the calm friendliness of the day to the haunting mystery of the evening. The cheerful call of the phoebe ceased, and in its stead, came the foreboding "whoo" of the owl. A moaning wind rattled the creeking shutters and the dull thud of footsteps seemed to resound through the night.

The younger members of the group, in an effort to revive their spirits, told eerie ghost stories, which seemed to be accentuated by the weird sounds, without.

The air chilled with the late evening, and even the bright stars which shone through the inky blanket of the sky, seemed to shiver in their icy depths. The friendly fire died, and refused to radiate warmth in the gloomy cabin. At last, in desperation, the campers withdrew to their hard cots, and spent a night of haunting dreams, and growing terror.

Hours passed, and with the dawn came the cheering glow of the morning sun, gleaming through the windows of the cabin, and frightening the eerie spirits of the night to their ghostly dens, it was morning, and another cheery day at the camp!

Juanita Roop, '43.

WHEN THE BUGLE BLOWS

DYING away among the echoes, the familiar tune of the bugle lulled me quietly to sleep. Like some sentinel guarding the woods, my small tent stood among the bushes. In the distance, silhouetted against the jet-black sky, the form of the Old Ranger stood motionless on the cliff as he sent forth the dreamy melody.

"Isn't it wonderful," I whispered, "how a bugle can make one forget worries and cares; how the breeze seems to carry each note to one's listening ear and how peaceful it seems when Mother Nature is at rest! I love to listen to that soft lullaby he is playing. I love to hear the echoes fading away in the inky darkness. It seems to tell me, 'All is at peace!'

"I hope I may always hear its melody ringing softly in my ears. Still, this faithful instrument sent forth its lullaby while I contentedly drifted into dreamland."

Ethel Jensen, '44.

ANDREA DEL SARTO

(Written in imitation of Robert Browning famed poem.)

King Francis to his Treasurer

What news, my Lord D'Auvergne, what news to crease
Your lofty brow in such deep angry folds?
Do Frenchmen balk at your new tax on salt?
Or do you still distrust our having given
To young del Sarto, gold wherewith to buy
For us the best Italian works of art
He could procure? Perhaps you fear he'll not
Return. What's that? Not fear, but know for fact?
Yet we share not your mercenary frights.
The man is true. He's young and innocent.
Moreover, what can gold or silver give
Above the fame and glory of his works?
There's more than wealth in his least finger-tip,
For there a soul cries out for men to hear.
A soul, which, when matured to fullest life,
Will surely be empowered in glowing oils
To paint the glories both of heaven and earth.
No, such a one works more for fame than for
All our dull wealth. And even if I err,
And if temptation's saccharine sweetness does
At times enfold a hungry artist's heart
In its inebriating vapor dark,
Not so would be the case with our del Sarto,
For he has all that minted coin can give,
And more; a wife of beauty yet unmatched,
Whom he, though now a bearded man of years,
Doth still adore as does, in reverence
Sublime, the suffering schoolboy sweetly love
His long haired maid; a name the coming years
May well regard with growing deference;
And last of all, he has his art, his brush,
His oils, his canvas begging for the warmth
And wealth of liquid color, brushed into
Its threads by a matchless master's hand.
No, no, my lord, my money's safe enough.
What's that? You dare to disagree with me,
Your king! — A note? What talk is this of notes?
A note written by one, a fellow countryman
Now travelling in Italy? What words
Are these to cause dissension from my own
High treasurer? But this is libel pure
And simple! No, the signature affixed
Is of one known for honesty and truth.
But these are words that call del Sarto thief;
Can I believe they tell the truth? Aye, here
Are words that strip the last of honor's robes
From his esteemed form. According to
This source of knowledge, he has with the gold
Received of me, constructed for himself
A house upon a hill in Florence, where
He now lives with his wife, and paints
But now for his monetary gain. This lord
Who writes, knows he whereof he speaks? For if
He lies, on my own deed I'll have his head
For heaping slurs upon del Sarto's name.
By Saturn's glowing crown, we'll know the truth!
A courier shall leave this day, shall fly
To Italy to verify the facts
And bring back word. Until that time, I shall
Believe no rumors of del Sarto's theft.
What could move such a one to such a deed,
To hurl away the place reserved for him,
Beside da Vinci, Raphael, and all
The greatest painters of his time? 'Tis not
The money — I've much more to lose. It is
The thought that he who might have had so much
Has loosed his grasp on chance for deathless fame
In trade for but a few short years of wealth.

GEORGE SOKOL, '41.

IT IS BETTER TO COLLECT A LIBRARY THAN TO INHERIT ONE

IN my opinion, there are two types of libraries; first, the kind which people acquire; and second, the variety which people have "thrust upon them."

The former is composed of books ranging from *Milton's Minor Poems* to the tale of *The Three Bears.* The covers of the books are probably soiled, and the pages, when examined, are "dog-eared". Each volume appears to have been read, reread, and cherished. On the other hand, the inherited library is usually found reposing in very prim rows in a room which the family avoids. The books, inherited from Great-aunt Hepzibah, are for the most part either French novels or tomes which Uncle Bill read while studying law. To be sure, on one conspicuous shelf there is a complete set of George Eliot's works bound in brown leather.

We have all seen libraries similar to these. Who would not prefer to own books which he himself has gathered together to fit his own taste in reading? Since no two people have exactly the same likes and dislikes, it is foolish for us to attempt to satisfy our literary appetites on the books inherited from someone else.

Moreover, we must consider the fact that many books become out of date within a few years after publication. In the case of such

book, it would be more sensible for a person to have up-to-the-minute information than to have that which was really quite new twenty-five or fifty years ago.

On the other hand, of course, we must take into consideration the classics, which are perhaps found oftener in inherited collections than in newly-assembled libraries. Still, unless one is a collector of first editions, he can easily satisfy the lack of classics with new, equally good editions.

Last, but not least, when a person inherits a library, he losses the thrill of buying the books himself. He does not read them, long to own them and finally, when he has stayed home from the moving pictures six times, go forth in triumph, like Charles and Mary Lamb, to purchase the long desired volume. How much dearer a book acquired in this fashion is than one which a distant relative bequeaths!

Thus, for all these reasons — namely, to promote an interest in reading, to be acquainted with current books, to maintain individuality, and to have a deep love for the books themselves, it is better for a person to collect his own library than for him to adopt the ready-made collection of someone else.

Margaret Larson, '41.

ON CLOCKS

EVER since people realized that the sun was not at all times reliable for their daily schedules, and the little boy had been convinced that striking a match to consult a sundial at night was not quite satisfactory, clocks have become indispensable to us. For what should we do without those plagues, the alarm clocks, that invariably shriek their shrillest early on Sunday mornings, but, for some mysterious reason, are out of order temporarily on school days and suddenly start off ironically an hour too late, rousing us with a shock from a profound, peaceful slumber.

Life would be just as unthinkable without them as without the old chiming clocks from grandmother's fireplace. Although these have grown irregular with age, no one dares to correct them; for they clearly show by their persistently loud ticking what respect they demand from the younger generation. Indeed, being set right may irritate them so that they clank their hour bell for an unlimited time, creating such submission and desperate tolerance that we gladly refrain even from changing them to summer time. They contribute moreover, a great deal toward the general atmosphere of the room which they dominate and furnish companionship to lonely members of the family.

Then, there is our friend, the school clock, to which both hopeful and doubtful glances are secretly but frequently cast. However different its speed seems in various subjects, no matter how many urge on the sliding motions of its hands whereas others would prefer to slow down their pace, during tests those malicious time keepers seem to race at top speed, until, when the minute hand slides over the fatal black spot, the bell rings triumphantly, interrupting us in the essential part of our work. Thus clocks play an important part in school, business, public, and private life, reminding us that time never stands still, however slowly it sometimes appears to pass.

Eva Schiffer, '42.

AT A TEA

AS people began to assemble in the spacious gallery, I noticed again the various methods in which human beings enter a well populated room. Many minced in, glorying in the imagined approval of critical eyes, while others, extremely shy and conscious of their glaring defects, tried to slip in unnoticed, which immediately brought all eyes upon them.

Finally, the steady oncoming of the art lovers lagged, and a crowd assembled in the center of the hall, where the tea table was in full sway.

With cups in hands, they contentedly strolled in little groups, and between sips, many commenced such worn phrases as "How delightful," "Such grace," "What form," and "Exquisite" that they had learned by heart. These sayings were inevitably accompanied with head thrown back, squinted eyes, and one foot forward, all of which lent or were supposed to lend the appearance of art critics. Flinging such phrases copiously upon all pictures, with no distinction, this type became generally hated by the true connoisseurs of art, who merely talked in low tones, yet aptly described each individual picture.

Second servings of tea were given to those who found it impossible to withstand such artistic beauty without the aid of a stimulant.

Above the murmur of the throng could be heard the clatter of cups and the excited voices of the "helpers" in the adjoining room, brewing tea and still more tea for the demanding public. I could see the pourer busily serving persistent tea-drinkers and those who had arrived becomingly late.

As I stood there, with a tea cup in my hand, I realized how many opportunities for analyzing people were offered to us at a tea.

Diana-Elizabeth Kelly, '43.

ON BEING PERFECTLY FRANK

PERFECT frankness is a fine quality, but it can often be very unpleasant to others. People who make a point of being frank at all times are apt to find themselves being casually dropped from the society of their fellow men.

The first and foremost example of perfect frankness is the outspoken critic. This person must criticize everything he sees, lest he appears lacking in truthfulness. He will criticize works of art in the presence of the artist who has created them. He will point out flaws in another person's conduct, appearance, or personality, to that person's face. His impoliteness may bother others, but it fills him with a smug pride; for he feels that he is being outspoken and that he is creating a sensation.

A second and more dangerous type is the person who cannot keep a secret. This person will delve into private matters and will reveal them to all his acquaintances. When people of this type are entrusted with confidential matters or with government secrets, they will open their hearts about them to every Tom, Dick, and Harry they meet. These people will tell casual friends all the gossip they know in order to impress them with their frankness and knowledge. This second type of perfect openness has often brought about disasters and unfortunate situations.

Therefore, let others seek out perfectly candid people for friendships. These horribly frank persons may be all right in their way, no doubt, but I much prefer the hypocrites. Give me the backslapping, fair-weather friend who calls me a capital fellow and disparages me behind my back; but spare me from the truthful comrade who puts his hand on my shoulder, looks me gravely in the eye and says: "I hope what I am about to say will not offend you. Believe me, I'm saying it for your own good."

RAPHAEL ZARISKI, '42.

ON NOSES

THE best place in the world to find a good exhibit of noses is in a subway car. You don't find them pasted on the walls with the Planter's Peanut ads; but, if you were really interested you might discover a few queer specimens placed in front of some even queerer animals.

Over in a corner, you might ferret out a long, thin nose, pink and pinched, with a pair of bifocals teetering on its narrow bridge. It is probably returning from a tiring music lesson and has decided to seek recompense for the disappointing past half-hour by delving deep into a copy of *The World's Great Symphonies,* or is it into Mr. Marquand's *Harry Pulham?*

Take your choice; no one cares. No, in the subway, everyone is concerned with his own newspaper, at the tip of his very own nose. For instance, look at the nose of that tall, slouched figure across the aisle. There it is, a narrow, pointed, rather attractive nose, minding its own business, but oh so flushed, so red! The nose of the very prim young lady in the next seat would turn up even further if she only knew the passenger next to her had been, well, imbibing. As it is, she merely wriggles her little, tilted nose in haughtiness as the train nears Central. Just as the doors begin to close, a short, plump woman squeezes through, grabs the nearest strap, and hangs on for dear life. Look at her more closely; can you see her stubby nose, freckled and shiny, reflecting the toil of her eight hour job? Perhaps she has kept her nose lowered from nine to five on an accounting book or over a keyboard or in a filing cabinet drawer. At any rate, it does seem to be a tired, lifeless nose, weary of its daily strain.

Yes, it is weary, like many other noses in the subway car, some stub, wrinkled, or freckled, some pointed, aquiline, or hooked, others pudgy, flat, or crooked. But, as the car gives one last jerk at Harvard, all weariness is forgotten and the army of noses, a hundred or two strong, rushes out for a sniff of fresh air.

JUNE JACKSON, '41.

BOOK REVIEW

THE WHITE CLIFF.....*by* Alice Duer Miller

IN these war days one finds many stories and poems and songs written about the war and the warring countries. This is one of the few which will remain, however, long after the war is forgotten.

It is a long poem which concerns a young American girl who met and married an Englishman only to lose him in the First World War. She lives with his mother and her young son in the country of her husband. As the poem draws to a climax she is faced with the problem of sending her son to die in the Second World War.

After reading this poem one cannot help being moved by its style and story. To those of you interested in phonograph records, Miss Lynn Fontanne has recorded a reading of this poem on Victor records and gives a very stirring performance.

ROBERT GUEST, '42.

BAD DREAMS

(A Short Story)

The thunder of high explosives deafened him; he held his hand over his eyes to protect them from the blinding flashes of light. Otherwise they'd water. But he couldn't waste time worrying about comfort. There was a job for him to do out here. He rested his gun against the sandbags in front of the trench. A shiny helmet — a man — he saw a man out there, an enemy. He couldn't miss now. Oh, these sights were perfect, and the trigger, so nice and firm against his finger . . .

Ye gods why couldn't he forget? He had killed. Of course he had, but he hadn't wanted to. So help him, he hadn't wanted to. They had put a gun into his hand and he had been forced to use it. But that was twenty-five years ago. Twenty-five years was a long time. He should have forgotten about it long ago. Twenty-five years ago his son was still in swaddling clothes. Today his son was a man. Yes, a man . . .

Crack! The rifle jerked against his shoulder, but the bullet sped true. He saw the enemy turn slowly. Enemy? It was only a kid. His mouth was open. That's the way it was with most of them. At first they didn't know what it was all about. They were surprised, then bewildered, and then they began to realize what had happened. The kid realized, and he was trying to stand up. But he couldn't. He tripped over something, a tree stump, maybe, or perhaps a mangled piece of flesh that had once been another soldier. He tottered, and as he fell, he called out something. Probably calling his mother. You often heard them calling their mothers before they died . . .

Sleep! Yes, that was what he needed — sleep. If he slept, he wouldn't keep remembering. Sleep was dark and cool—and blank. No need to change clothes; he could just lie down as he was, and sleep . . .

The bayonet. Back in training camp they had taught him how to use it, but the first time on the battlefield he made a mistake. It was during an attack on the enemy. The captain shouted an order and they leaped over the sandbags. As they ran across the field, he was at the rear. It was hard to run. His boots were a little too small, and his feet were all blistered. Anyway, you had to be careful. You didn't know when you'd fall into a shell hole or trip over a body onto some barbed wire.

They reached — a few of them — the enemy trench, and he leaped in, hurling his bayonetted rifle forward with all his power, at the nearest enemy. With the strength behind it, the blade should have gone all the way through the man, but somehow it slipped, and made a gash, long and wide, but not very deep, across the man's stomach. The skin rolled back, showing pink-white flesh before the blood rushed out and covered everything.

Sleep! Why couldn't he sleep? If he slept, he'd have peace. But sleep wouldn't come. Why? Why? He passed his hand over his forehead. It was wet and sticky. Blood? No, only perspiration. Please, God, let him have sleep. Sleep was calm, quiet—like death. Death? Death would give him sleep, but he didn't want to die. He only wanted to sleep, but he *couldn't.*

He rose and went down into the street. The night was cool, like that night in the Argonne —no, not that! He had to think of the present, not of the past. He hurried toward the downtown district where there were lights and people and laughter.

There were two soldiers ahead of him. Why, Ernie! Ernie and Hank! He called out and ran after them, but stopped suddenly. He wasn't dreaming now. This was the present, not the past. No, it couldn't be. There were soldiers everywhere. There were never so many soldiers except during war time. They were everywhere, though. Uniforms, uniforms, and all khaki—khaki! The color of mud, mud with bodies strewn about—barbed wire barriers and deep holes, where the earth had been wrenched from its place—mud, with men crawling across it—stinking, bloody, rotten— . . .

Run! He had to run away from it all. Across the street! Hurry Everyone was trying to kill him. Watch out for the autos, the buses. Here comes a truck. Duck! Quick—

* * * *

"Hey, what's wrong here?"

"An old guy just got run over, Sergeant. Killed instantly."

"Who is he? Any identification?"

"Not a thing on him, sir, except for this slip of paper—part of a letter. The rest must have been torn away. I'll read it.

"Dear Dad,

"I've always heard of the great things you did in the last war. Well, now it's my turn. This time I've got to do my part; so I've enlisted in the army. I'm sorry I didn't have a chance to see you, but they're sending me across immediately. There's—"

GEORGE SOKOL, '41.

THE BI-PRODUCTS OF A LECTURE

WHETHER he is willing to admit it or not, everyone has some physical outlet for overcoming the boredom of a dull lecture. Some are ear-pullers; others, nose twitchers; a few, thumb cuddlers; many, "o" fillers; and a large proportion of the remaining, drawers like me.

This artistic tendency usually creeps over me as I hear such opening sentences as, "Now, the life of William Shakespeare is most interesting. He was born in April, 1564." This is enough for me. I begin groping noiselessly around for a scrap of paper. As I touch the stub of a pencil, I feel the sensation of the proverbial drowning man as he clutches at the floating straw. I begin to wonder what kind of house "Old Bill" used to occupy. My fingers set to work; and regardless of whether I'm hearing about Shakespeare's time or Longfellow's, my abodes come out the same. The resulting product is always a cottage with a side and front visible, an evenly shingled roof, curtained windows. It boasts blinds, a smoking chimney, a front and side door with paths leading up to them.

I finish this bit of art in time to hear my informer announce that our great dramatist answered the final call in April, 1616. My mind begins to picture the paradise he is enjoying where the sun always shines and birds continually sing. Here flowers grow in abundance regardless of whether it's spring, summer, or fall; or whether they're in a field, woods, or garden. My paradise is usually fenced in. First I make my sun; then, the birds; next, the fence; and lastly, the tulip, daisy, lady slipper, golden rod, and chrysanthemum.

I have just heard our little man, who, by the way, seems to be well fortified with knowledge, say something about a daughter, Susanna Shakespeare. I imagine she resembles all the other daughters I portray, facing west, and having wavy hair, bangs, an eye well fringed with lashes, and a white collar.

What's this? Do I hear loud applause? Ah, yes! Our intelligent friend is bowing strenuously. I imitate my companions, gather my belongings, and heartily agree that he is truly

EVELYN R. HOYT, '41.

And the other day another co-ed came breathlessly into school.

"Pinch me," she gasped. "Ronald Coleman called up our house yesterday!"

"Yes?" asked a friend. "What did he want?"

"I dunno. It was the wrong number."

NEW WORDS FOR OLD

WHILE the echo of those familiar words in *Aladdin,* "New lamps for old!" is still safe with the memories of our childhood, we accept another phrase, much like that former chant. "New words for old." It is true that we cannot barter words as a peddler, many centuries ago, did lamps, but we can polish and improve our vocabulary.

The first way to better usage and application of words is reading. Never, in reading the works of masters and present-day authors do we repeatedly find "good," or "nice," the so-called "five-cent words." We do not read of a "pretty garden" in these volumes; our eyes travel over smoothly written passages about "a small knoll, bathed in the early morning fragrance of blossoming flowers," or we imagine "a plot of green velvet, bordered by majestic hollyhocks." But to benefit by our reading, we must imitate it in our own writing, for that is the best way.

I doubt if anyone, in the short space of forty minutes, can compose a theme to be ranked with the masters. But we can strive to think along the same channels of beautiful words. If we begin to see in our mind's eye "beautiful," "exquisite," "majestic," when we hear "pretty," we will soon obliterate almost entirely the latter from our compositions.

Likewise, the right application of our words must be guarded. Who of us would enjoy being termed "Mrs. Malaprop II?" The wrong application of words can be stopped if only we will learn *all* about a word before using it.

MARY SULLIVAN, '42.

THE CHESS CLUB UPHOLDS ITS REPUTATION

DURING the past year the Chess Club of Cambridge Latin successfully defended its title as champion of the Greater Boston Interscholastic League. During the past three years the team has not lost a match. The following boys have been outstanding in their play: Henry Jezierski, Sam Ocklas, Marshall Slater, James Atkins, Philip Jones, James Bromn, Joseph Kolanski and Philip Dgendolet. Henry Jezierski represented the club in the state leading the Cong so competently. The usual tournament, when he won the elimination of the Boston District. We are now looking forward to renewed activity in another year.

HENRY JEZIERSKI, '41

THE RETURN OF SPRING

SPRING is the season of the year during which a young man's fancy turns toward what he has been thinking of all winter. The harbingers of spring are melting snow and an increase in the number of billboards presenting to the public the unexcelled merits of certain brands of gasoline.

The first true indication of spring is not the appearance of the first robin, as is the popular belief, but rather the promulgation of a vigorous order concerning cleaning by the female inhabitants of the household. The spring is the time which tries masculine souls. Males must retire to the cellar or attic where they can be free of rugs, mops, brooms, dustcloths, and all other domestic paraphernalia.

Still another symbol of the return of spring is spring fever. This lassitude, which is prevalent among all races, creeds, and colors at the time of the vernal equinox, is characterized by a loss of appetite on the part of creatures who were previously omnivorous, and by an unceasing hatred of toil. The disease which I have described is indigenous rather than contagious; it is dormant in everyone and the blue sky and white clouds merely rouse it from its slumber.

The return of spring is accompanied by the re-advent of tests. Trial College-Board Examinations, "practice finals," and an unquenchable desire by certain teachers to get in ten quizzes a term are symbolic of this era. The weather vacillates between boiling and freezing. The ground is almost always wet, and pluvius is forever showering blessing upon us. Yet, with all these handicaps, spring is still the most popular season of the year. The most plausible explanation which can be given for this anomaly is that the end of the school year is near at hand.

HUGH BARTLEY, '42.

HONOR ROLL – 1942

Banos, Aspo
Birmingham, Madeline
Cahill, Anne
Cardillo, Carmella
Cohen, Sylvia
Cotter, Mary
George, Rose
Guild, George
Hegemann, Idolene
Jenkins, Donald
Krute, Aaron
Lewis, Rosalie
Markante, Thalia
Nauffts, Barbara
Oppedisano, Mary
Osterburg, Ruth
Patselelis, Katherine
Ryan, Mary
Schiffer, Eva
Schmiz, Margaret
Sullivan, Mary E.
Yankum, Anna
Zacharchuk, Olga
Zariski, Raphael
Zukas, Martha

JUNIOR STRATEGY

Dad, I have been looking over this AD about baseball gloves; if you have time could you go to look them over?

If they are worth anything, would you buy the one I have marked with a circle on the list?

I will give you the money tonight.

Thank you,

Tom.

THIS note neatly placed over the morning paper was found by Tom's father after the boy had left for school.

Now, why did Tom ask his father to run the errand for him when it could have been very simple to go downtown after school, especially, if we consider that both parents had contributed pennies and dimes for several weeks toward the purchase of a new baseball glove?

Well, the dear little fellow was nobody's fool.

Daddy will never ask for his money back, he thought, and I will have my new glove and my old money, too.

Evening came; with it came father and with both came the expected glove. Tom was effusive in giving thanks and as he had hoped not a word was mentioned about money.

Everything as planned, thought Tom casually walking toward his night stand where the pennies and the nickels and the dimes were kept. He was already dreaming what to do with them. A big aeroplane model perhaps, but . . . was he surprised!

In place of his little treasure he found this note:

Son, I did look over the AD about baseball gloves. They are fine. I am taking the money this morning and I will give you the glove tonight.

Dad.

JOSEPH SESTI, '44.

* * *

Ravenous Freshman (at counter): I'll have ginger ale.

One of those men in the white coats: Pale?

Freshman: Oh, no. A bottle will be enough.

* * * *

And here's our contribution for the theme song of the solid geometry students:

"Oh, if I had the wings of an angel,

Over these *prism* walls I would fly."

Laugh now, please.

G. A. A.

G. A. A. REPORT

HOWDY, everybody! Now that Spring is here and good weather predominates, all the members seem glad of an opportunity to get out in the air and participate wholeheartedly in the various activities. Baseball is in full swing with energetic teams giving forth as follows: on April 24 the Juniors beat the Seniors 6-0. Wednesday, May 7, the sophomores reaped the laurels from the freshmen in a fine spirited game with a score of 18-16. However, the game they played on the 13th was not officially recorded, as the freshmen, being in a frisky mood, put it all over on the gullible sophomores, who remained in complete ignorance of their tactics. Ignorance is bliss, they say! Nevertheless, the sophomores came out victorious.

Revere visited us on May 15th to defeat us 3-0 in a game at which Mr. Fitzgerald efficiently umpired. Our girls are playing their biggest rivals, Somerville, on the 28th. Here's hoping we can beat them in baseball as nicely as we did in Swimming and Tennis. June 4th is set aside for the Arlington game, which also promises to be a good one.

I'd like to take this opportunity to commend the players on their great spirit while playing in such a poor field. In spite of the bruises and bangs they leave good natured and return for more. Praise also is deserved by the gentlemen provided by Mr. Foley, who aided greatly in umpiring.

Before I forget it, let me say that I sincerely hope none of you missed the Informal as it was an evening superbly spent. We enjoyed the melodious tunes of Herbie Lee and his band and found many entertaining highlights. Jimmy Flood deserves a bouquet for his cowboy rhythms as does also Herbie Lee for his tap number. Orchids to Ray Fitzgerald and Angeleo Bonsignori for being such swell sports in enacting Paul Revere's Ride and custom of serving refreshments at the opportune moment was not done away with and everyone enjoyed the palatable ice cream and cake provided by the kind efforts of a capable refreshment committee. As usual the appropriate decorations were put up by Pat Dias and committee. In spite of the fact the gym was opened up, thus slightly spoiling the effect and the balloons were broken by the crowd in a spirit of fun, the adornments were greatly appreciated by all. The dance proved a great success and is something for next year's girls to aim at.

Getting back to sports I'm glad to announce the fine progress of the tennis tournament. The number of games has been narrowed down until only a few remain. On Monday we played Somerville and again returned victorious. F. Green won two sets of singles, M. Cajolet another two sets, and L. Piston and T. Demers two sets of doubles. We hope the two year cup will be awarded at the picnic.

A very important meeting is being held in the auditorium Friday, May 16, at which letters will be given to the Senior and Freshman class teams in baseball, to all class teams as well as first and second varsity teams in basketball. The Senior Team will also receive Silver Basketball charms for winning the series. The Swimming Team will also be awarded letters. It is indeed a pleasure and honor to have Mr. Cleveland so interested in girls' athletics as to be willing to give up time from his crowded schedule to award the honors. This is the first such meeting we've had for two years due to the double session and promises to be a most enjoyable one.

Next year's officers have been chosen and Patricia Dias will succeed Barbara Emmons as President, Ann Cahill will take over the duties of Yours Truly as Vice President and Treasurer, and Olga Zacharchuck will again resume her assignment of secretary. They're a fine group of girls, and I wish them as much happiness and success as was enjoyed this year by the officers.

As usual the picnic to Kendal Green on Saturday, June 7, will wind up the funfest of the G. A. A. All forms of amusements are being planned, as well as the installation of new officers, the play by the officers, and the usual group singing. It is the one day when everyone has a marvelous time due to the

thoughtful efforts of Miss Brown.

And this seems to be a very opportune time to extend to Miss Brown the heartfelt appreciation of the officers for all the sage counsel and advice offered at much needed times. Many's the time we've let fall the heavier part of our repsonsibilities upon her shoulders without her finding fault except for an occasional post mortem meeting.

I'd also like to say that all the officers strove to their utmost to make this year a great success both athletically and socially, and are proud to feel that they have succeded.

In closing, may I wish your next year's scribe as much fun as I have had in writing for the Review.

So long, and a happy vacation to you all!

Evelyn R. Hoyt, '41.

DURRELL DEBATING SOCIETY

THE debating society has just completed a most effective and worthwhile season, if not an active one. This year it was difficult to renew the interest which has waned during the last two seasons, due to the two sessions at the school, but many boys and girls came faithully to the monthly meetings and derived both pleasure and profit.

The most active of these members who participated in monthly discussions and debates were:

Lester Crowley
Patrick Elliott
Annabelle Feld
John Fitch
David Hall
Gertrude Hartford
Winfield Holland
Eli Kominsky
Edmund Lafferty
James Nixon
John O'Neil
Harry Oster
Richard Sawyer
William Smith
William Sullivan
Norma Whitehouse
Joseph Voles

As in the past the Durrell Prize Debate served to climax the debating season. It took place on May 15th at 8 P. M. in the Leslie L. Cleveland Auditorium. Mr. Cleveland served as moderator and the judges were Mr. Paul Corcoran, a former debater at this school and now owner of the Corcoran store in Cambridge, Mr. Herbert McSorley, president of the Cambridge Lyceum, and Mr. Eliot Spalding, editor of the *Chronicle-Sun*. The competitors were, on the affirmative side, John Fitch and David Hall with Annabelle Feld as alternate; on the negative side, Lester Crowley and William Sullivan with Harry Oster as alternate. The negative side was chosen by the judges as the winner and the boys were given medals. Lester Crowley had the distinction of being chosen best speaker of the evening regardless of side.

The boys chose as their subject for the debate the national high school topic for this year which is, Resolved: that the powers of the federal government should be increased. This topic demanded a great deal of research; but the students received valuable and useful information regarding the workings of the various departments of our federal government; and whether they were winners or losers, they are to be congratulated for their diligence and tireless effort.

As this is the last time the Review will go to press, the club would like to extend a sincere farewell to Mr. Cleveland, our devoted headmaster, who is retiring this year after giving many, many years of service to the school and particularly to students of debate. He was always most enthusiastic in sponsoring our feeblest ventures and because of his encouragement the students responded readily and many a splendid debater has gone forth from this school remembering the splendid and sympathetic advice of Mr. Cleveland.

To Miss Breau, our coach, we express our heartfelt thanks for her hard work and excellent guidance. Considerable regret was engendered when it was announced that Miss Breau would depart from the faculty in June to be married. Her departure will leave a niche difficult to fill but with her go all the best wishes for happiness of the debate club.

So with a sense of loss in the departure of our headmaster and coach but still with high hopes, we close this debating season and look forward to September, when once again the students will labor in the field of argumentation.

Lester Crowley, '42.

HONOR ROLL – 1941

Agababian, Armane
Barbuto, Angelina
Cardullo, Thomas
Carson, Joseph
Ciccolo, Concetta
Clark, Walter
Coffey, Mary Louise
Corsino, Frank
Costa, Pasqualina
Davirris, Anita
DeLany, Rex
Fitch, Marjorie
Galvin, Eileen
Glantz, Bernice
Goulis, Josephine
Haigh, Virginia
Jackson, June
Jankauskas, Aldona
Johnson, Ruth
MacOdrum, Ruth
McCabe, Margaret
McMahon, Edward
Marderosian, Anna
Murphy, Catherine
Murphy, Irene
Newell, Dorothy
O'Connor, Rosemary
Papageorge, Kleanthe
Pitingolo, Antoinette
Reuter, Virginia
Rezendes, Albertina
Shaughnessy, Dorothy
Sheehan, Mary
Vrotsos, Bertha
Walsh, Eileen

FRESHMAN NOTES

WE wish to offer our congratulations to the members of the Freshman class for the fine way in which they carried on their section of the REVIEW. The Freshman Section was very successful for an initial undertaking and set a high standard for the Freshman classes to come. We also wish to offer our sincere appreciation to the Freshman teachers who took such an active interest in this section

Doris Comerford spent her vacation week in Washington. She visited the White House but was not able to see the President . . . Barbara McGorey certainly enjoys her 5th period class . . . Virginia Griffin is an expert with a "Yo-Yo" . . . Room 111 is very proud of the fact that three of their members took the examination for the Latin Prize. The three members were Ross Harris, William Harris, and Ray Hill. Robert Horan of the same room won a medal for excellent spelling . . . Garleeh Coogias and Hazel Cook entertain their room with songs . . . Why are so many Freshman students getting writer's cramps? . . . Virginia Ackerly and Mildred Crowley are very fine actresses . . . Joseph Sheehan will probably open a store to sell all the pencils that he borrows . . . So far, Ellen Lombardi has won four poster contests and one essay contest . . . When Carty Lynch starts after news he finds plenty . . . Olga Maraser does beautiful needle work . . . Did you see Faith Webster's picture in the paper a few Sundays ago? By the way, Faith has pictures of all her grammar school classmates . . . Martha Hoban is very modest concerning her ability . . . Have you ever seen Katherine Richardson and Mildred Ridgely apart? . . . May Hughes looks very sweet in her new hair-do . . . Joe Fougere rides a streamlined bike to school every day . . . Baseball is Aram Paregiah's favorite topic of conversation . . . Alice Bocca is liable to break into a dance at any time . . . Jean Cochrane and Diana Pawlick, the "twins", have made the song "Juanita" more popular . . . Vera Chvaney, the clever cartoonist, likes to giggle now and then . . . Did you ever see such speed as Carmeline Rose exhibits when whizzing around the lunch room? . . . James Michael should have a Western Union uniform. He is always delivering messages for others . . . Mercedes Malone and Mary MacDonald form a fine jitterbug team . . . Frank Facey is the "Glamour Boy" . . .

Justine Rower's hobby is making ship models . . . Cecilia Silvey is very patriotic, always wearing red, white, and blue . . . 'Tis rumored that Bernice Rileman is knitting a pink sweater . . . We were asked to inquire about Barbara Cook's first name . . . Alan Kelley certainly unleashes some bewildering sounds at times . . . Is Everett Cameron really coming down with spring fever? . . . Who is that group of girls constantly seen in Fiske's ice cream store? . . . Helen Maldones won a prize last year for penmanship . . . Esther Pickler has had notes for her room in every issue of the REVIEW . . . Victoria Gibon is very bashful . . . Cecilia Bennett seems to have *extra* work every night. Why? . . . Rose Mardekian has changed from classics to swing . . . Mary D. Rose is still wondering about those pictures . . . if you need a mirror, see Lucy Reneiri . . . Don Kirth is becoming more popular each day . . . One in a million: the Freshman boy who thinks the pictures flatter him. One in ten million: the Freshman girl who thinks the pictures flatter her . . . Mary Barrett does very well in Latin . . . John MacLellan is an excellent drummer . . . James Russell likes to tease a certain person . . . Leo Maloy's pet aversion is Algebra . . . Saluatere Bonsighore and Charles Billings were very ardent salesmen

ASSEMBLIES

ON Pan-American Day, we were entertained by music, poems, and songs of the Latin-American countries. The program was arranged by one of the commercial geography classes. One of the highlights of the program was the duet sung by Jean Cochrane and Diana Pawlick, members of our class.

At another assembly, we were entertained again by the Dramatic Club. As usual, the club gave an excellent performance. This time they presented the sketch with which they were victorious at Fitchburg. The play was very well presented and earned the sincere appreciation of all present.

The last assembly combined scholarship and entertainment. First, the home-room winners of the spelling bee were called to the stage by Mr. Cleveland and were awarded their medals by Mr. Downey. Victoria Gibson received two medals, one as home-room winner and the other as the champion of the entire Freshman class.

The second part of the program was a presentation of the gym classes. It consisted of a dance of the gay ninety period. The girls looked lovely in their outfits, while the "boys", with their mustaches, led their partners very gracefully. The dance was cleverly executed, being a combination of waltz, clog, and tap dance. The girls, all Freshmen, are to be complimented on their splendid work.

at the time of the gym exhibition. Of course the boys were two of the stars of the evening . . . Virginia Lyons is now an author, having written a very fine play . . . Edmund Lafferty should make a good lawyer . . . You can recognize Mark Lewis by the briefcase that he carries . . . William Cook always has that pleasant smile . . . Carty Lynch is very contented when he hears "Valse Triste" . . . Manuel Agrita never expressed desire to have his name here, so we won't use it . . . Joanne Regillo deserves a medal for being so quiet and studious . . . William Lomonoco won a prize last year in drawing . . . The sewing circle in Room 120 has been broken up . . . John Petropolus frequently glances through the class album. Any special reason? . . . Leo Hallesian is not only an outstanding violinist, but he is also a member of the track team . . . Virginia Hart and Dorothy Harris have lunch together each day . . .

We hope all have a nice vacation and will return next fall ready to carry on their fine work.

DRAMATIC CLUB NOTES

SINCE the dramatic club last summed up its activities on these pages a number of important events have occupied the interest of the members.

Following the success of "Victoria Regina" at Fitchburg, the cast enjoyed a week-end at South Portland, Maine, where they competed in the New England Drama Festival Contest. Cambridge Latin's "royalty" bowed to Mexico High School, Maine, the first prize winner, and to Arlington High, which took second place, but the cast and its directors are to be congratulated on their fine work which won third honors.

With the excitement of the contests over, the club settled down to the serious business of electing officers for next year. The following are elected:

President .....Lester Crowley
Vice President .....Mary Broussard
Secretary .....Francis Curran
Treasurer .....Frances Bolger
Executive Committee
Robert Guest, Emily Jones, Anne Cahill, John Stokes, Margaret Ford

Judging from this fine list of officers we can expect big doings in the Dramatic Club next year. At one of the recent meetings Mr. Eliot Duvey, producer for the Federal Theatre, and a graduate of Latin School, gave a lecture on the differences between amateur and professional acting. We enjoyed it very much and we hope to have him back again next year.

On May 23 the Dramatic Club and its alumni presented a large and spectacular Talent Night program. The proceeds went to the Scholarship Fund. Frank Rossi, a former student, not only was Master of Ceremonies but also participated in the entertainment by doing some of his famous skits. Several graduates and many students performed, and the Dramatic Club presented a one-act play, namely the "Bathroom Door". The cast included:

Prima Donna .....Barbara Suprenard
Young Man .....Walter Cremens
Old Gentleman .....John Stokes
Old Lady .....Eileen Tooley
Young Lady .....Doris Belanger

Altogether it was a very successful and enjoyable evening and the Dramatic Club wishes to extend its most sincere thanks to the performers and to all who attended.

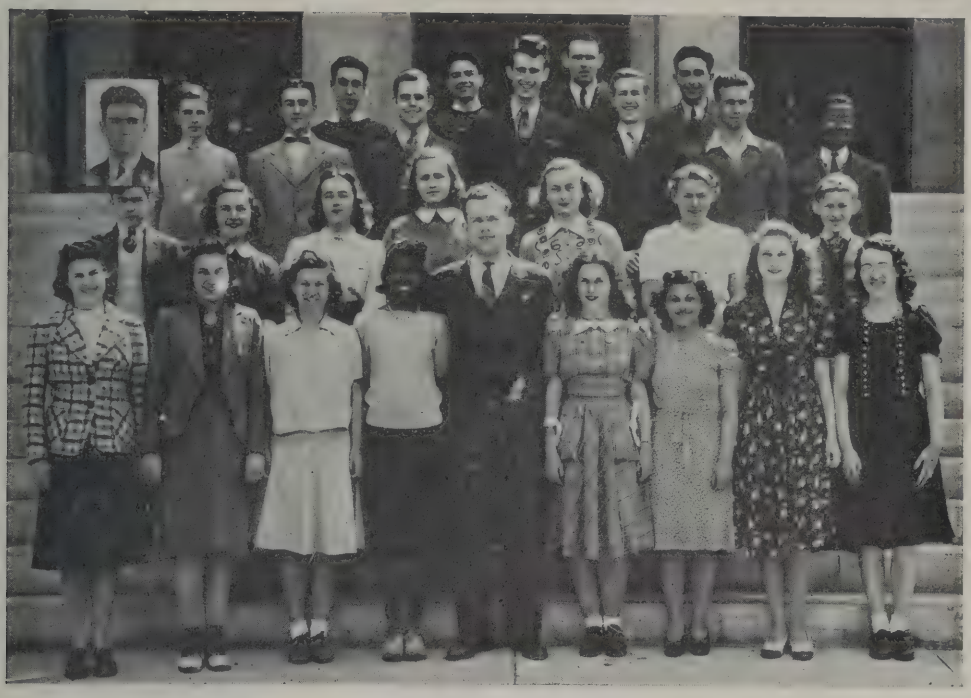
We also wish to express our gratitude to Miss Hartigan, Miss O'Keefe, and Miss Breau, who so generously gave their time and assistance to all the activities of this busy, successful year which is now rapidly drawing to a close.

Have a pleasant summer!

MARJORIE HATCH, '41.

HONOR ROLL – 1944

Bary, Charles
Benusis, John
Bigler, Mary
Brezinsky, Dorothy
Callanan, William
Carlson, Barbara
Caulfield, John
Chase, Edith
Coleman, Ruth
Cook, Barbara M.
Cooney, Frances
Cooper, Catherine
Cremens, Walter
Deeran, Rose
Donnelly, Mary
Falvey, Helen
Faulkner, Jean
Fitzgerald, Marjorie
Furey, Katherine
Sheehan, James
Gomatos, Poppy
Gorman, Helen
Harris, Ross
Harris, William
Hepp, Eileen
Hoban, Martha
Haskell, Paul
Jensen, Ethel
Kanavos, Madeline
Kennedy, Patricia
Kenney, William
Kvetkas, Bertha
Lee, Mary
Lewis, Mary
Linskey, Mary
Libitz, Joseph
McNeill, Heather
Lyons, Elsie
Markiewicz, Helen
McCree, Paul
Montana, Marie
Moynihan, George
Murphy, Margaret
Nemet, Margaret
Nunes, Mary
O'Brien, Eileen



THE REVIEW STAFF

G.A.A. OFFICERS

TRACK TEAM

HOCKEY TEAM

BASEBALL TEAM

FOOTBALL TEAM

TRACK TEAM

GIRLS' VARSITY BASKETBALL TEAM

THIS THING CALLED SWING

JIVE-HO, gates! Here we are for the last time discing and datting you on the latest news on what your favorites are doing; so come on jive-makers, put on those dancing shoes, and roll up those rugs, and we'll make this the biggest jive information session of the year. Ready, get set, jive! . . . Benny Goodman's obesity, which surprises so many of the band leader's idolaters, is the result of his medico's orders to refrain from any exercise until he's completely recovered from his recent illness. And bye the bye, whether Benny's comeback has been as complete as his admirers say, will be proven right here in Massachusetts where he holds records for a "class" spot (The Ritz) and a dance-hall (The Garden). The remodeled Coonamasset Ranch on the Cape has just booked Goodman for an indefinite run this summer . . . Una Mae Carlisle recently received an invitation from the Duke and Duchess of Windsor to visit them in the Bahamas . . . In announcing his new style of voicing with five saxophones, Bob Chester reveals that the entire band was responsible for the improved form. Bob says that dropping the clarinet lead tends to soften the arrangements while giving the band a more mellow tonal quality . . . The Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street has just been signed to make movie shorts . . . Master showmanship is being displayed by Duke Ellington on his hotel dates . . . Watch for an influx of bands to home ports — with air time — soon . . . With the recordings by his new band hits by virtue of tremendous advance sales, Alvino Rey, one of the air's busiest ork maestros, is now basking in nation-wide glory with his "William Tell" and "Light Cavalry" sizzling under thousands of Victrola needles. His first date with the new band at the Rustic Cabin gave the N. Y. metropolitan area the first "look-listen" on a coming name band, and their response is proven by the fact that the management won't let Alvino leave on a theatre tour. His six month engagement has been extended once again — this time indefinitely. Rey, incidentally, admits that he sneaks time-out to operate his own "ham" radio station with the call letters W6RDX and that he is after wings to join Larry Clinton and Vaughn Monroe in a Bluebird reserve aircorps . . . Have you heard Gray Gordon's streamlined-swing-crew? It's headed for big things . . . Distinctly honoring Sammy Kaye, NBC has just arranged to place him on a regular Sunday afternoon sustaining show, titled, "Sunday Serenade". Although Sammy cut short his Hotel Commodore booking and went on the road, because of a sharply increasing demand for personal appearances, NBC is footing the expense of picking him up wherever the band happens to be playing . . . EXCLUSIVE: Adding the results of a year of experiment to the style that made "My Reverie", "Heart and Soul", and many other inimitable disc specialties, Larry Clinton is rolling once more in the popular field. He is preparing a new classical adaptation with lyrics — claiming that it is far better than "Reverie", and hesitating to reveal its name until he is finished . . . After six great months at New York's Hotel Lincoln Tony Pastor, our choice as the band most likely to hit the top, and his 18 artists are hotter than a forest fire as proven by his recording of "Let's Do It" which has already sold over 100,000 copies. Oddly enough, thirteen years ago Tony played sax in the pit for the stage hit "Paris" in which Cole Porter's "Let's Do It" was the hit tune. Today his hit recording of "Let's Do It" only proves that tunes, popular yesteryear, still rate top recognition today and get it. And while speaking about Tony, his drummer, Johnny Morris, banged right through the head of his drums, during a recent late-night broadcast, while playing a terrific chorus of "Paradiddle Joe". The announcer gagged and could hardly get his final announcement out . . .

Teddy Powell and his crew are out to become the most versatile band in the business without hitting the number one spot. Teddy is specializing in swing-boogie-woogie, as he feels that he finally has a band that can carry this difficult form of swing . . . And incidentally Johann Strauss isn't injured a bit by Teddy's superb arrangement of "The Blue Danube". Keep your ears cocked for it . . . Abe Lyman replaced "Lights Out" with "Moon Over America" as his theme melody, feeling that the romantic angle of the former has been weakened by the oversea developments . . . EXCLUSIVE: Barry Wood has just had his "Hit Parade" contract renewed, has just bought himself a 50-acre farm in Connecticut, and has just been sketched for week-end auditorium appearances throughout the East during the next couple of months . . . Recently Kay Kyser's broadcast was cancelled on account of the President's speech, but in order that he might not let down his studio audience who had already received free tickets, Kay gave them the entire show. That's what we call "the tops" and just another reason why "the Old Professor" is right there on top of America's favorite "ork" list . . . EXCLUSIVE: Charlie Barnet has just made arrangements to supply every army camp in the country with sets of all his latest waxings . . . Hits

in the Making: "Dancing In a Dream", "From Taps Till Reveille", "Knee Deep in Stardust", "I Touched a Star", "I Got a Letter from My Kid Today", "A Love Song Hasn't Been Sung", and "Long About Sundown" . . . Two young new bands that promise to take their places in the orchestral firmament have been signed to record for Bluebird. So, come on, "gates", meet Sonny Dunham and Sam Donahue! Boasting a five man sax section that blends right out of this world, the Dunham band is composed mostly of young musicians from the West coast who have had an excellent background in pickup work and with coast bands. Their styling is strictly hot, but not in the sense of hot jazz so much as in the sense of smooth swing that bounces solidly. Donahue was arranger for his orchestra before taking over the leader's spot by general acclaim. Here the styling is sweeter, but still definitely not sugary. It's a "design for dancing" outfit that can handle any kind of music from rhumba to waltz to jitterbug with equal facility . . . Bill Darnell, until recently Bob Chester's vocalist, has heard the call and is standing now behind a gun instead of a mike . . . Pitching the needle here and there, we recommend Benny Goodman's "Take It" and his sextette's "A Smo-o-o-oth One", Tommy Dorsey's "Deep River", Vaughn Monroe's "Vesti La Giubba", Sammy Kaye's "Daddy", Artie Shaw's "Moonglow", Gray Gordon's "Why Do I Love You?" and Glenn Miller's "Lift the Gate" . . . Larry Clinton conducted Harry James' band on the opening day of a recent engagement. Harry was down in Texas attending the funeral of his mother. . . .

Riding the crest of the wave is a long legged trombonist from Clarinda, Iowa, named Glenn Miller. His well-disciplined band is selling more records right now than any other band in the business. Glenn is 29. When he played alongside Benny Goodman eleven years ago, his sliphorn was as hot as a steampipe. Nabbing most of the popularity polls, being tabbed by *Billboard* as the top recording artist of the year, and being selected by the C. H. L. S. students for the second consecutive year as their favorite swing star, are just a few of the many laurels gathered by Glenn in his short span of band leading years — four years to be exact. And so, our hats off to Glenn Miller, the leader of a truly swell band. Glenn has incidentally just been signed by his radio sponsor for another year before his present contract ran out, and he has recently come up with a swellegant arrangement of that negro spiritual "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot". Take it from us, it really "comes on", but definitely . . . Just back from a six-week tour of the South, Fats Waller has many memories — all shrouded in overcoats. Several times he had to play in his coat and gloves, with one date in a tobacco warehouse that had but one stove to heat 40,000 square feet of floor space. Another booking, on a pavilion facing the ocean came at the height of the Southern cold wave, with the only heat present coming from the dancers. Tragic comedy was a three column picture of Fats in a Norfolk paper captioned "Silenced by Pneumonia", while Waller, who had just recovered from the flu, played another date just a few miles from the town on the night that the paper appeared. The word spread, and promoters and dancers, thinking Fats dead, dropped all their plans for his future southern bookings. Retractions went out, but Waller had a hard time convincing people along the line . . . Vaughn Monroe who wants perfection in every department of his band, gets uniform appearance by having the same barber cut everybody's hair. Recently, at Vaughn's expense, the seven bespectacled bandsmen — all oddly enough under 21 — were fitted with identically styled glasses. Finishing a four and one-half month stay at Boston's Hotel Statler and now finishing a three week stay at New York's Paramount theatre, Vaughn is finding himself tentatively being spotted at the famous Hotel Pennsylvania and Meadowbrook for a summer stint. The Meadowbrook booking is significant in that Vaughn placed fifth in a poll there to determine future attractions although he has never played south of the Hub . . . EXCLUSIVE: An interview with Vaughn Monroe. Here, in part, are facts, little known to the public, yet which, we believe, will give you, the reader, the best sort of inside scooping on the real Monroe . . . Says Vaughn, "I fly, race in outboard motorboats, swim, golf, and play tennis in my spare time . . . I think I have latent talent as an inventor, having already devised good substitutes for various engine parts and a trumpet mute rack that they seem to like . . . The strangest break in my life was to come to Boston — an unknown city to me — from my home in Akron, Ohio, for no apparent reason. I found my success here . . . I like to write in green ink and I'm attracted to quiet, sensible people . . . The five things I'll never get enough of are: money, sleep, vacations, lobsters and Roquefort cheese . . . The oddest experience in my life was being painted completely green by an older boy when I was four . . . I'm twenty-seven and I went to Carnegie Tech where I majored in engineering . . . I studied voice while in college and from '34 to '39 at the

Boston

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334 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON . . . . KENmore 6789

New England Conservatory of Music . . . The next six months will tell the all important answer to the question 'Is the band going to be a success?'" . . . And so 'gates, with the interview given us by Vaughn Monroe we take our leave. We assure you that it has been an extreme pleasure for us to be associated with the REVIEW. Remember, 'gates, whatever you do and wherever you go, keep this phrase in mind; and life will always take on a new fold, "VIVE LE HOT!"

SIDNEY GROSS, '40.

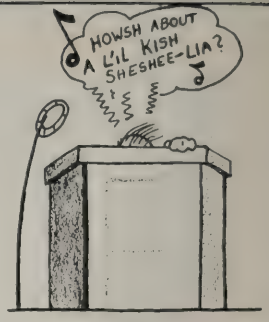
HONOR ROLL – 1943

Banner, Ethel
Barbuto, Elena
Batten, Mildred
Benson, Ida
Camelio, Alexandrina
Cardillo, Sarah
Chaulk, Dorothy
Chin, Annie
Corey, Joseph
Cuff, Grace
Days, Mildred
Deresky, Julia
Dervishian, Victoria
Downward, Carol
Drolette, Margaret
Duperey, Lucille
Fielbelkorn, Rita
Fournier, Jeanne
Graham, Mazie
Guzzi, Anne
Hammond, Mary
Holmes, Dorothy
Holmes, Marie
Intineralli, Rita
Kagan, Francis
Kaminsky, Eli
Keane, Rita
Kelty, Diana
La Freniere, Leon
Lydotes, Despina
Lyons, Mary
McCabe, Richard
Menez, George
Mooney, Mary
Morazzi, Olga
Narekiewicz, Nellie
O'Brien, Robert
Palmacci, Ilia
Parris, Gwendolyn
Pena, Estuphania
Power, Walter
Rodrigue, Dorothy
Servello, Florence
Souza, Louise
Spinosa, Mary
Stevens, Frank
Sutherland, Dorothea
Szostak, Gladys
Themea, Mary
Williams, Mildred
O'Han, Bergi
O'Neil, John
Oppedisano, John
Pansy, Leone
Peck, Glen
Porter, Claire
Reynolds, Peggy
Richardson, Katherine
Rose, Mary D.
Rundlet, Barbara
Salvato, Nancy
Sandock, Ruth
Saunders, Charles
Shea, Marie
Sheehan, Joseph Leo
Silviere, Helen
Sparks, Dorothy
Spence, Dorothy
Cameron, Everett
Gallop, Claire
Mero, Dorothy
Safarian, Mary
Silva, Lydia
Taylor, Beverly
Todd, Iris
Travers, Mary
Trocki, Josephine
Walters, Catherine

TALENT NIGHT CAPERS

MARY FALBO LED OFF - NERVOUS AT FIRST, SHE FINALLY TURNED IN A SWELL PERFORMANCE

THE 'WESTERN PALS' SAWED OUT VISIONS OF THE BOND BREAD MAN ON TH' WHITE HORSE/

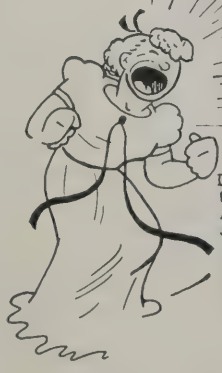


VIEW (?) OF LITTLE JOE SHEEHAN RENDERING TH' ONE AND ONLY - 'CECELIA' -

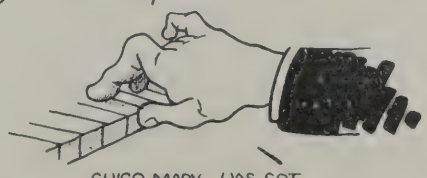
THERESA DARRIGO GAVE AN EXCELLENT EXAMPLE OF WHAT SHE'LL BE SINGING A COUPLE OF YEARS FROM NOW IN OPERA ~

SPARKLING EUGENE GILMORE AND HIS 'ESQUIRES' STOLE THE SHOW /WHEN THEY HIT TH' HIGH AND UNTOUCHED IN 'WHAM' AND 'TUXEDO JUNCTION' THEY WERE SUPERB/

THE UNRULY ELEMENT WAS ADEQUATELY TAKEN CARE 'OF ~'



EVEN TH' SKYLIGHT IN THE ROOF RATTLED WHEN EDITH ARMSTRONG LOOSENED UP— SHE SOUNDED LIKE THE WINNER OF A CORN COUNTRY HAWG CALLIN' CONTEST COMPETING AGAINST A NOON WHISTLE/



CHICO MARX HAS GOT NOTHING ON HAL BORDEN WHEN IT COMES TO PIANO/

HORACE LINDBERG DID SOME PRETTY FANCY HOOFING/

CROSS-SECTION OF THAT BALCONY—

Tim Leamen

FALTER'S LAST STAND

HI, Latinites . . . Here we are on the last roundup . . . We've been waiting four years to say that, and now that we can, we don't like it as well as we thought we would . . . Yes sir, for many of the seniors, the end of school has come . . . (we purposely left out that part about facing the cruel, cruel world, because they've heard and will hear that enough as it is) . . . Our main purpose is to let you Juniors, Sophomores and Freshmen in on whose hand will guide the *Spotlite* next year . . . Believe it or not, next year there will be no Uncle Falter! . . . But don't feel bad (who said "who does?" — I'll murder the bum) because next year we're gonna have an Aunt Falter! . . . Miss Barbara Nauffts — Blondie — er, pardon me — Bobby, to you, will be filling yo' ear with a slightly better brand of the same trivia that you have been accustomed to . . . and incidentally, she'll be breaking a precedent at the same time (Roosevelt can't have all the fun) . . . She'll be the first girl to have complete charge of this column . . . Well, now that I've got that off my chest, I'll pull the disappearing act (for those of you who are more cultured, that means that I'm gonna take a powder) and give Aunt Falter a chance to show her stuff . . . So long — I hope to see you around sometime, and take it easy, will ya? . . . P.S. Where are my orchids? I haven't seen one of 'em yet! Oh, Oh, pardon me I just remembered a big one that goes to Peggy Miller for her swell weekly column and also for taking our ribbing like a good sport . . . Come in, Bobby. . . .

Well, Uncle Falter I also have a few orchids to pass out. This time it's a big bouquet to the Senior Class officers and committees who have done a swell job during the year . . . Another orchid to Paul O'Rourke, Junior Class President, who was the main reason for the success of the Junior Informal on April 25 . . . While I'm on the subject of the Junior Informal, lend me your ear, and I'll attempt to tell you the "disa and data": Thelma Devani must have had a lease on that corner she stuck to . . . Pat Dias' and Sylvia Piltch's heads were together constantly during the intermission . . . Tch! Tch! no secrets girls . . . I wonder where Audrey Fryatt went after the dance? . . . "Angie" Carigianis cut quite a figure doing the "La Conga" . . . Dorothy Corcoran and Charlie Mains were interested in the jitterbugs . . . Jane Ericson looked "fresh as a daisy" in bright yellow . . . The Junior dance is not the only dance that was successful . . . The Varsity, held on May 9 was a success from Ray Borden's opening notes until the last "goodbye" . . . And Ray Stoker (I hope the name's spelled right) — these people who make a fuss over one small letter) said he couldn't dance! Well, maybe he can't, ask Anna Danis . . . Deacon Doyle, Mitch Babajtis, Russie Boudreau, and Sammy Zadoorian formed a rather muscular stag line . . . Barbara Morse and Betty Fawcett (you know, that famous model) didn't miss a set . . . Joe Sullivan and Frank Cristello didn't miss the Varsity either . . . They never pass up an opportunity to go to a dance . . . "yittabugs" at heart . . . By this time, everybody must be tired from jitterbugging, so let's change the subject, huh? . . . Pat Conway, Peggy Hart, Nancy Cass, and Mary Buckley have joined the "red specs brigade" . . . Ruth Wegler wears her green derby hat everywhere . . . even in the study hall . . . Mary Russell and Jane Hayes prefer college educations . . . I wonder if Mary Burgess plays golf as well as her big brother, Charlie . . . After vacation, the dark circles under the eyes looked like the dark depths of gloom . . . Oh well, just think (if you have enough energy to think) only a couple of more weeks of school and then — Wow! . . . Jerry Nikas informs me that she cleans three tables in the lunchroom and not just two . . . Pardon me — ho-hum, I guess spring fever's got me, always making mistakes

. . . Alice Gerekmezian had to be different and color her hauraches . . . I wonder if Ed Pelletier and John Reagan enjoy their third period class . . . Mildred O'Rourke has a hole worn in one of the staircase landings from standing there between second and third periods . . . Carmello Cardillo is the official part-time home-room teacher of 303 . . . Talk about your soldier's uniform, Gert Crowley has it all over them with her military outfit . . . Hep! Hep! . . . Inseparable twosome, Doris Mahoney and Eleanor Reagan . . . It's still a dark secret to some where Rosemary O'Connor spends her Sunday afternoons . . . What's the jacket for, John Ryan? . . . Doris Cooper is kept pretty busy these nights rehearsing for a play . . . good excuse . . .

Anna Lundquist and Helen Mirra have gone in for sewing . . . What's the story? . . . By the way, girls, what did you think of that fashion show — pretty nice? . . . Tommy Hobin eats anything and everything . . . Red Mullin really can sing . . . Tommy Collaghan and Nicky Manning have a lot in common; they are both athletes, seniors, brunettes, and orators (when they shouldn't be) . . . Bob Murphy plays ice hockey in the summer . . . Although Mary Murphy and Josephine Haley have never met, they are noted rivals . . . Evelyn Daltry collects pictures of others; Claire Kelley collects others' pictures . . . Same difference . . . "Red" Fitzgerald must have a temper. He hasn't spoken to me since I called him "Bashful" . . . Lucille Freniere was among the best jitterbugs at the K.B. Spring Informal . . . Yep, they're in again . . . The Faulkner twins were mistaken for each other even by their own partners . . . What's news in the Sophomore Class, Thursday? . . . I gather that Art Thomas and George Croucher just love to go canoeing . . . Attention, Sophomores: Don Rossi wants you to take a collection for the benefit of his lunch . . . Stan (It's Bucko now) Hollis is always reading those highly educational books, such as, — need I say anymore? . . . Freddy Shea's a solid jitterbug. Only he knows where he gets the energy to keep it up . . . Here's something interesting, Freddy "beats the hides" or otherwise plays the drums . . . Children, Beware! Eileen Prebensen is learning to drive, and that my friends, is bad . . . I'm still wondering what became of Teddy Warder's coat down at the Smith House . . . Jim Boyce strums a mean guitar . . . These are a few of the nicknames I've gathered up: Margaret "Maggie" Bane, Marjorie "Midge" Andrews, Catherine "Katey" Bolges . . . Dotty Arthur insists that a chicken isn't nothin' but a bird . . . Thanks, Dorothy, for your information . . . I never would have known . . . Arthur Corey is writing a new novel . . . Mazie Graham, Mary Themea, and Marylyn Swartz are prize Spanish pupils . . . Jeanne Founier has a voice like that of "Wee Bonnie Baker" when she sings . . . "Pep" Leary is just the opposite to his nickname . . . Loo-Loo (that's what it says on the paper, s'help me) DeAngelo of Rm. 01 is the wittiest Sophomore in C. H. L. S. . . . Elizabeth DiNito should never forget that little rhyme "30 days hath September" . . . Take a look at Prudence Santoro's drawings sometime . . . All the boys of 215 seem to like girls' names. For instance, John Delaney is now known as Joan, Lawrence Bolduc is Laura, William Farrell, Whilemena, Paul Demeo, Pauline, and many others . . . Muriel Ellsworth gave a 100 percent performance in her church play . . . From a certain Mr. X we get the few following remarks: Hail! (he starts off cheerfully enough) to our new comer in Rm. 02. She is none other than Bernie Wright, that famous glamour gal of C. H. L. S. . . . Paul Hanlon, we learn, is a tacky kid . . . Alice Whalen, the wise-cracking lassie of Rm. 02 . . . Mary O'Sullivan is seen carrying a face cloth around . . . Alice Donovan, Ann Sullivan and Marie Ryan went on a bicycle hike the other day for punishment . . . Next time they'll know better . . . Couldn't ya do something drastic to those playful people who go around shutting people's lockers, Eddie Culhane? . . . Terry Twoomey has gone back to her childhood days — asking people to tell her Mother Goose stories . . . Josephine Goulis, Eileen Walsh, Ruth Johnson, Dorothy Newell, a few of that smart bunch from 307 . . . And Tom "Rocks" Leary calls that a hair cut . . . what that's a scalping. He says he has more hair on his chin than on his head . . . You said it . . . Marion Lyons and Barbara Stone are still lending their voices to the chorus . . . Well, I could go on forever about this one and that one, but as everything must come to an end, goodbye for now. We'll be seeing you next year, to give you more of "disa and data". And as Uncle Falter says, "Take it easy, will ya?"

Winfield Holland, Jr.
Barbara Nauffts

Shirley Frimm, C. H. L. S. '37, has won a scholarship from the Vesper George School of Art. She will spend the summer working at a New York department store in the advertising department.

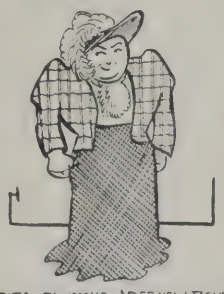
E. Richard Freniere, C. H. L. S. '40, has been signally honored at the Massachusetts School of Art, which he is now attending, by having arranged for him an exhibition of his water colors.

C.H.L.S. TALENT NITE

JIMMY BOYCE AND RUTH CUNNINGHAM WERE A SWELL DUET —~

THE RUSH FOR BALCONY SEATS WAS COMPARABLE TO THE WAY MUSSOLINI'S ARMY ACTED IN ALBANIA/

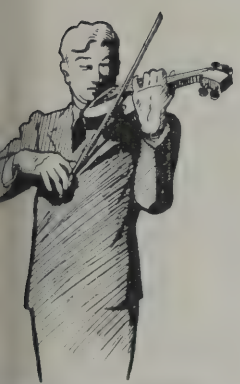
RAY BORDEN'S DRUMMER HAD QUITE A MOUTHFULL !!



RITA FLYNN'S 'BEE-YEW-TIFUL DOLL' WAS EXCELLENT/

SOB! MY HUSBAND TOLD ME TO CHOOSE BE-TWEEN HIM AN' MY TIGER — AND I TOOK TH' TIGER! SOB
HUMPH!
WALLY CREMENS
JOHN STOKES
BARB. SUPERNARD

THIS TEARFUL LIL EPISODE OCCURRED OUTSIDE TH' DRAMATIC CLUB'S 'BATHROOM DOOR'—



UMNUS LONGIN BUINIS VE A BEAUTIFUL LIN VIRTUOSO —

MASTER OF CEREMONIES, FRANK ROSSI- A GREAT LEADER— ~

FLORENCE MARCOTTE NEEDED HALF THE STAGE HANDS TO CARRY ON HER APPARATUS !

EUGENE GILMORE STARRED AGAIN ~ THIS TIME WITH TH' PIANO'S HELP ~

THE FRESHMEN 'GAY 90'S' DANCE WAS SOMETHING TO SEE - NO DOUBT/

ALUMNUS RAY GUILD SURE SHOWED 'EM HOW TO 'GREAT DICTATE' !

TH' PROPER TECHNIQUE FOR A 7 YEAR OLD SMOKER WAS DEMONSTRATED BY CHRIS BURKE ~

BILL COLLINS CHAPERONING THAT CAT AROUND BEFORE TH' SHOW !

LES CROWLEY vs TH' PIANO— THEY HAD QUITE A TUSSLE FOR A COUPLE OF MINUTES/

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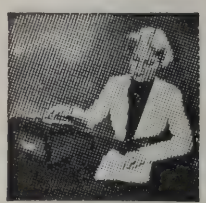

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